

MARVEL

DEADPOOL

CLASSIC

FEATURING

AGENT X™

ALVIN LEE
7-10-00

VOL
10

**AFTER THERE WAS DEADPOOL — AND BEFORE THERE WAS DEADPOOL AGAIN —
THERE WAS AGENT X!**

He's a merc, check. With a mouth, check. And an uncanny healing factor — hey, what gives here? Prepare to find out as the adventures of Alex "Agent X" Hayden race to a dramatic conclusion — and one way or another, there'll be a Deadpool walkin'! But first, Alex has a business to get off the ground: the merc group Agency X. Only problem is, there's no "Taskmaster" in "team." Still, there's plenty of work to be had with a pantie-snatcher on the loose, an invisible man to be found, the glorious return of Fight-Man and...wait, the Black Swan? Didn't Deadpool already kill that guy? Paging Wade Wilson! Plus: Fight-Man's over-the-top, punch-packed debut by Evan (*Milk and Cheese*) Dorkin!



Collecting *Agent X* #7-15 and *Fight-Man* #1 — written by Gail Simone, Buddy Scalera, Evan Dorkin and Daniel Way; and illustrated by UDON Studios, Mitch Breitweiser, Juan Bobillo, Kyle Hotz and Evan Dorkin.



MARVEL



FEATURING

AGENT X

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10**

MARVEL

7

**SIMONE
LEE
UDON**

AGENT X

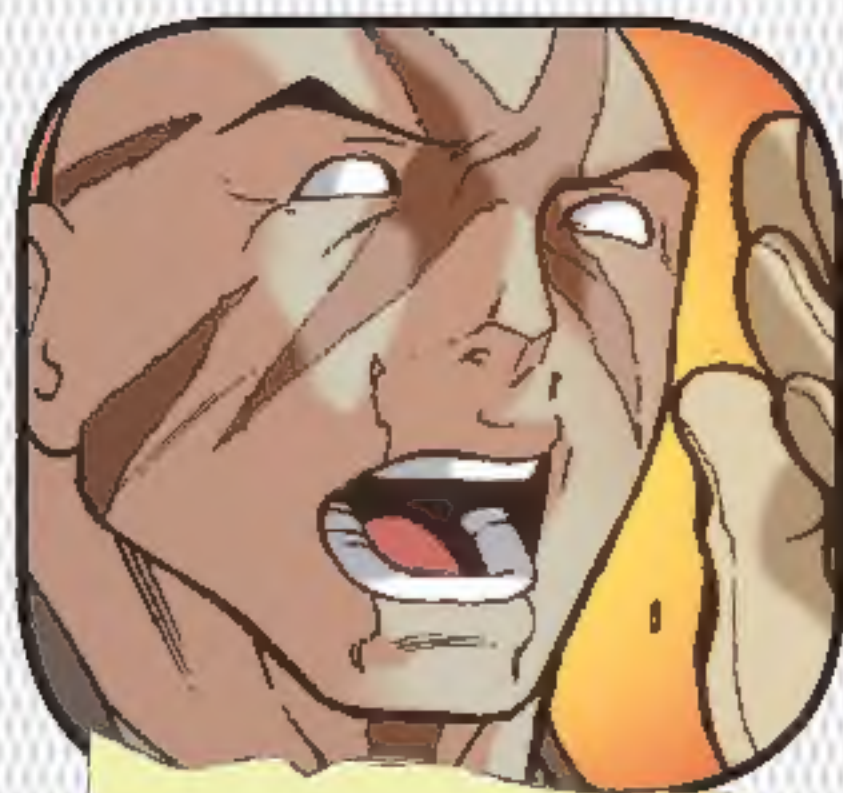




TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X



ALEX



SANDI



TASKMASTER



OUTLAW

"SHAMEFUL WILLIAM"

○

PREVIOUSLY

○

ALEX HAYDEN'S FEEL-GOOD JOURNAL OF SELF-DISCOVERY

TOP TEN THINGS I LIKE (not in order):

- 10) Shooting people
- 9) Hitting people (sometimes after shooting)
- 8) Washing (hygiene very important)
- 7) Mary Zero (brave kid)
- 6) Outlaw (nice to me, soft to touch, shoots people good)
- 5) Sandi (very excellent)
- 4) My theme park (even if rides slightly demolished!)
- 3) Corn Dogs and Corn Dog-related condiments
- 2) Yentl (VASTLY under-rated performance by Streisand)
- 1) Not having vast criminal organization trying to kill me (PARTAY!)

We did it. Despite overwhelming odds and likelihood of loud, messy deaths, we (self, Outlaw, Taskmaster) defeated huge group of mercs and freaks! With help from sneaky kid Mary Zero, was able to convince Four Winds organization to back off. One cranky lady with sword chose not to listen. Good-bye, cranky lady with sword!

Last night, after celebrating self into stupor (want to explain that 'celebrating myself' means drinking, and not something dirty), came up with brilliant idea.

This idea is so great, could change merc world forever. Full of high hopes for future. Can't wait to finish small recovery assignment first...should be routine gig. Will try to stay awake and interested despite spending too much time celebrating myself last night (not dirty).

TOP TEN LEAST FAVORITE THINGS

- 10) Taskmaster
- 9) Jock itch
- 8) Rudeness
- 7) Head wounds
- 6) Shemp
- 5) ~~~~~*



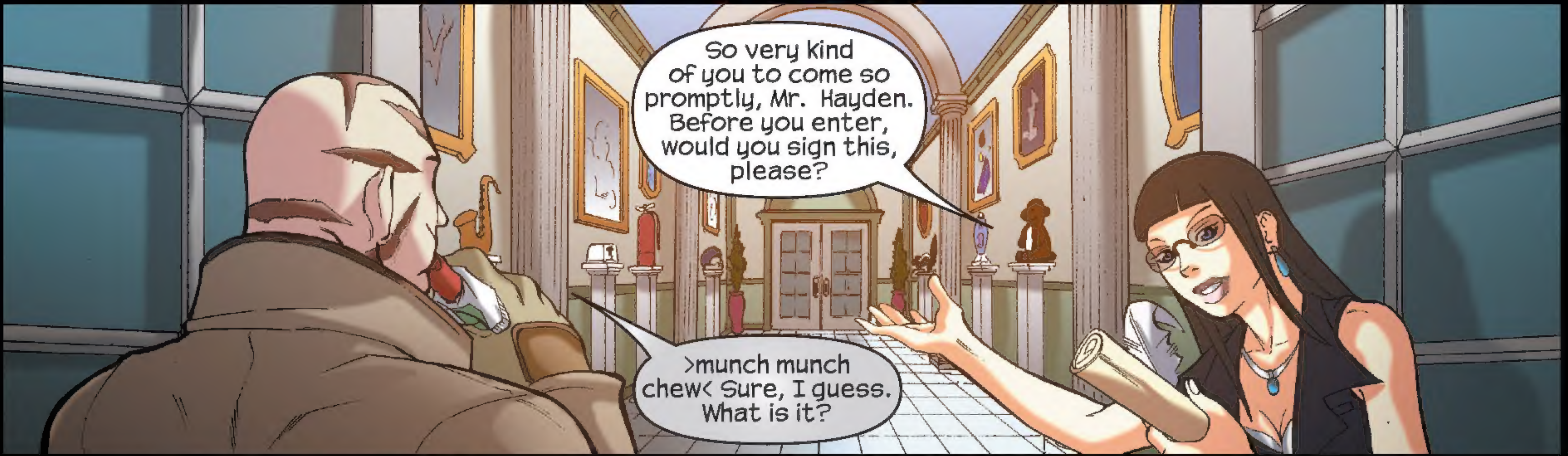
SAGURI:
R.I.P.



MARY ZERO

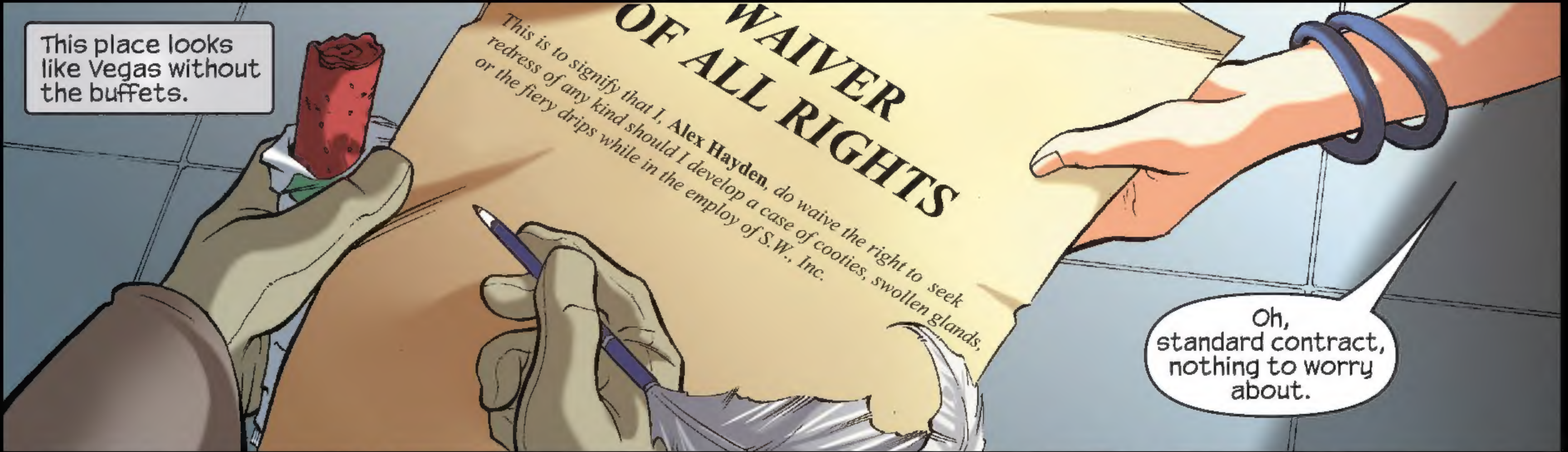


SANDI'S CAT



So very kind of you to come so promptly, Mr. Hayden. Before you enter, would you sign this, please?

>munch munch chew< Sure, I guess. What is it?



This place looks like Vegas without the buffets.

WAIVER OF ALL RIGHTS
This is to signify that I, Alex Hayden, do waive the right to seek redress of any kind should I develop a case of cooties, swollen glands, or the fiery drips while in the employ of S.W., Inc.

Oh, standard contract, nothing to worry about.



Thank you. Now, when meeting Sir William...

...I must ask you that you not **make eye contact**, nor should you remove your footwear, and any physical contact of any kind is strictly forbi...

May I ask what that is that you're eating?

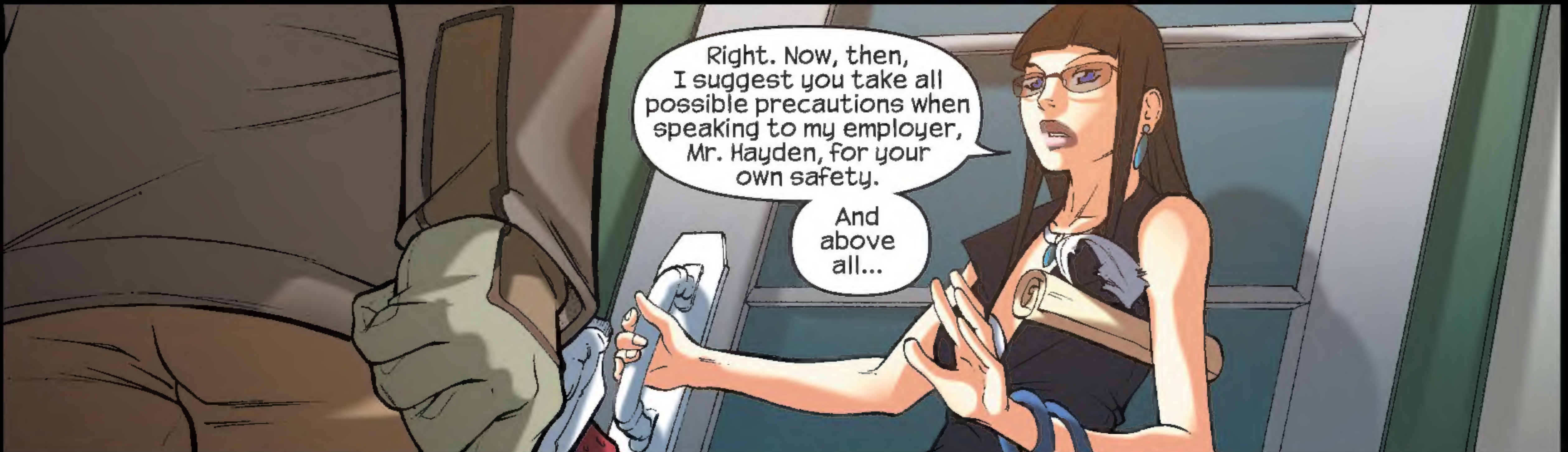


Fruit by the Foot. Want some?

Thank you. No.

It's fruity.

All food should come in roll form. Imagine how good Pheasant by the Foot would be.



Right. Now, then, I suggest you take all possible precautions when speaking to my employer, Mr. Hayden, for your own safety.

And above all...

AGENT X

IN

SHAMEFUL WILLIAM

WRITER:
GOODBYE-GAIL SIMONE

ARTIST:
U-AIN'T-LEAVING-SO-SOON-DON

LETTERS:
CORY "SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE" PETIT

EDITOR:
ANDREW "LATER FOR THIS" LIS

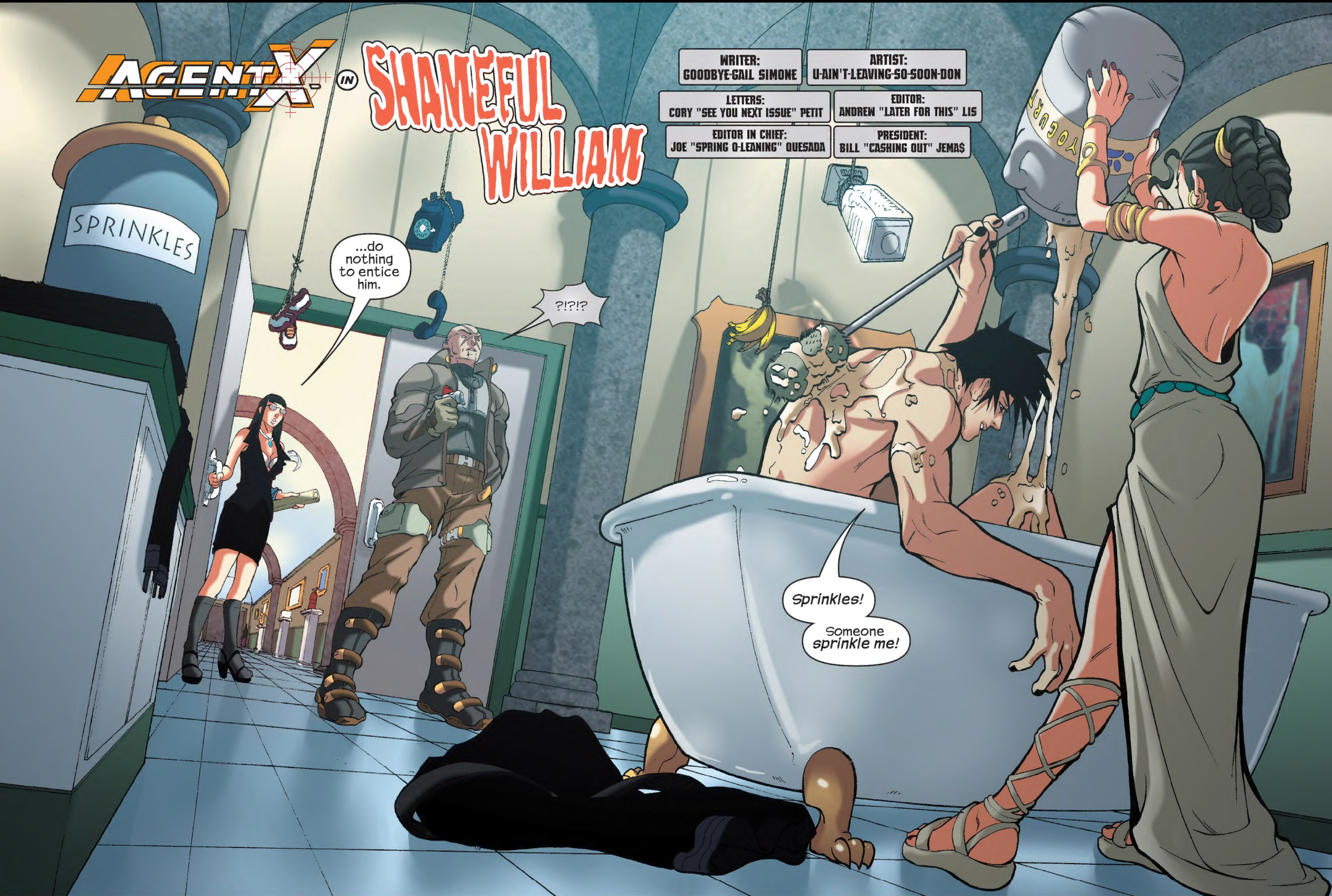
EDITOR IN CHIEF:
JOE "SPRING Q-LEANING" QUESADA

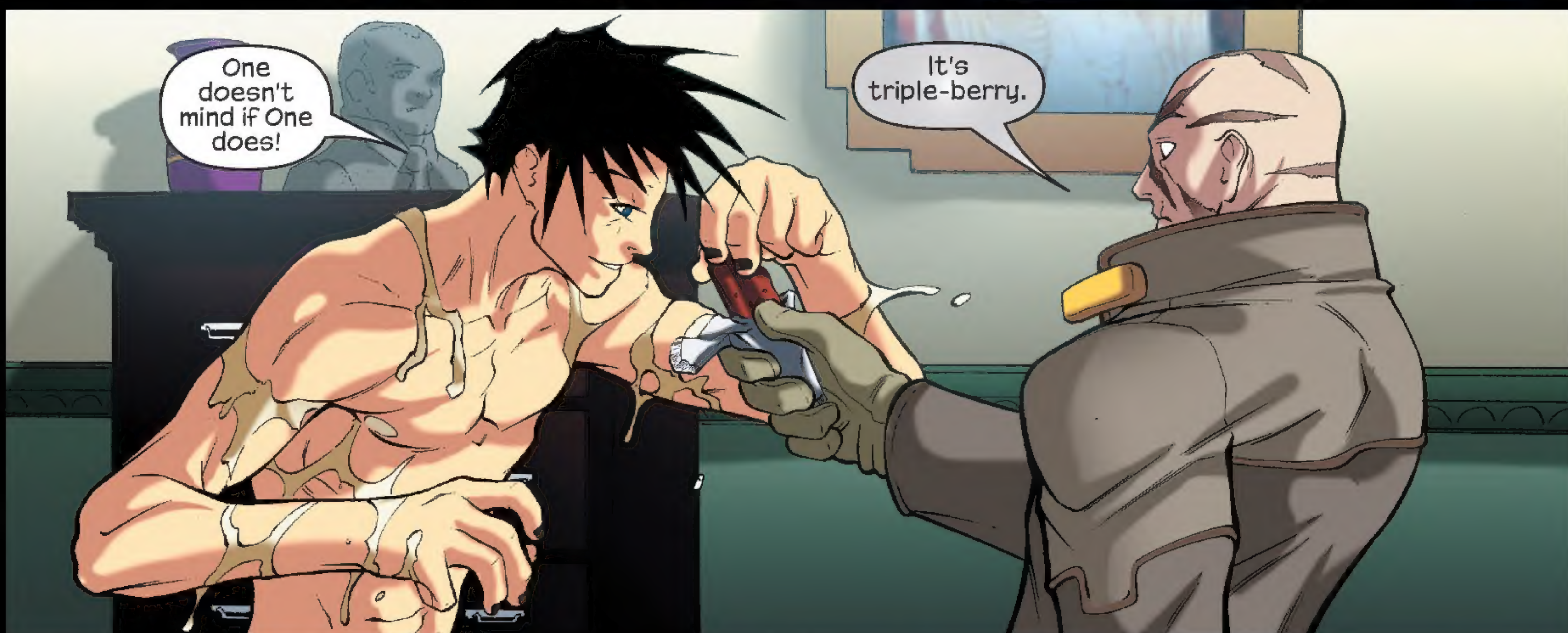
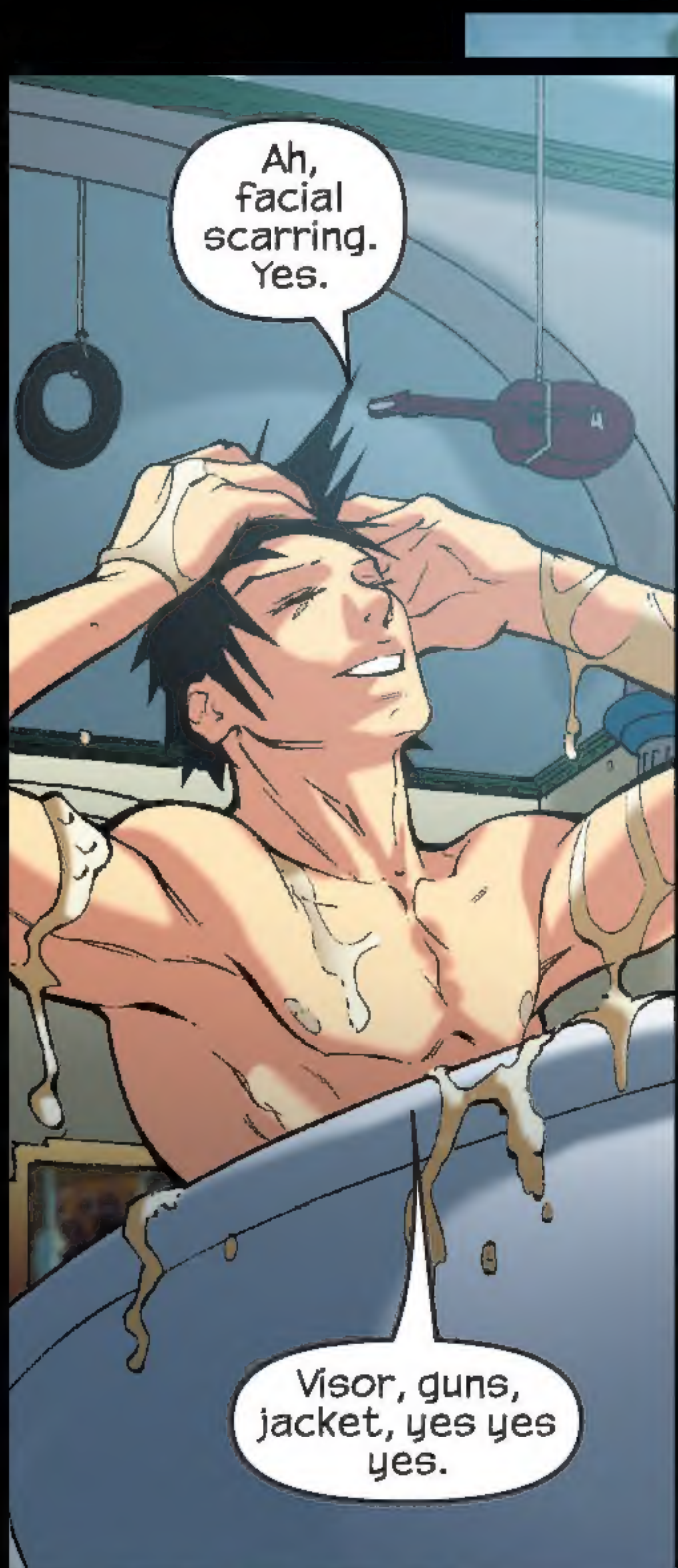
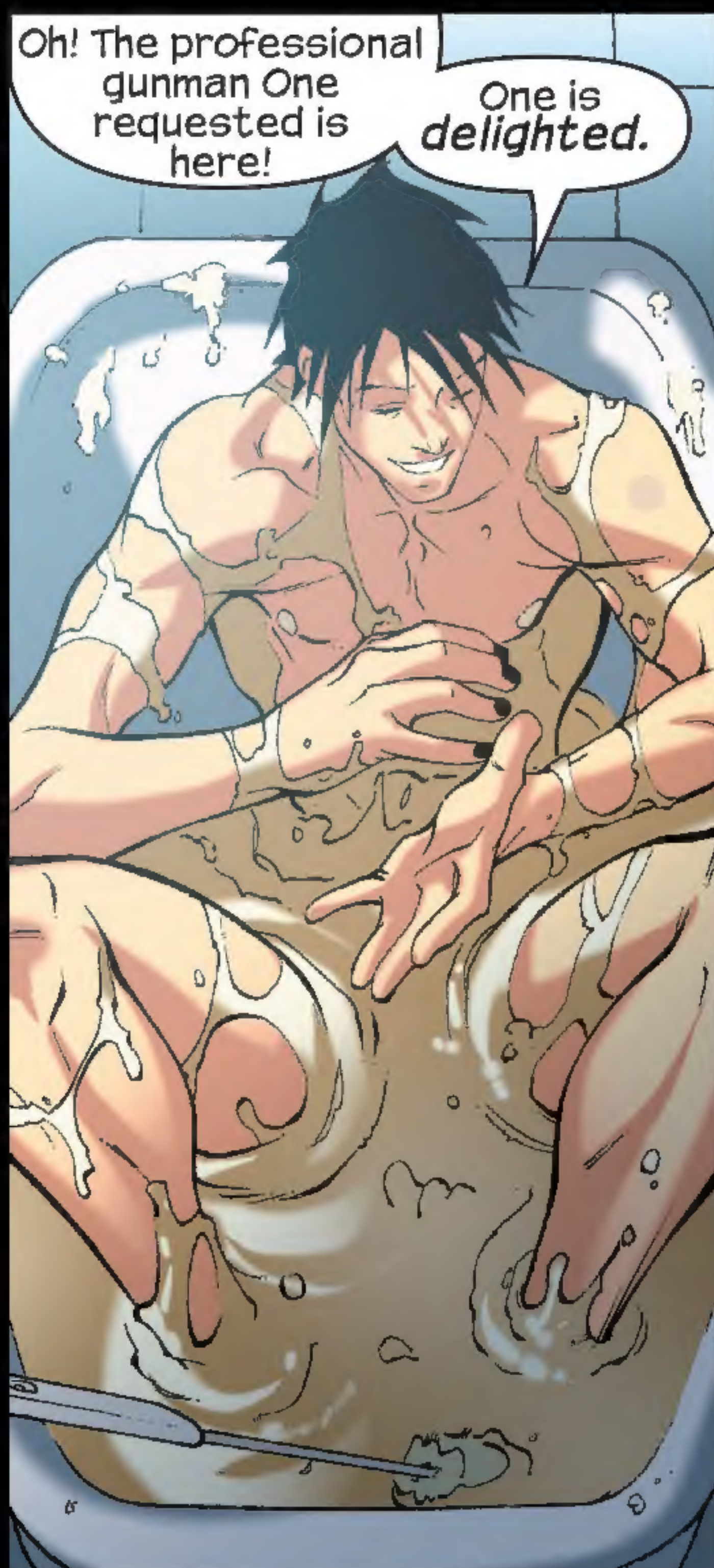
PRESIDENT:
BILL "CASHING OUT" JEMAS

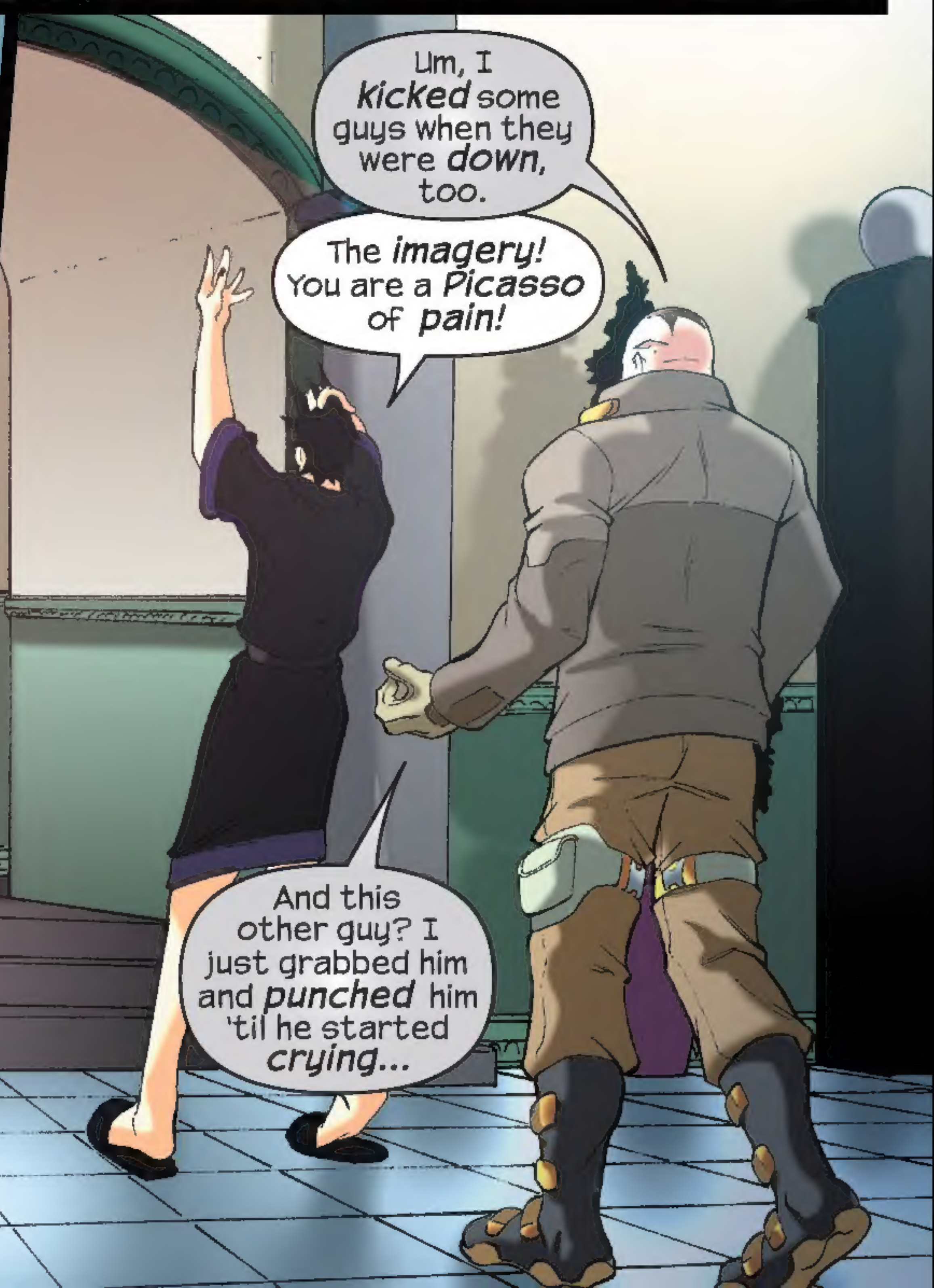
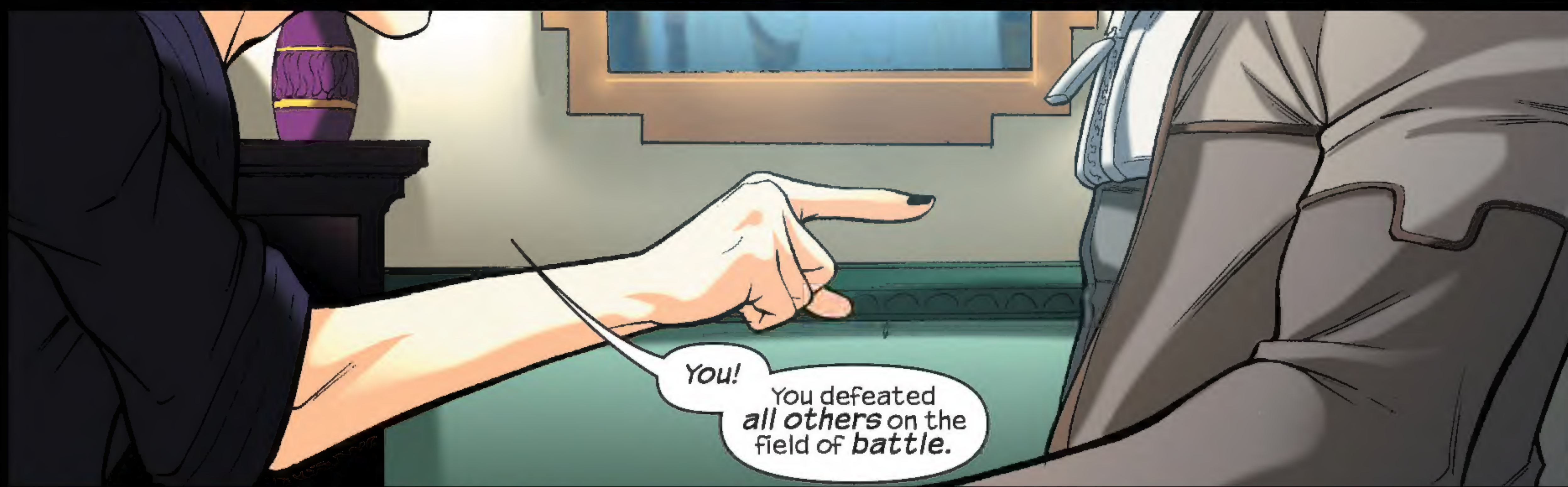
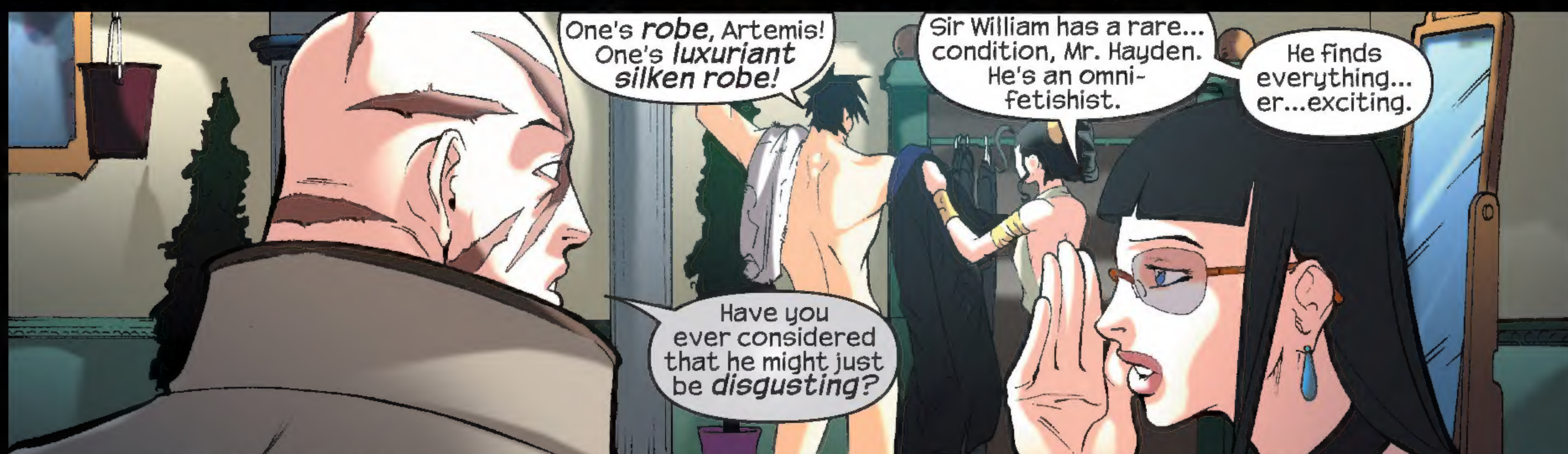
...do nothing to entice him.

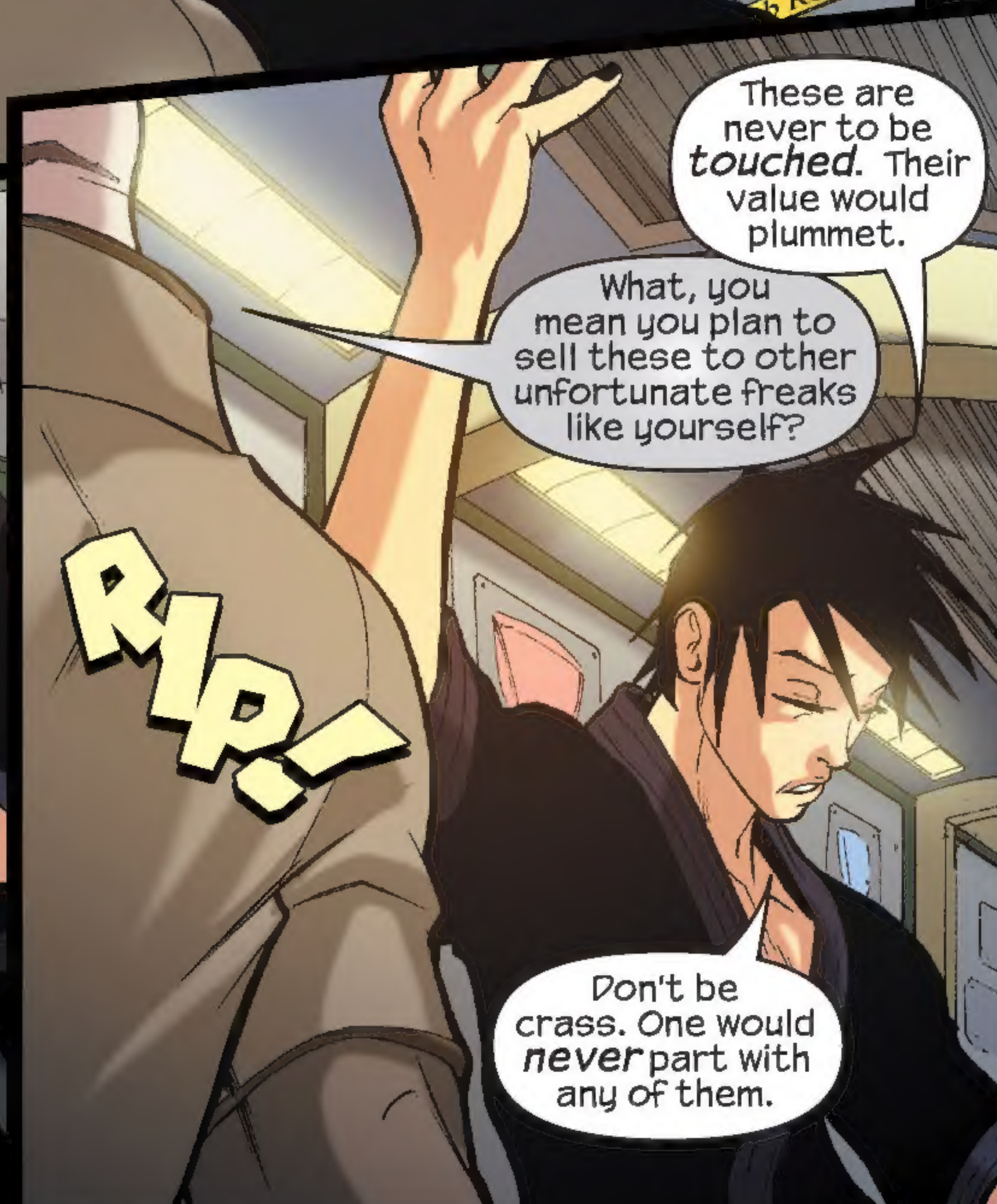
?!?!?

Sprinkles!
Someone sprinkle me!











Which makes having them *stolen* all the more heinous. The *jewels* of One's collection-- *stolen*!

They are being transported as we speak, my poor silky darlings...

Wow, Madonna's frillies!



Quite common. *That* pair was found in a jar of black olives. Took weeks to get the smell out.



Will you help One, you brave, bald, bald man?

If you know who did this, why not go to the cops?

This is more erotic by half.



Well, the whole operation seems sort of juvenile and pathetic. I like that.

You got yourself a Jockeys jockey.



Mmm... Streeetchyyy!



Mister, the truth is...

...being killed just makes me *thirsty*.



But we must be cautious. The harpy who has stolen One's lovelies delights in violence and destruction.

She'd rather destroy them all than let us retrieve them. Our mission is most perilous.



Two uncomfortable hours later...

You heard me: *panties*. I've graduated from monkey gigs to returning stolen underwear.

If only there were some way to *combine* the two, now *then* you'd have a party video.

Yes, you're right-- I won't mention that idea to Shameful William...



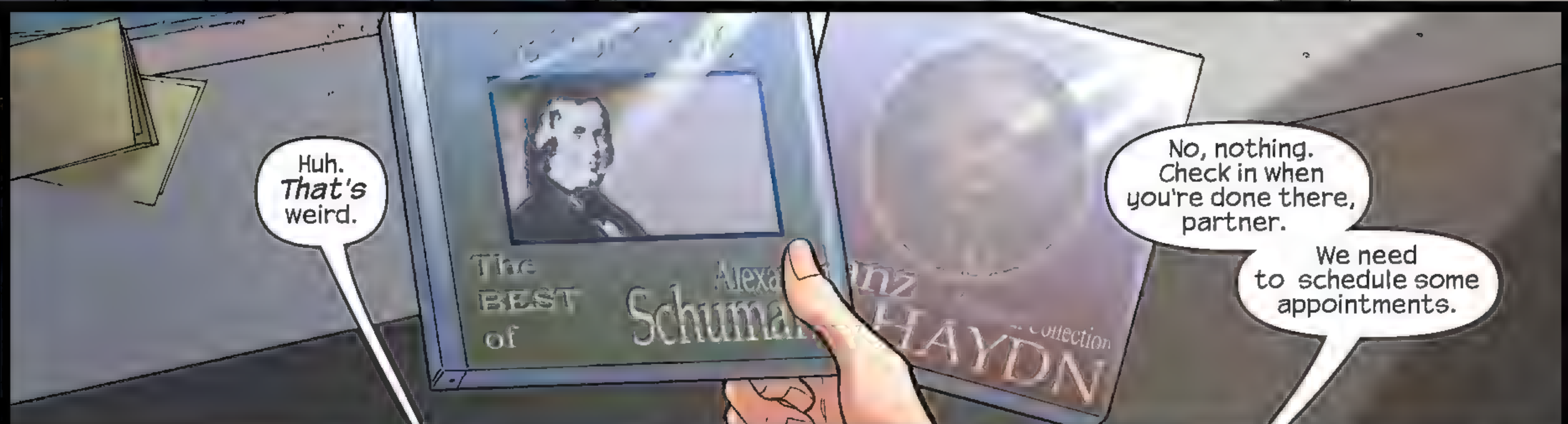
Okay, Alex, but hurry back. your profile is higher than ever right now. Word is spreading.

Suddenly, we've got *lots* of paying gigs!



Oh, Outlaw called, too-- says she needs to talk to you.

And your CDs arrived, finally.



Huh. *That's* weird.

No, nothing. Check in when you're done there, partner.

We need to schedule some appointments.



It says here that one of these composers was German, and the other was Austrian. Weird.

I love shopping by internet. This Puffy Spice CD is wicked hard to find.



When Alex showed up, he said he picked the name "Alex Hayden" randomly.



So what? Look, I was wrong when I thought he was faking amnesia. He doesn't have a clue.

So maybe he just likes boring classical music by a bunch of beer-swilling sausage eaters.



Someday you're going to have to tell me why you believe in this guy so much.

You really don't know?



Alex is the first guy, since I was thirteen years old, who hasn't tried to tell me how to live my life.



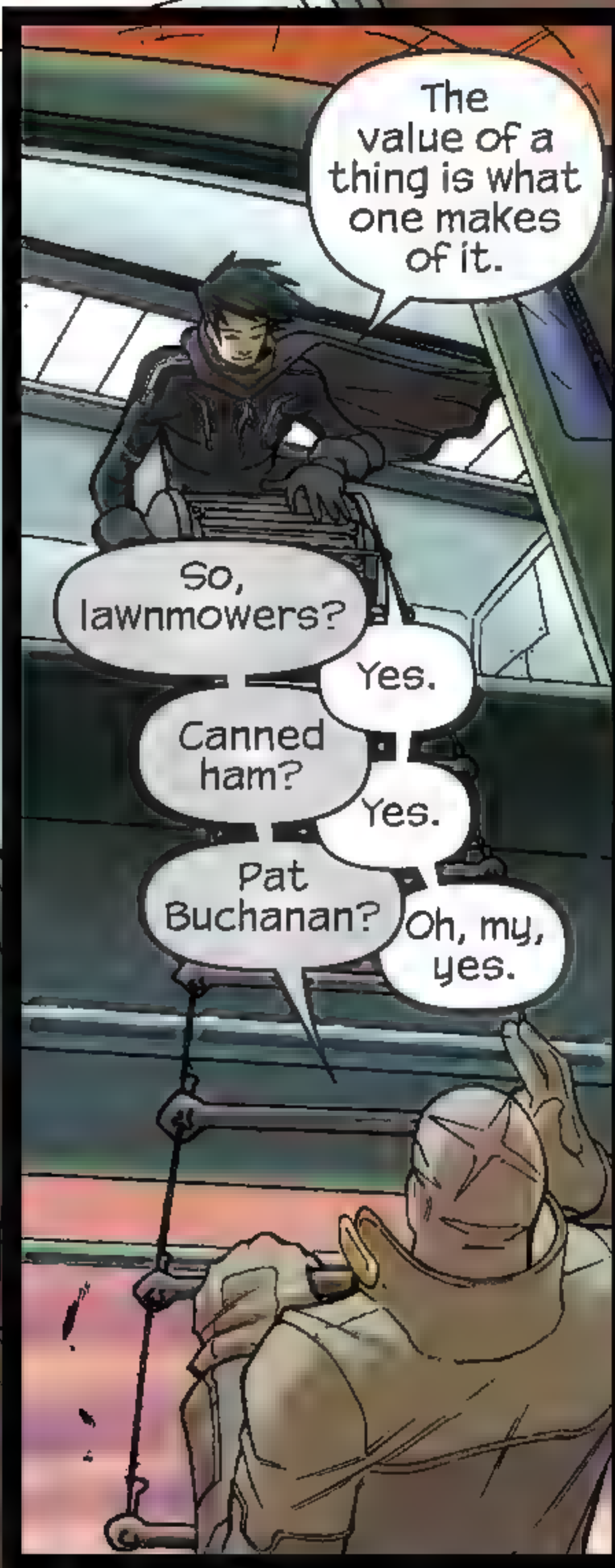
ouch.

Plus, he provides an interesting work environment, you've got to give him that.



I can't believe I'm saying this, but I need you to... man the crank.

So, this condition... you get all worked up over everything? Literally everything?



The value of a thing is what one makes of it.

So, lawnmowers?

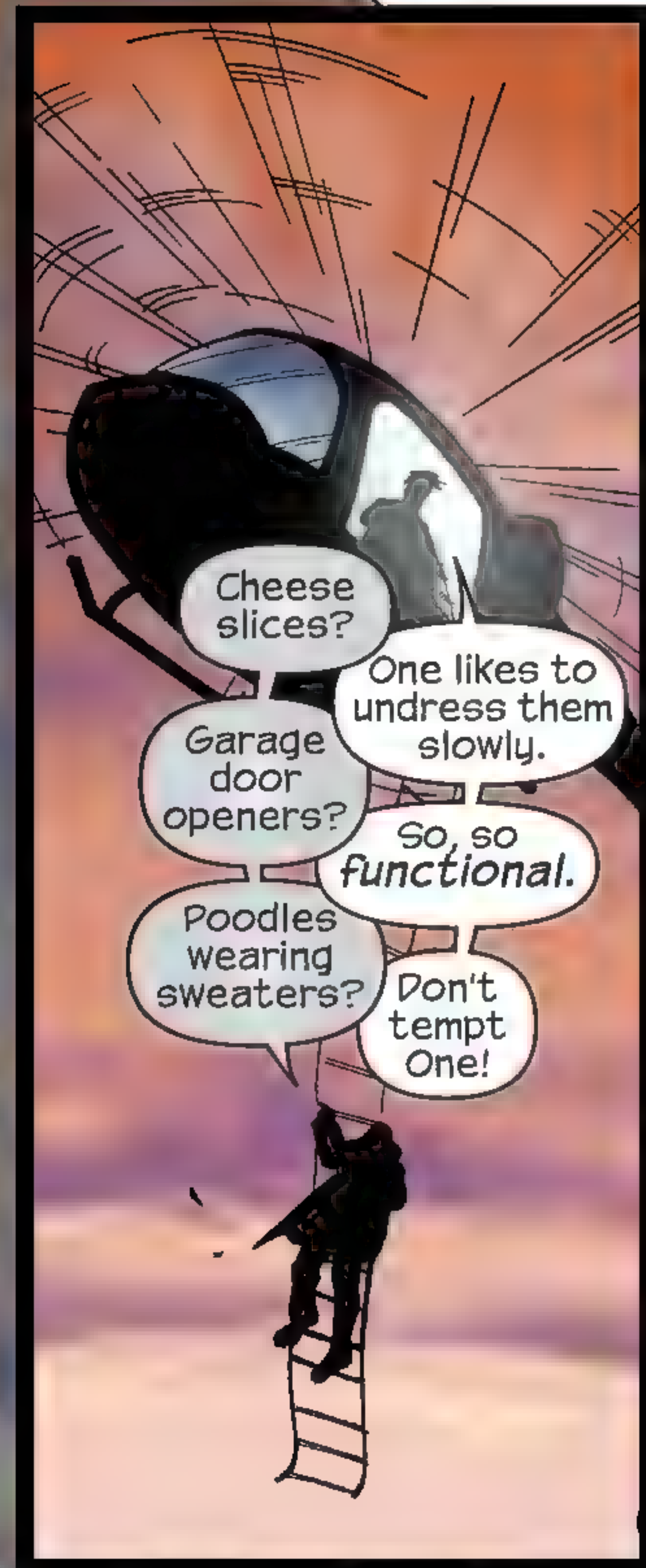
Yes.

Canned ham?

Yes.

Pat Buchanan?

Oh, my, yes.



Cheese slices?

One likes to undress them slowly.

Garage door openers?

So, so functional.

Poodles wearing sweaters?

Don't tempt One!



What about female folk singers? Non-shaving, non-bathing, chai tea-drinking female folk singers?

One adores them! So breathlessly hirsute!

Be careful! Your quarry loves explosive devices!



You could have told me *that* sooner.

Hey, lower me down *more*, would ya?

I should perhaps possibly have hypothetically put someone else in charge of the ladder, maybe.





Inside

They're on the roof, dearest darlings.

Go get them *hard* and *fast*...



And your beloved mistress shall take the detonator.

So small and so powerful... it makes me quiver.



There's a certain romance about trains, so rumbly and powerful...

What are *you* doing here? Quit gazing longingly at stuff!

No one ever began a secret attack by *gazing longingly at stuff!*



Okay, before I go to work, you *sure* this "Lynda Lodestone" broad is behind this?



She can not resist. She suffers from the same affliction and predilections as One's tingling self.

Hang on...

Do not touch me! Stoppppppp!









Whew.

Man, those
arrow wounds
sting!



I have the
detonator, William.
The explosives are in
the display case we
took from you.

If I can't
have them, no one
will. Least of all
you.



My
face!

Ack!
Nooooo!

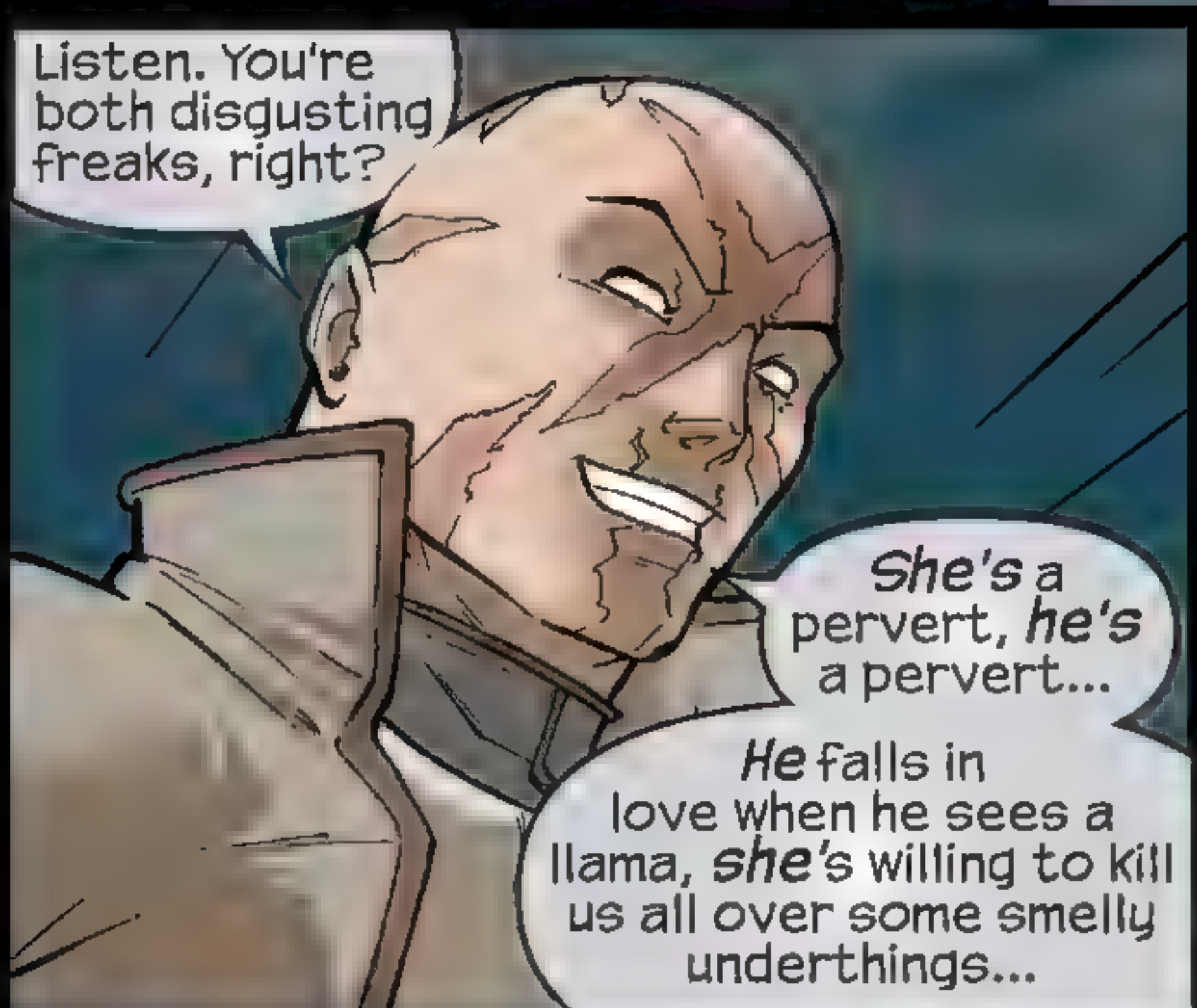
Haven't you
guys learned to
value *human life*
over *material*
possessions?



Have you
dateless wonders
not figured
this out yet? It's
obvious!



You two are
made for each
other.



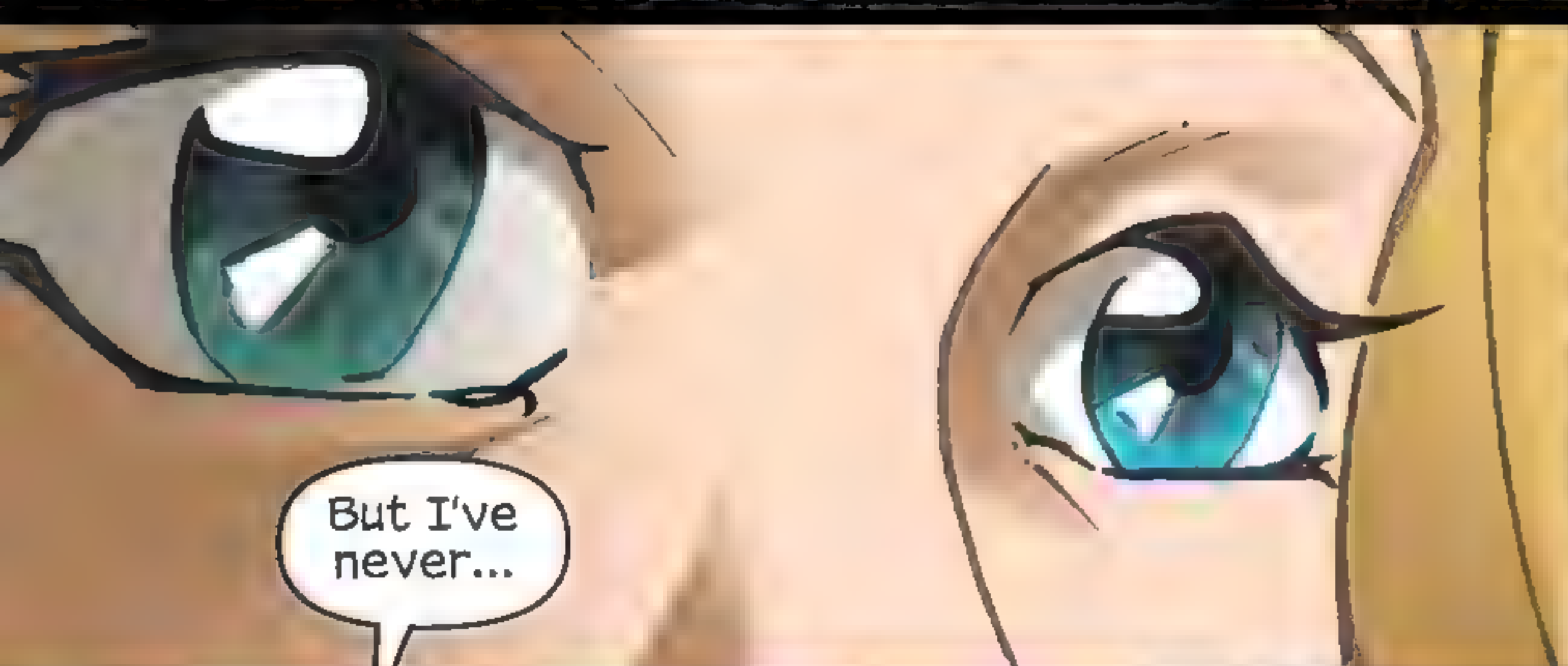
Listen. You're both disgusting freaks, right?

She's a pervert, he's a pervert...

He falls in love when he sees a llama, *she's* willing to kill us all over some smelly underthings...



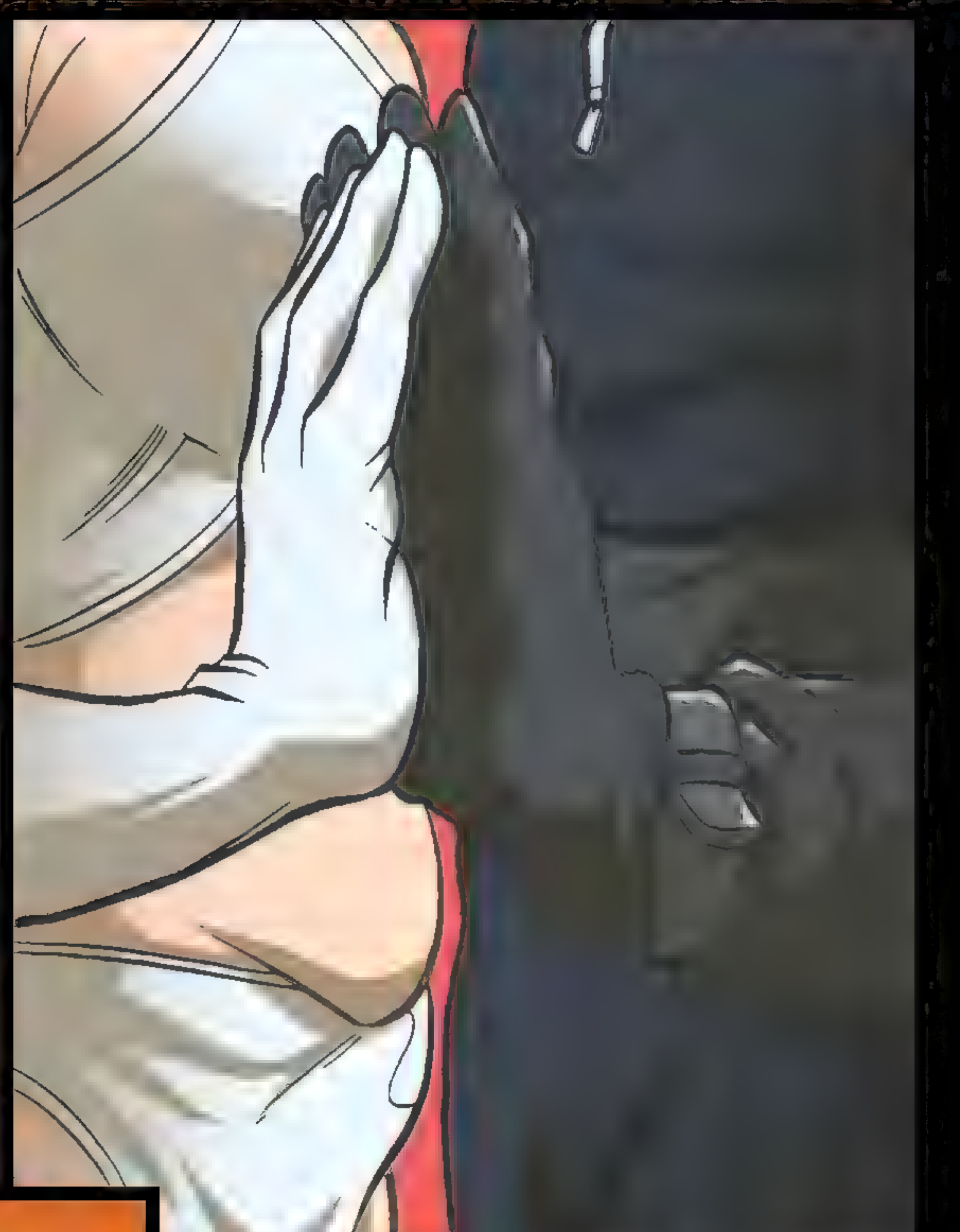
Don't you get it? This is your *chance*. Just marry each other and *share* your filthy collection of nasty shorts!



But I've never...



Is it possible?



Oh, my soulmate...

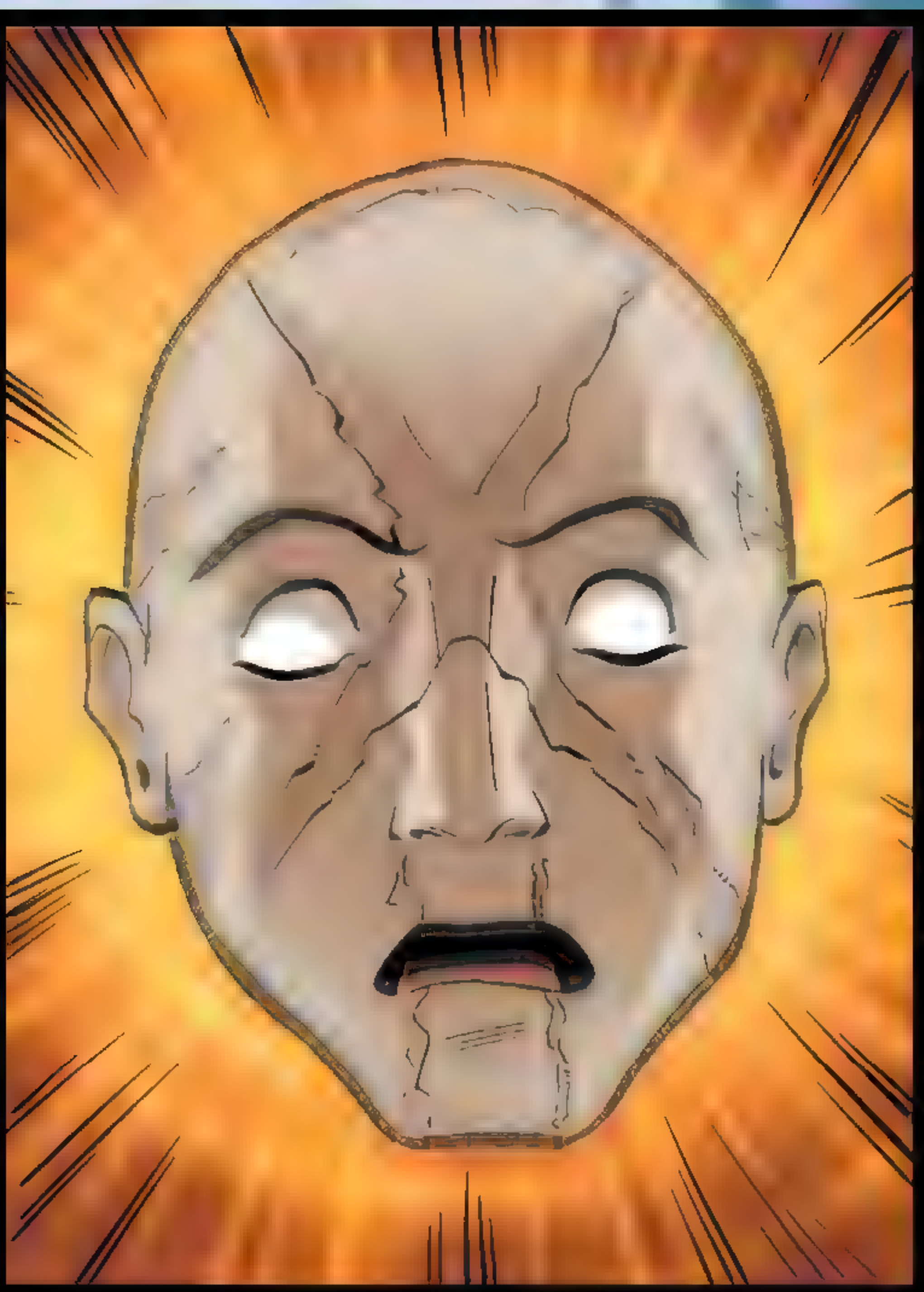
One's darling love forever!

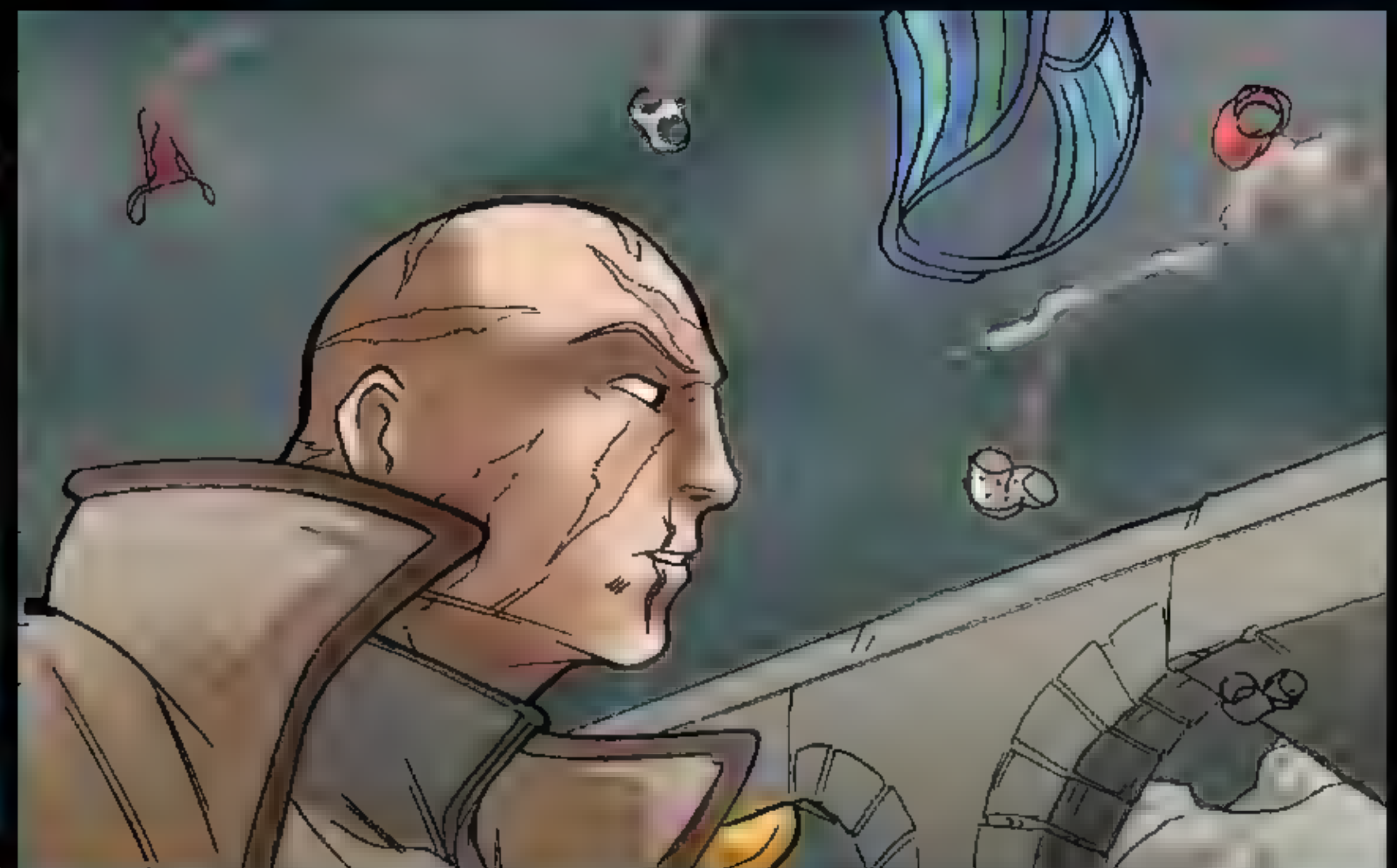


Uh...hey, be careful there. You're going to bump...



...the detonator.







After getting paid, back at the park.

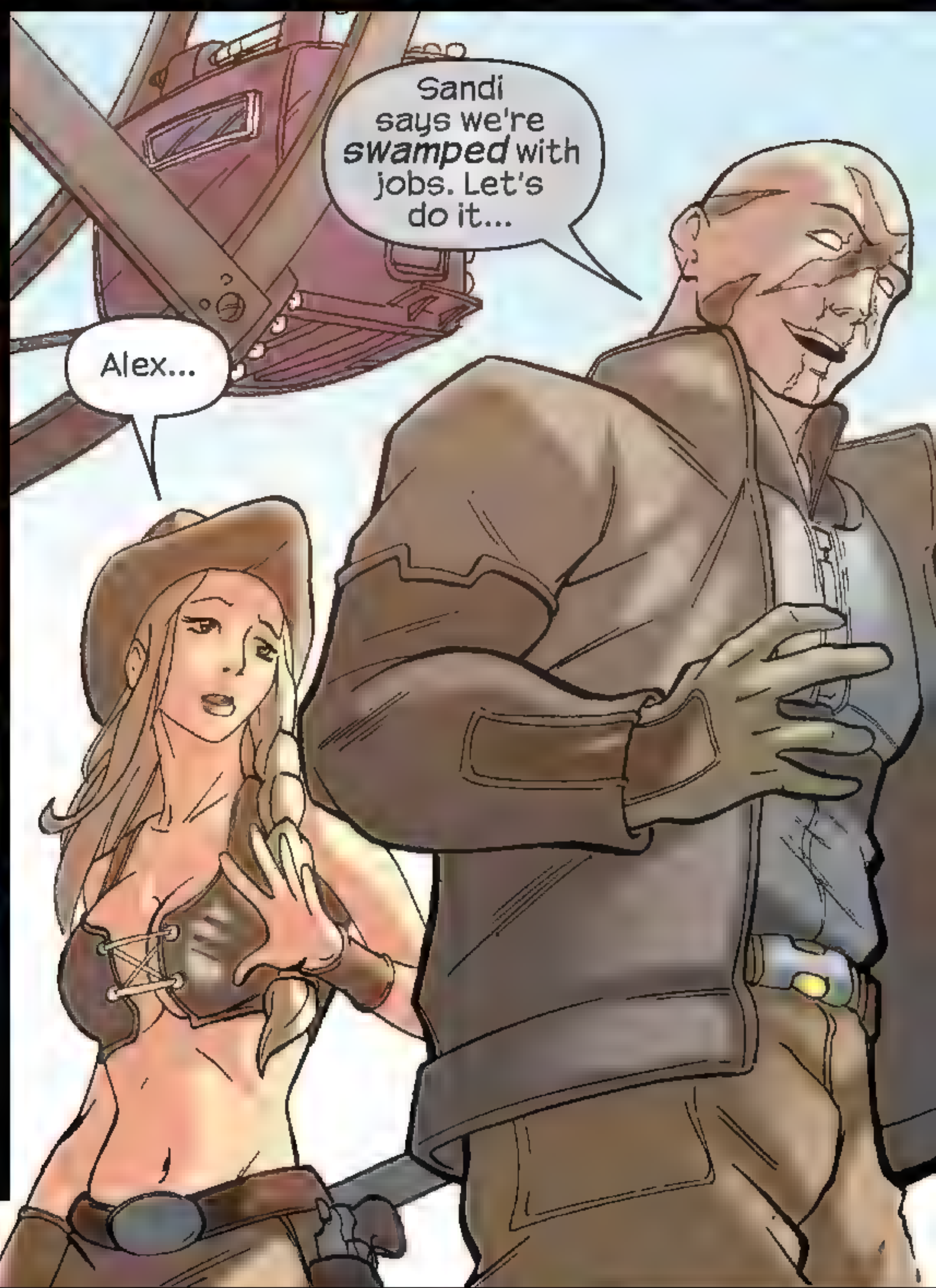
...and when I said that, it just *hit* me. *Bam!*

We don't have to be like those two. We could all work together, watch each other's backs. Be a real *team*.



Because, look, we may not all *love* each other, but you have to admit, together, when it came down to it, when it *counted*...

...we kicked *ass*.



Sandi says we're *swamped* with jobs. Let's do it...

Alex...



...let's make *Agency X* the real deal.

Commissions, vacation, medical, dental, the *works*.



Look, I'm already plenty busy...







Well?

What do I *think*, you mean?



I think you've made my life a lot more dangerous, but I like it.

And I think this park is going to need a serious, serious makeover. But above all...



...I think you were always meant to be a *star*, Alex.

I'm staying. We'll do it *alone* if we have to.



Can't get rid of me, so don't bother trying.

Well, then... I think we have the makings of a fine pain-for-pay organization. This calls for onion rings.



You're missing out, Tasky. But thanks for not punking out when we needed you.

Here. In case you ever need help from the very *best*.

AGENCY X

Jobs done, questions none
Agent available 24 hours
No moral judgments made

NEXT: A SOLO
AGENT X ADVENTURE AS
ALEX FACES OFF AGAINST
THE INVISIBLE MAN!

MARVEL

8

SCALERA

BREITWEISER

McKENNA

AGENTS X

TM



Afternoon. Gal-Hag
Corporate Offices.

Soon as my
skull expands back
to its normal, round
shape, I'm gonna...

Yeah?
Whatta you
gonna *do*?

Gimme a
minute. Comedy
takes time.

AGENT X

"Hold that Ghost"

Part 1 of 2

WRITER:

PENCILER:

INKER:

COLORIST:

LETTERER:

EDITORS:

BIG GUN IN CHIEF:

PRESIDING BIG GUN:

BUDDY SCALERA

MITCHELL BREITWEISER

MARK MCKENNA

UDON STUDIOS

CORY PETIT

LIS, MARTS

& SUMERAK

JOE QUESADA

BILL JEMAS





Mr. Hayden?
Are you *awake*?

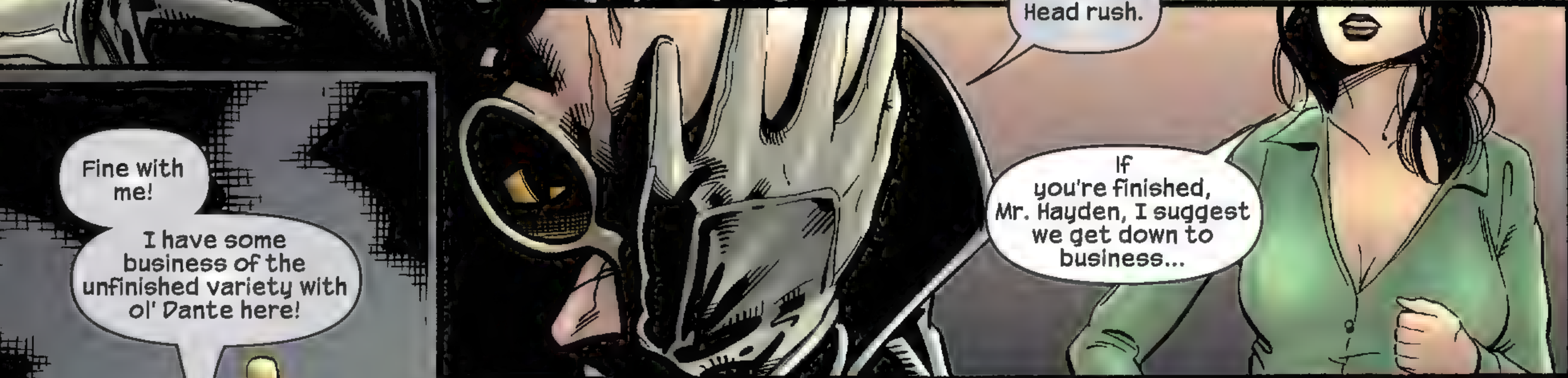
My name is
Christine Gallhager,
president of Gal-Hag
Cosmetics. I see you've
already met Dante, my
security chief.

Yer
fine, Hayden.
Gettup.

The man
is seeing stars,
Dante.

From this
angle, I think
I actually see
angels. Or
heaven.

Whoo.
Head rush.



Fine with
me!

I have some
business of the
unfinished variety with
ol' Dante here!

If
you're finished,
Mr. Hayden, I suggest
we get down to
business...



I was
just about
to show him
why I don't
usually carry
a sword...

See
what I
mean?



Fresh boy.
Keep your hands
to yourself.

Y-You...
cut off my
h-hand!



And now,
I'm using your
"h-hand"--
--to punch
you in your
f-face!

I'm pleased
to see that you're
as sadistic as
your reputation
indicated.



A
reputation
that inspired
me to employ
the mercenary
services of
Agency X.

I will give
you *two million
dollars* to kill
the man in this
picture.

But...there's
nobody in that
picture but
you.

And I saw
your-- Well, let's
just say *I know*
you're not
a guy.

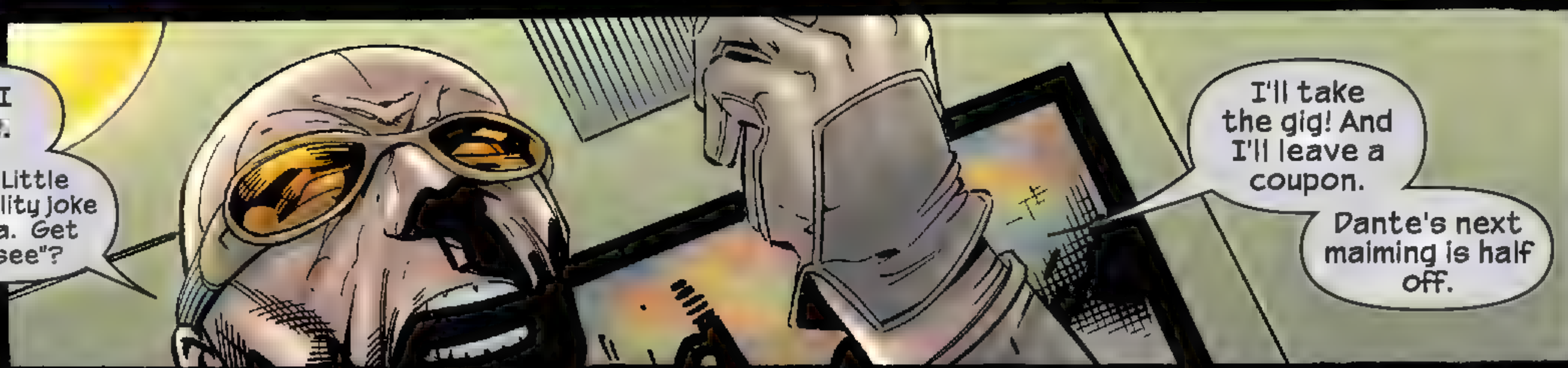


I'm *all* woman,
Mr. Hayden.

Just as there
is a man in that
photo, whether
or not you
see him.

You
want me to kill an
Invisible Man?

You
could say
that...



Oh, I
see.

Heh. Little
invisibility joke
for ya. Get
it, "see"?

I'll take
the gig! And
I'll leave a
coupon.

Dante's next
maiming is half
off.



Downtown.
One hour later.

... "half off"
guys! Get it?

CRASH



Geez!
Tough
crowd!

Seriously, though...
If you don't tell me where
your invisible boss is, I'm
going to have to resort
to even worse forms
of torture...

Uhhhhh...

You
asked for it!
Party games
it is!



Yippee! Gather
round, kids! We've
got a piñata!

Owww! But
why do you beat on
us? We told you we
have not seen
him!



I know.
Nobody has
seen him! He's
invisible!

THWAK
AAAAAAAAA!



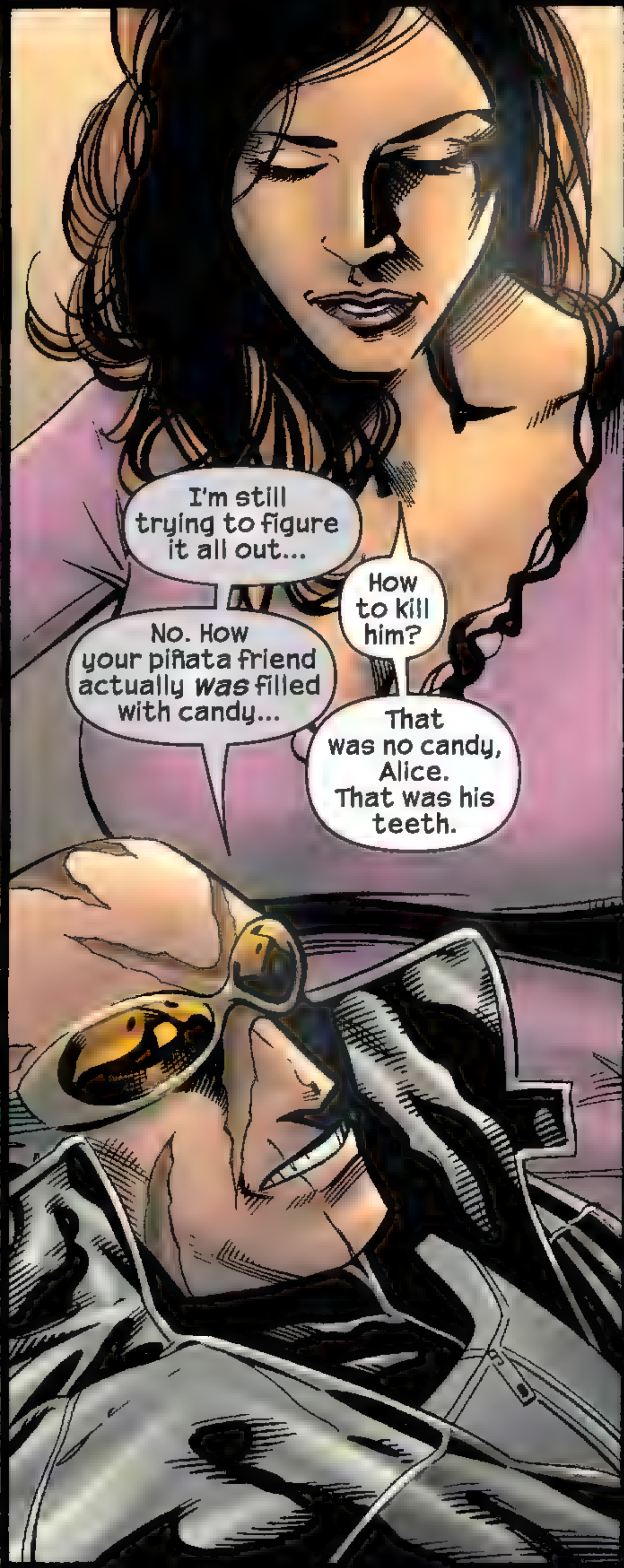
A good whacking later...

So, Meester Alice...?

The name's Alex Hayden. Alex. Got it, Maria?

Si...Alice.

How you kill a man you no can see? Si?



I'm still trying to figure it all out...

No. How your piñata friend actually *was* filled with candy...

How to kill him?

That was no candy, Alice. That was his teeth.



Teeth? Oh. I thought that was stale candy corn.

Stupid phone. Always rings when I'm a john.



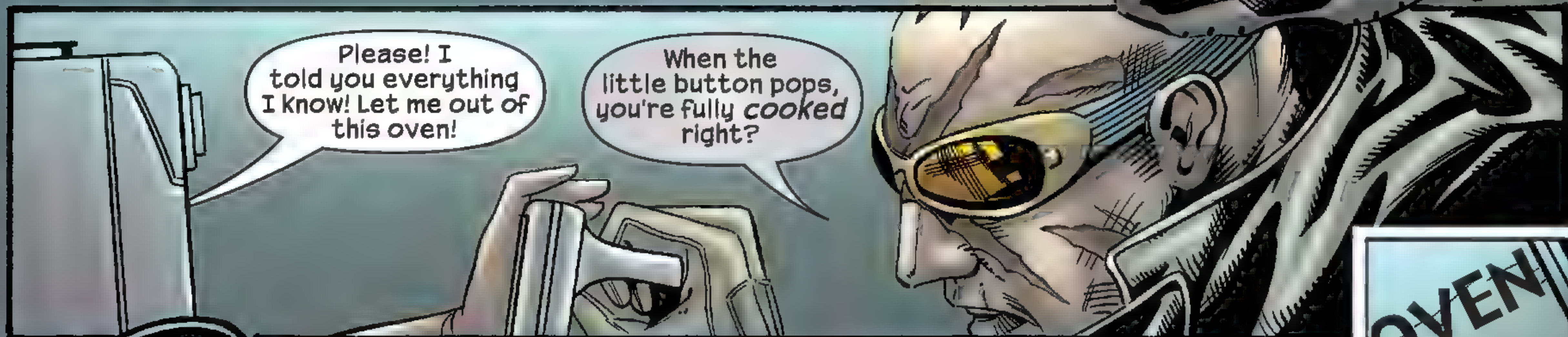
Alex, it's Christine. Any luck yet?

No, I stopped to eat a little Mexican at our boy's restaurant, but no dice.

Uh, any more clues?

He eats *dinner* every night at a restaurant in Little Italy called "Sigismundo's."

What better place to find the owner of a Mexican eatery? Why didn't I think of that?







If Torchy
the Chef ran *that*
way and didn't hit
anything...

AHH!
WATER!
HELP!

...then
you're not over
there.



AIEEE!

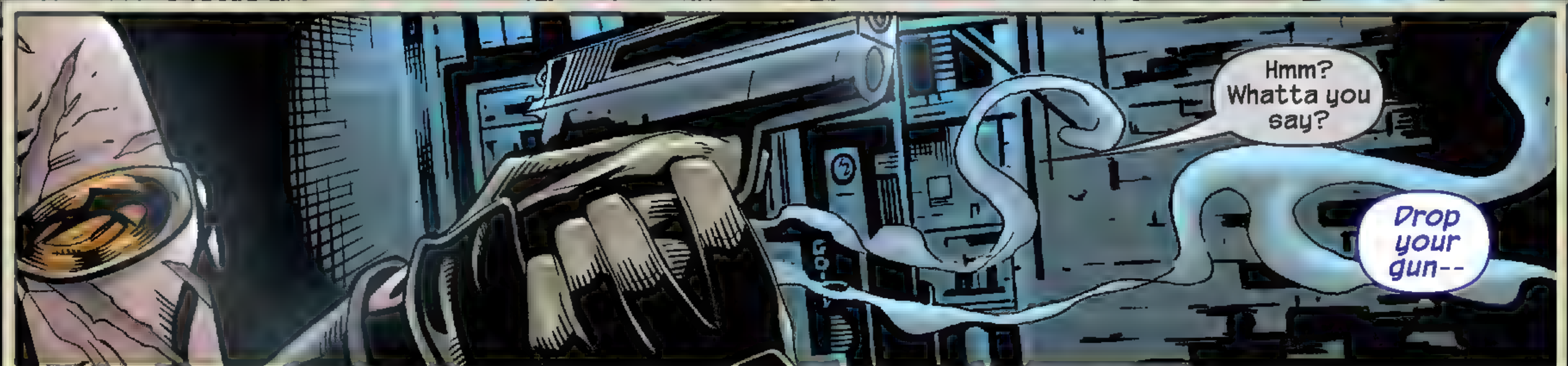
Oh, my God!
You ran over the
Human Torch!

Poor Siggy.
He survived
being cooked
alive--

--and he
gets run over by a
Toyota Camry.

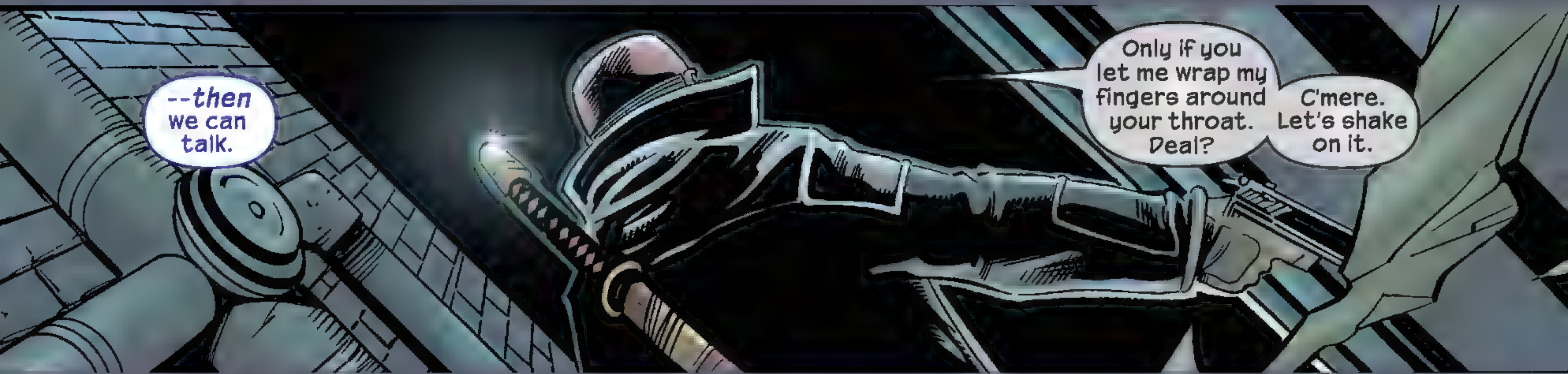
Mr. Invisible Man?
As you can see, I am
a provider of fates
worse than death.

How about
you save the lives
of a few nice people
today, and let me
kill you right
now?



Hmm?
Whatta you
say?

Drop
your
gun--



--then we can talk.

Only if you let me wrap my fingers around your throat. Deal?

C'mere. Let's shake on it.



What the-- ?

10,000 volts of invisible stun-gun, charging for release. Now drop the weapon.

BUZZZZZ

No way, Electro.



BAM BAM BAM

BAM BAM

YEEARRRGHHH!



I warned you. I hate guns.

It-- It's probably just the bullets that you hate.

Speaking of bullets, you are *out!* The electric charge forced your fingers to discharge your weapon.



How do you feel about swords? My pal Dante doesn't think I've mastered 'em quite yet... but they say practice makes perfect!

Why are you trying to kill me?

Why?



A new computer table. Some paper clips. One of those little thingies to hold my business cards.

You're going to kill me over office supplies?!?

Even if you cheat on your taxes, running a mercenary business isn't cheap.



I have money... I can pay you *more...*

Mighty sportin' of ya, pal. But after that little jolt, I'm thinking, "hmm, no."

I'm actually looking forward to eating *your* teeth.

Hey, since I
can't see you could you
just dive on the end of
my sword?

BZZZZZ

L-l-l-ook, p-p-pal.
You're *not* making a
very g-good case
against me carving
you into sm-small
pieces.

BZZZZZZZ

CRASH!!!

BBZZAAATT!

AAAARRGGHH!

If I find
your head,
I'm gonna put
a bullet
in it.

~cough~
~cough~

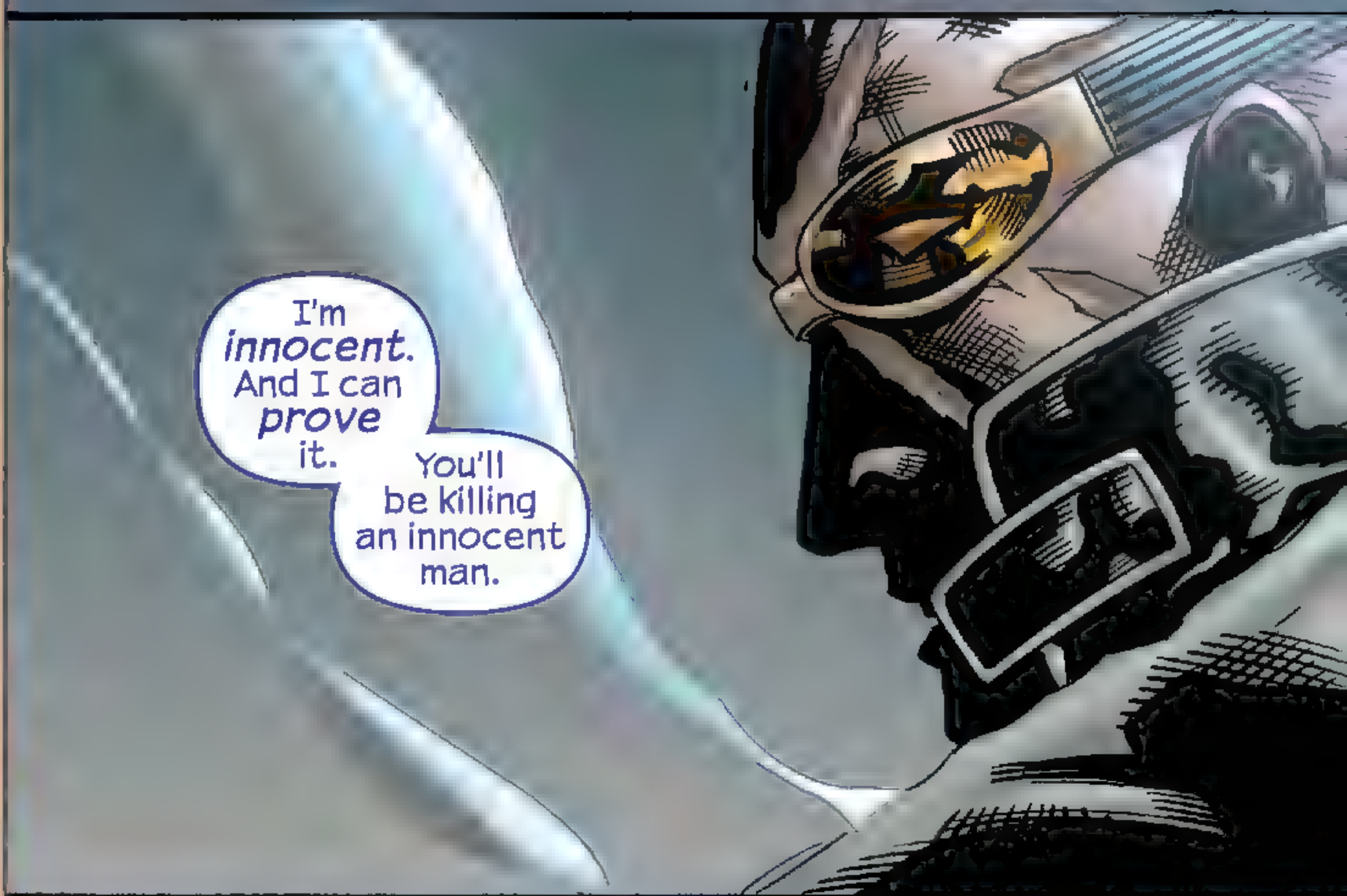
Without
a gun.



You know, fella, if I didn't have a healing power, that jolt woulda killed me. And now I'm really, *really* gonna kill you.

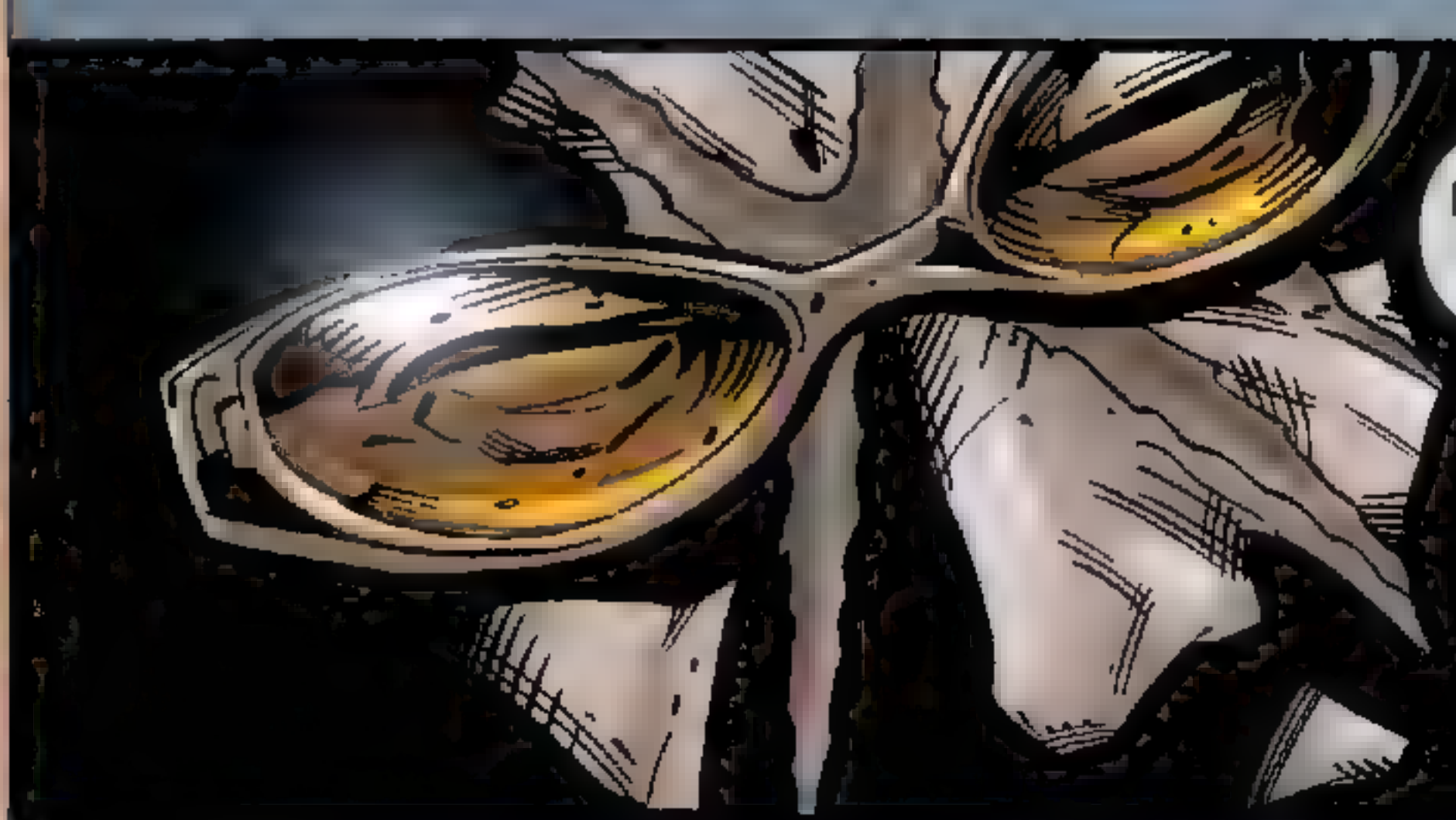
You don't understand.

What's to understand?



I'm *innocent*. And I can *prove* it.

You'll be killing an innocent man.



That's never stopped me before. But I *am* curious.

I'm usually just killing very naughty people.



Why would someone hire me to kill an innocent man?

Hello?

Damn.



Later. Gal-Hag Corporate Offices.

Did you know this guy has an electroshock stick that a proctologist would envy?

He developed weapons for the military. He's very well armed and he's not going to just let you kill him.

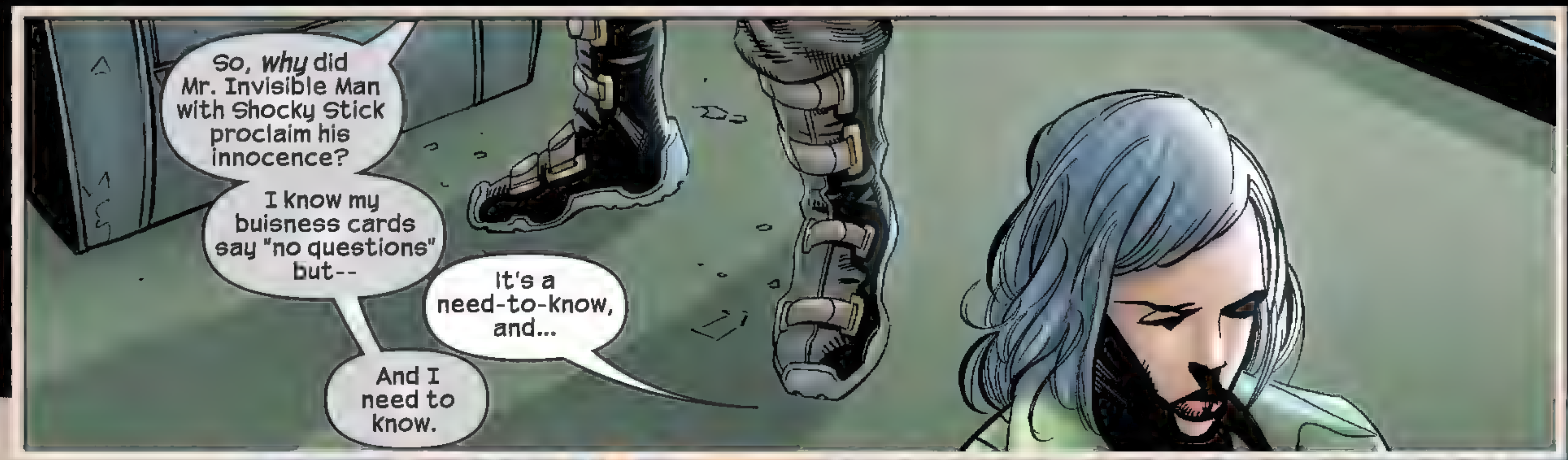
Guess I'll have to think up a new strategy, then.



I was told you were better than this, Hayden.

And I was told the guy was invisible-- not heavily armed.

So were even!



So, *why* did Mr. Invisible Man with Shocky Stick proclaim his innocence?

I know my buisness cards say "no questions" but--

It's a need-to-know, and...

And I need to know.



Not that it's any of *your* business, but...

...my *father* is not an innocent man!



Wait...*what?!?*
Your *father*? You're
paying me to kill your
father?

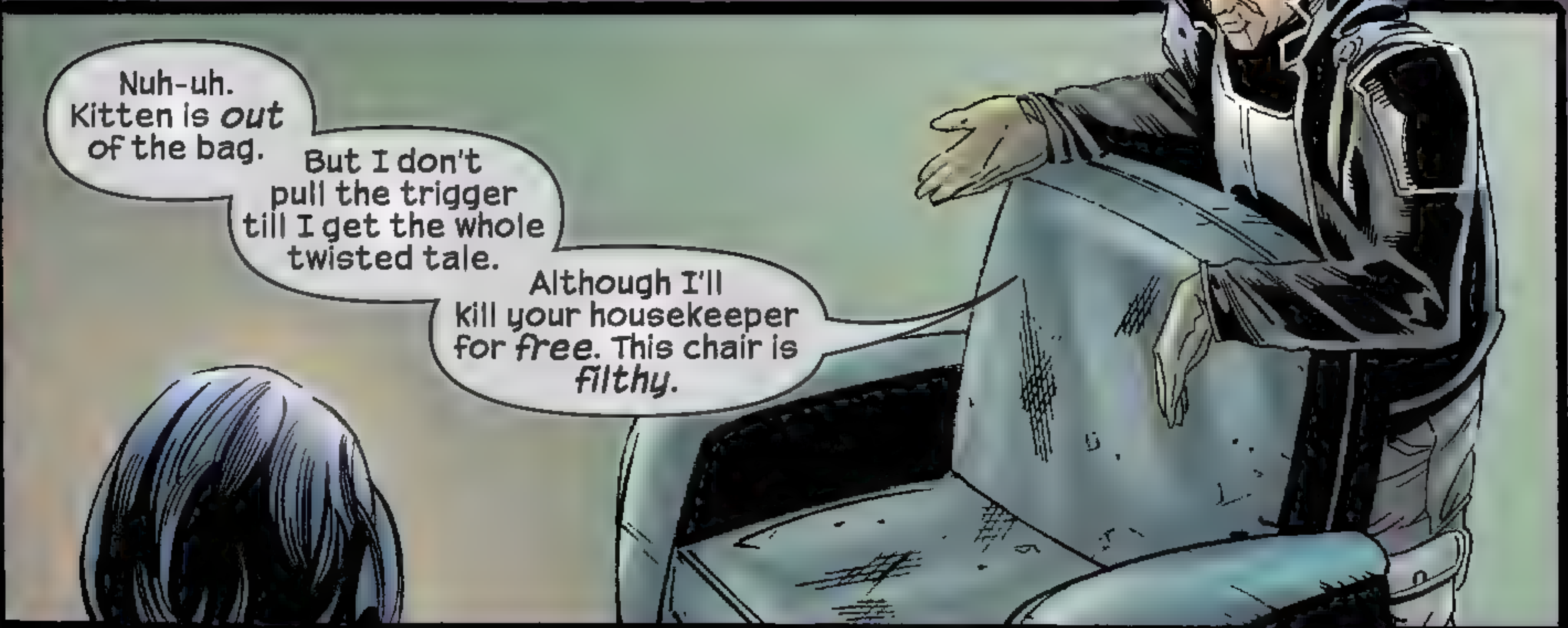
Can't you
just kill him in
his sleep like
normal kids
do?

Spare me your
judgments.



I'm *paying* you
to kill someone. But
it seems you're not
up for the job.

You
should just
leave.



Nuh-uh.
Kitten is *out*
of the bag.

But I don't
pull the trigger
till I get the whole
twisted tale.

Although I'll
kill your housekeeper
for *free*. This chair is
filthy.



Ms. Gallhager
said it's time for
you to *leave*.

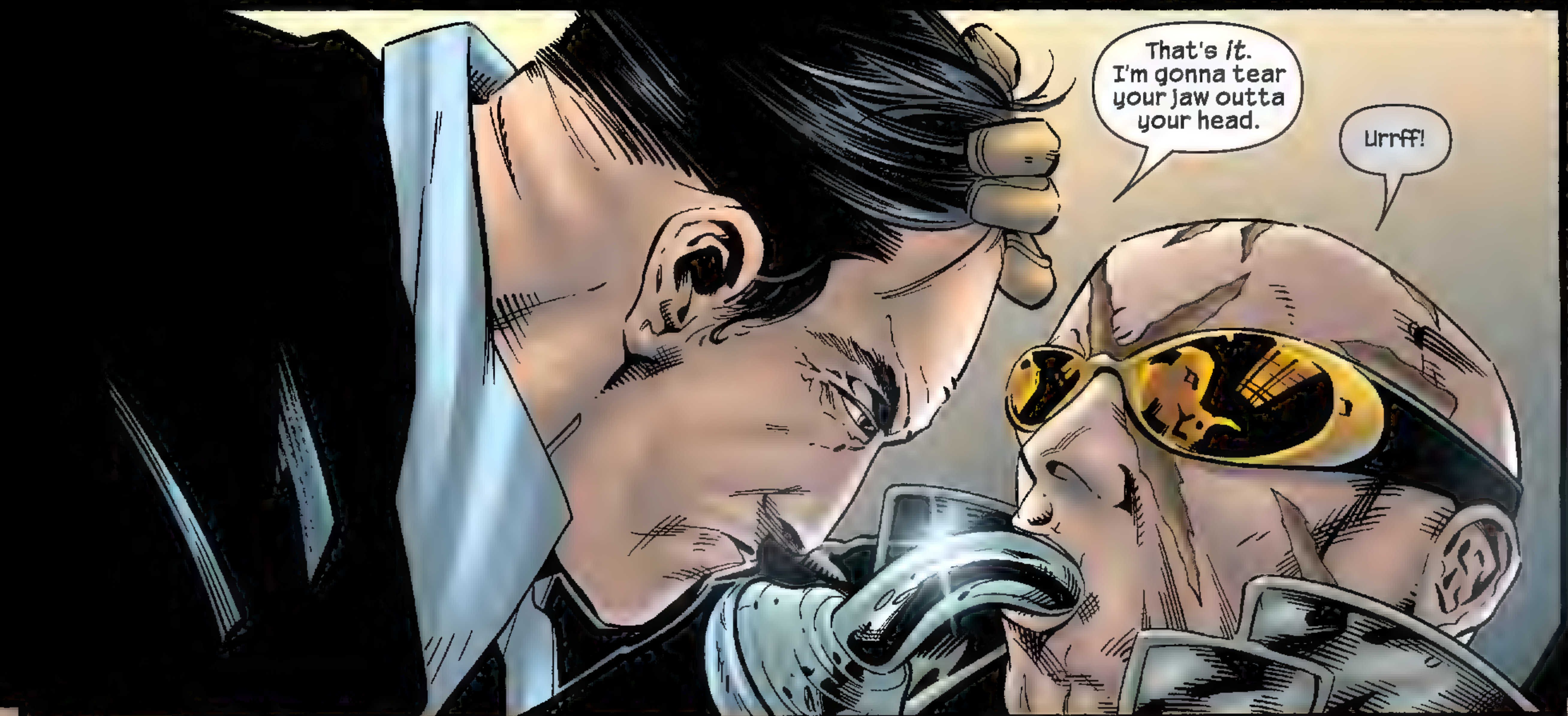
Oof!

Hey,
Aquaman--



--can
you check my back
teeth with that thing?
I've had a hunk of corn
stuck back there
all day.

My
pleasure!



That's it.
I'm gonna tear
your jaw outta
your head.

Urrff!



Enough,
both of
you!

Hayden,
are you *in*
or *out*?

In. But
the rate for
patricide has gone
up. Four million. Two
mil now. Two when
your old man is
worm food.

Whatever. As
long as nobody can
trace my father's
murder back to me, a
few million is nothing
to me. Dante--
the money?

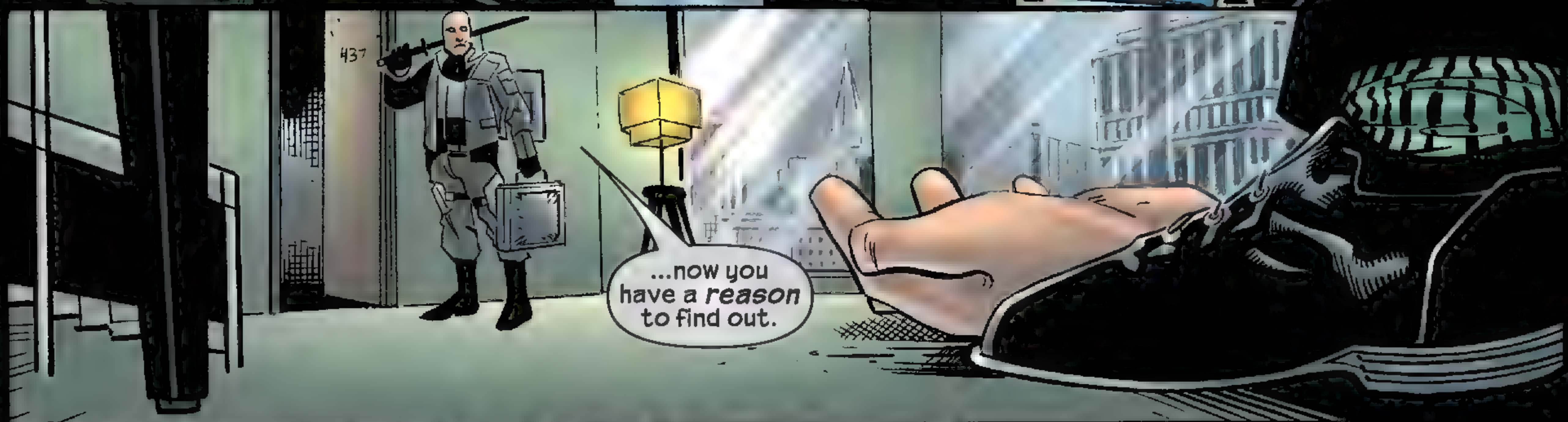
When this is done,
you're gonna meet
the hook up close
and personal.

More "up close
and personal" than
in my mouth?

By the
way, Dante,
do those hooks
come in lefty
and righty,
like shoes?

I dunno.
Why?

Well...



...now you
have a *reason*
to find out.

Ten minutes later.
Outside Gal-Hag
Corporate Offices.

Ok, fella.
How'm I gonna
find you?

Sniff
Sniff That's
an odd smell.

Almost
smells like... that
electroshocky
thing... *That's* no
coincidence.

Hey,
Invisible
Daddy! You
hunting *me*
now?

Tell ya what.
Make your move.
I'll even put down the
case of money so I
have both hands free
to chop you into little
meat cubes.

It's a
revolving
door, freak.
Keep it
moving!

You *could*
have just walked
away, Mr. Invisible
Man. But you've
decided to turn the
tables on me. Nice
strategy. Too bad
it won't work.

CLUNK

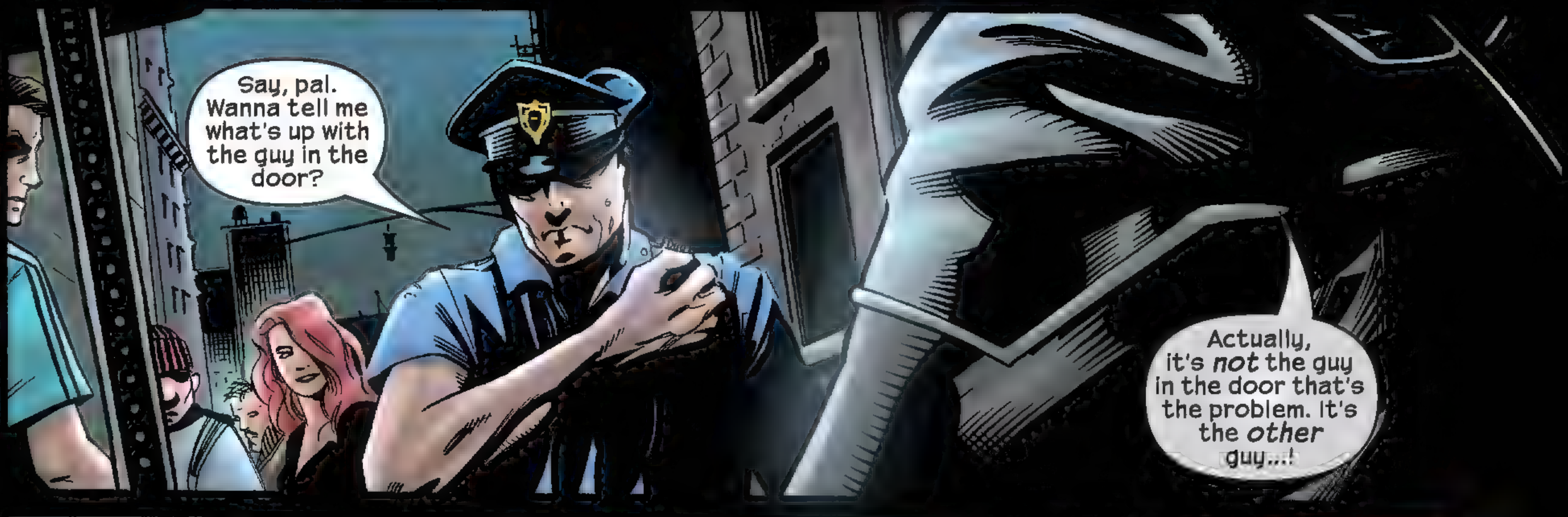
What's
with the
weirdo in the
door?

Maybe
he's
stuck.

Shhhh. I'm
hunting invisible
wabbit.

And the
wabbit is
hunting
me right
back.

Hey, let
me out!



Say, pal.
Wanna tell me
what's up with
the guy in the
door?

Actually,
it's *not* the guy
in the door that's
the problem. It's
the *other*
guy...!



Ohhhkayyy.
The "other guy"?
Is he "invisible"?

Actually,
yes.

Look,
buddy, I --
Ooof!
What just hit
me?!?

That'd be
the "other guy".
Don't move.



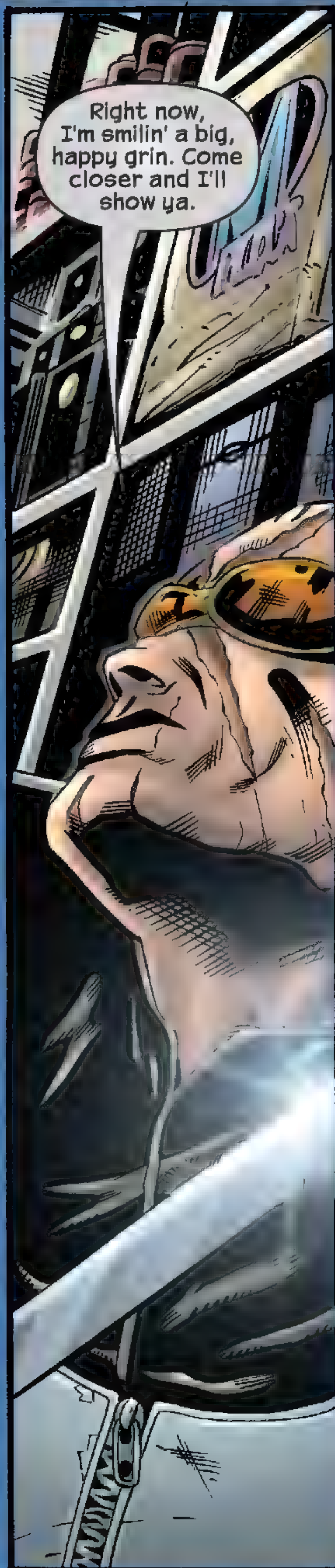
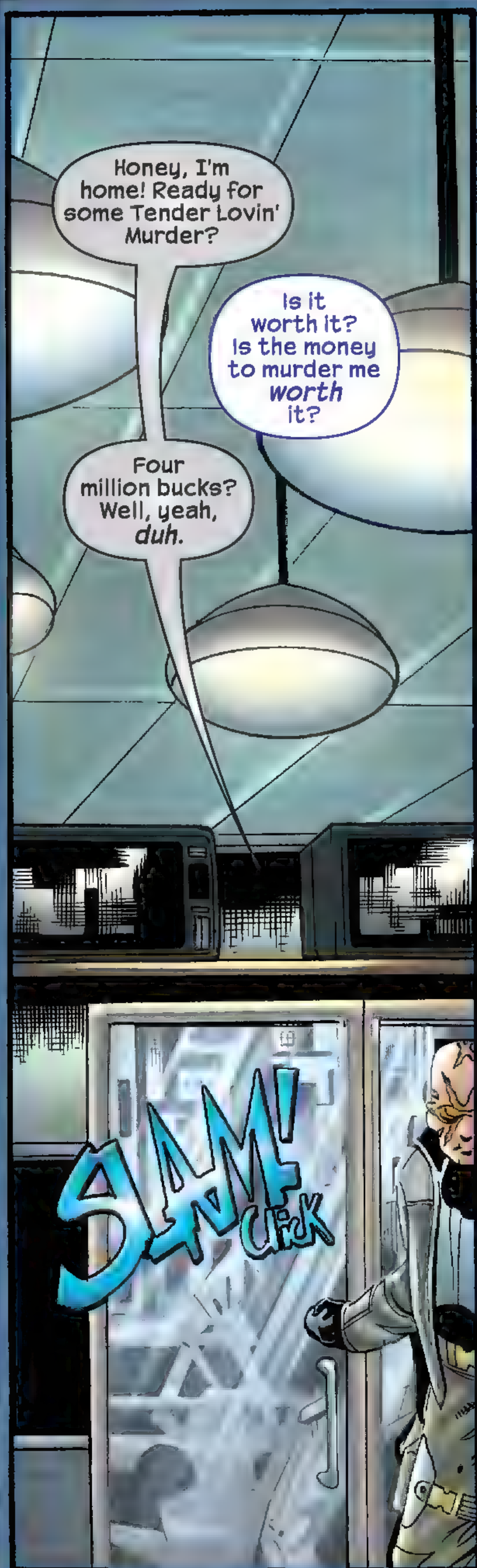
This won't
hurt nearly
as much as it
appears...or
doesn't appear.
Whatever.

SLIKE!

ARRGGHHH!

BUZZZZZ







BANG!!!

"It's
two hand
grenades."

GALACTUS
CHEF SUPPLY

TO BE CONCLUDED...
WITH A BANG!

MARVEL

9

SCALERA

BREITWEISER

McKENNA

AGENT X

TM





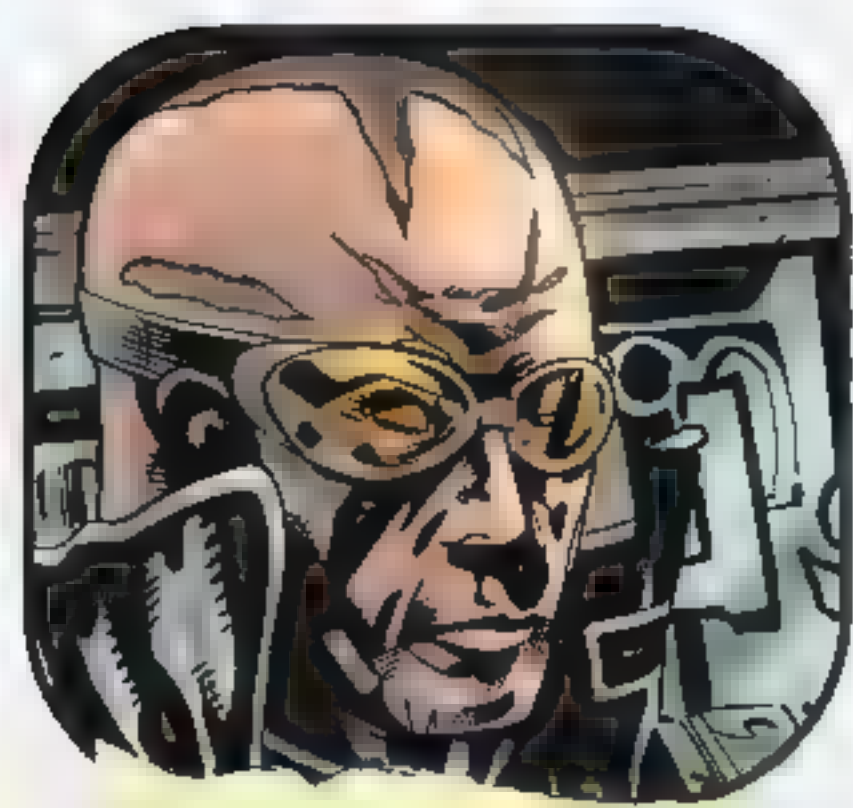
TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST, AND HIGHEST PAID, MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"HOLD THAT GHOST"

part 2 of 2



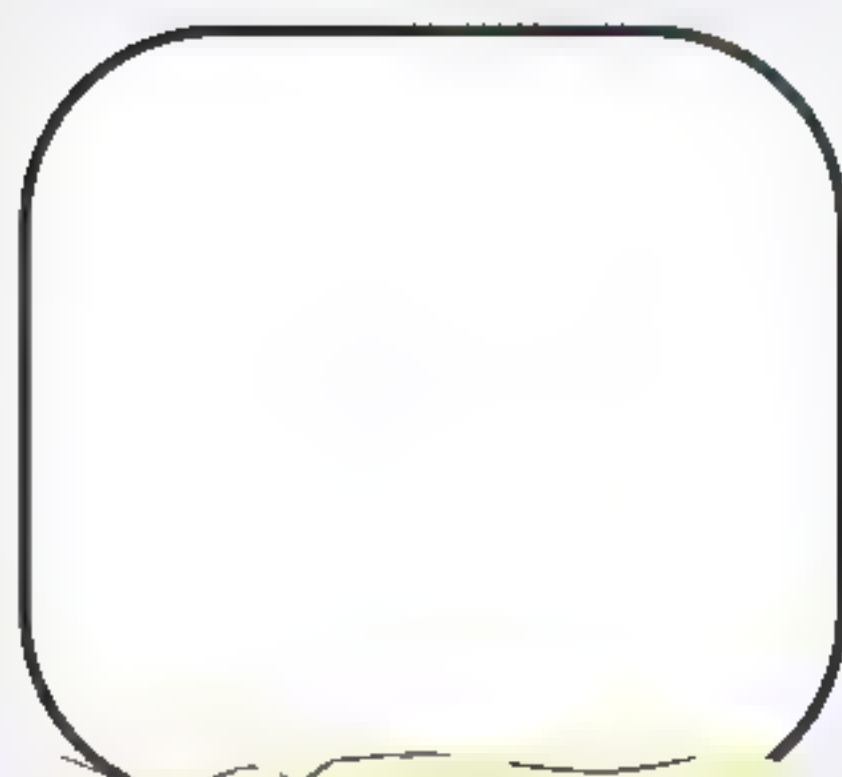
ALEX



CHRISTINE GALLHAGER



DANTE



THE INVISIBLE MAN

○

PREVIOUSLY

○

ALEX HAYDEN'S JOURNAL OF CONVENIENT MONTHLY UPDATES

Oy! Where do I even start on this one?

I was feeling down and out after my new mercenary-for-hire company, Agency X, didn't get off the ground quite as well as I'd hoped...so I decided to go out and cheer myself up in the only way I know how: killing for cash!

I got the word that Christine Gallhager, a spoiled-brat cosmetics executive, wanted to put a hit out on some kidnapper, so I took the gig--after chopping the hands off of her bodyguard, Dante, of course. I mean, a guy's gotta have his own fun now and then, right?

○

Then things got weird. It turned out that my target was this lady's dad! He's a millionaire, a weapons manufacturer, a restaurant owner... Oh, and did I mention that he's INVISIBLE? As in, you CAN'T SEE HIM?

Look... I made a drawing of him:

○

So anyway, I finally found this "invisible man" (which wasn't an easy task, mind you) and cornered him in a cooking supply store, where he proceeded to beg me for his life and a chance to prove his innocence. Now, I don't like the idea of letting a target live...but if he IS a kidnapper, I thought I might be able to actually do some good here AND still make my paycheck.

○

Guess I should have thought things through a bit more before I threw those hand grenades...

Oh, and in case you didn't get all of that...

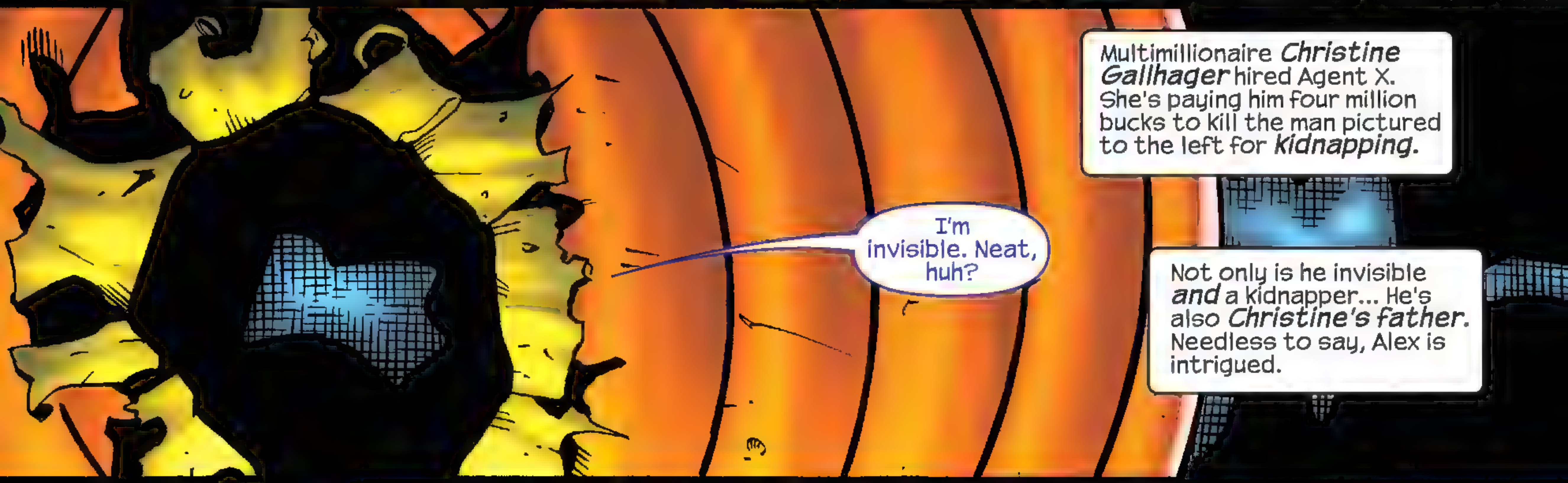


Here's a brief recap.

This is *Alex Hayden*, a.k.a. *Agent X*. He kills for money and maims for laughs.

He's the good guy in this story.

Heya!



Multimillionaire *Christine Gallhager* hired Agent X. She's paying him four million bucks to kill the man pictured to the left for *kidnapping*.

I'm invisible. Neat, huh?

Not only is he invisible *and* a kidnapper... He's also *Christine's father*. Needless to say, Alex is intrigued.



Agent X carries several weapons.

Sword. Quiet and effective for tight areas.

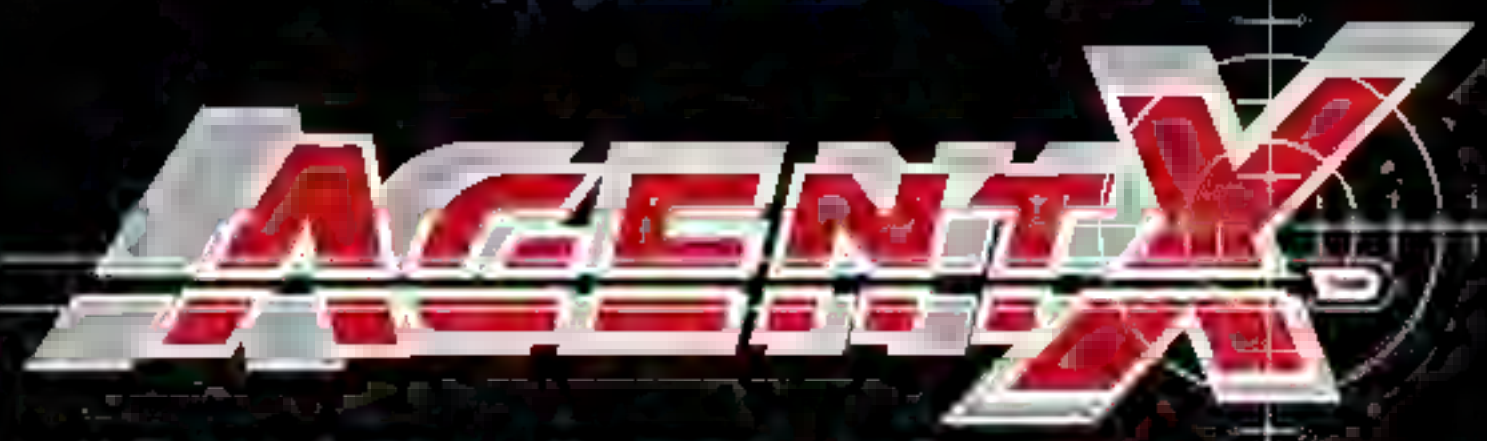
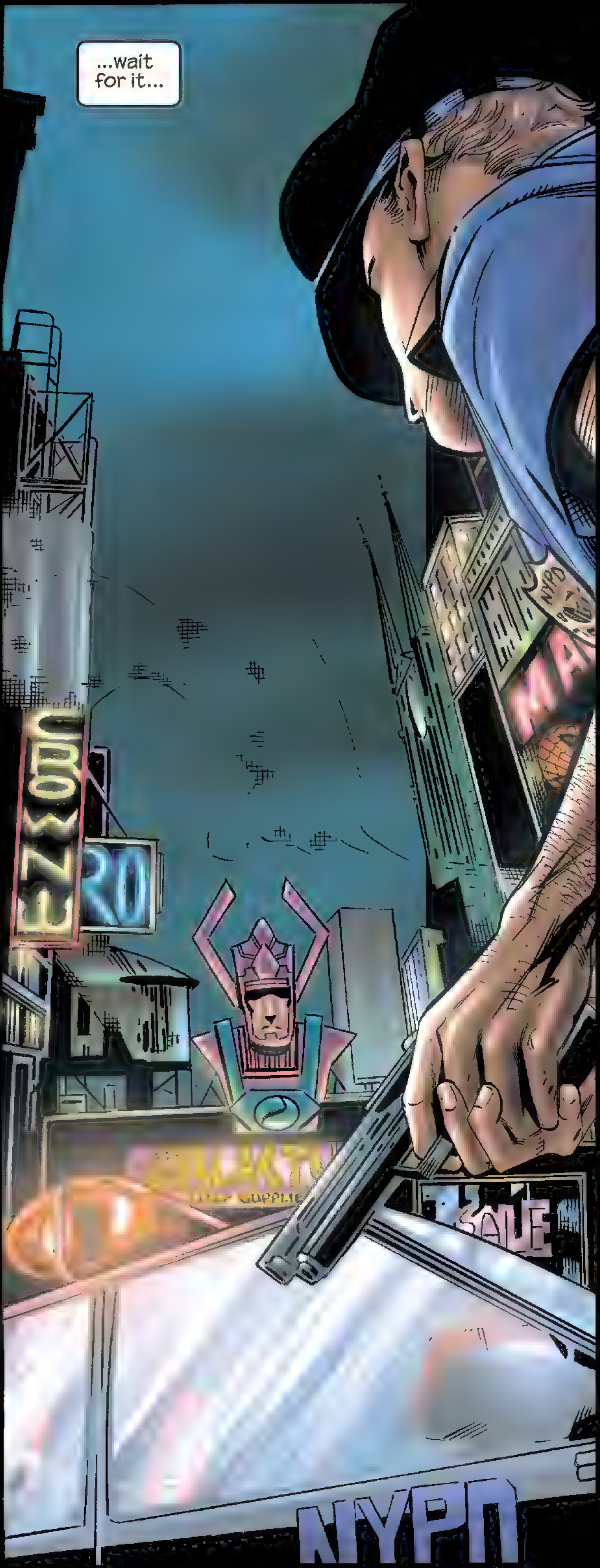


Handgun. Noisy, but useful for distance.



Grenade. Effective in tight quarters. Useful at moderate distance.

Good for making things go...



"Hold that Ghost"

Part 2 of 2

Writer: Buddy Scalerà Penciler: Mitchell Breitweiser

Inker: Mark McKenna

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Letterer: Cory Petit

Editors: Lis, Marts & Sumerak

Big Gun in Chief: Joe Quesada

Presiding Big Gun: Bill Jemas



Ohhh, that was *so* not smart.

Note to self:
Do not set off hand grenades inside cooking store filled with combustible objects...



~Koff. Koff~
Uhhhhggggg...

Listen, invisible guy...

I've been hired to kill you-- and I always get the job done--so you might as well just make this easy and tell me where you are.

My ass is *already* in the pot, so, I won't hesitate to set off another grenade.



You--you blew off my *hand*!

How do you know? You can't even see your hand! You're *invisible*!

Though I must say, that layer of food covering you makes you a bit easier to see...and a bit tastier, too!

Meanwhile, at the offices of Christine Gallhager, multimillionaire CEO of Gal-Hag Cosmetics...

Whoops.
Damn.

Dante, do
you *mind*? Some
of us are trying to
eat.

You *must*
do something
about those
ridiculous hooks.
You're making
a mess.

What am I
supposed to *do*,
Miss Gallhager? You
were standing there
when Hayden cut my
hands off!

It'd be a
lot easier if I
had a fork and a
knife instead of
two hooks...

You're as
useless as your
stumps, Dante. A
throwback to a simpler
time, when nothing
mattered but
brute force.

Alex Hayden
has you outclassed,
which is why
I hired *him* to kill
my father.

You're
lucky I even keep
you around as a
bodyguard...



Across town...

AAAAA!

Run!
He has a
rifle!



Ya know...
It's a *pistol*,
not a *rifle*. This
doesn't even
look like a
rifle.

Women
don't know
guns at
all.

Time for
that "dignity"
you wanted so
badly.

Even though
I'm gonna kill you,
I *hate* knowing that
you're only wearing
a thin layer
of food.

That even
gives a hardened
mercenary like *me*
the heebie-jeebies.
Grrrrross.



You
call this
dignity?

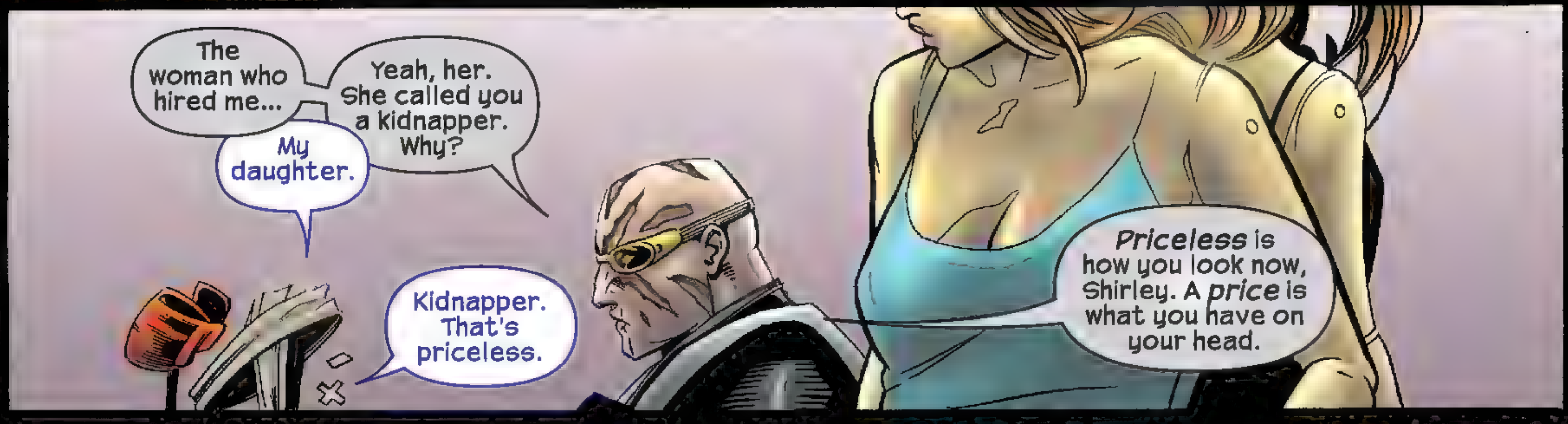
Heh...
yeah.
Heh.

But why
take the time
to bandage my
wounds and dress
me up like a little
girl, if you're just
going to kill
me?

For one,
humiliation is
a huge part of
my job
satisfaction.

And (B), I
will kill you on
my terms.

Plus, there
are a lot of
questions that
I want
answers to.



The
woman who
hired me...

Yeah, her.
She called you
a kidnapper.
Why?

My
daughter.

Kidnapper.
That's
priceless.

Priceless is
how you look now,
Shirley. A *price* is
what you have on
your head.



Do these boots come in camouflage?

N-no-no-no, sir. That's the only pair we have.



Dang. Just when I find shoes I can wear to Sunday School, they don't have them in my color.

I'm so angry, I could kill someone... which just so happens to be what I was hired to do...

Please, don't kill me yet! If you just give me twenty-four hours--



For what? You can't find these shoes anywhere else.

If you give me twenty-four hours, I can prove that I'm an innocent man. That I did the *right things*.

I do the wrong things *all* the time. *On purpose*. Next reason?

I'm a father. I would die for my daughter.



Your daughter seems to agree. But in a slightly different way.

If I could prove it to *you*, maybe you could prove it to *her*.

You'd still collect your four million dollars, and nobody would have to die.

Twenty-four hours to prove that I shouldn't kill you?

That's all I ask.

You've got *one* hour. Make it good...

Oh, thank God they're gone.

I'm coming back in a *week*-- and those boots had better be in stock in *camo* or you'll be losing a lot more than a sale!



Ten minutes later...

Christine? Yes, I have your father here with me now. We're out on a little joyride.

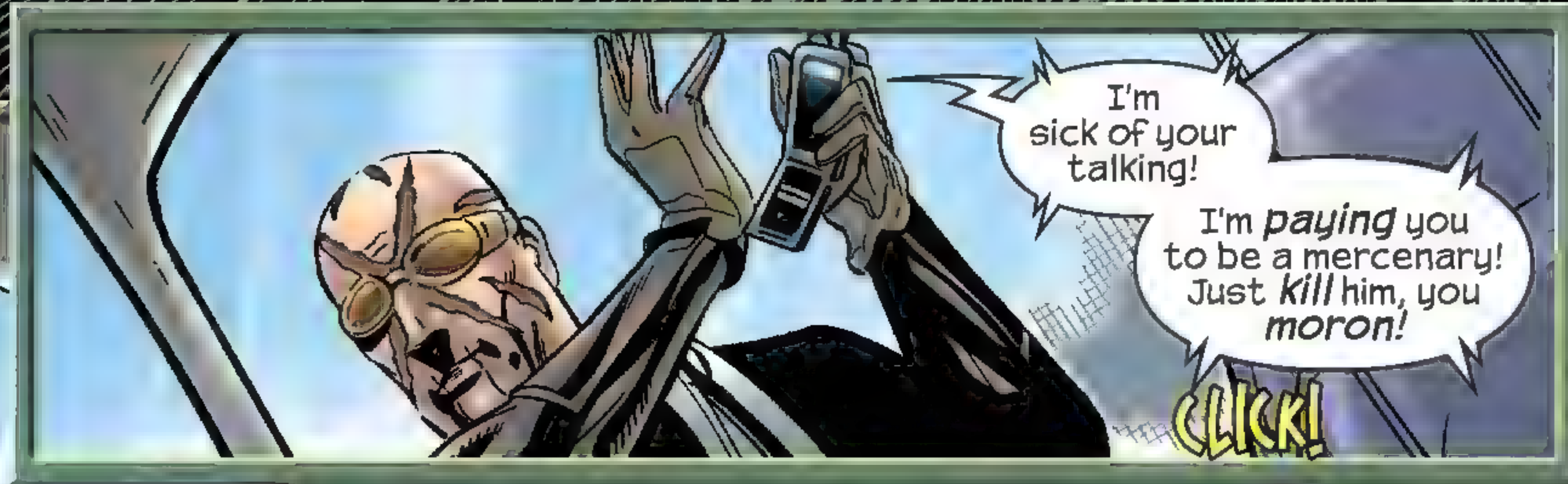
Is he dead? He's wearing a Chanel dress that's to *die* for. But no, he's not dead. Yet.

Why isn't he *dead*?! I hired you to *kill* him, not take him shopping!

He asked for a chance to prove he's innocent, so I figured...

Don't trust him! He's lying!

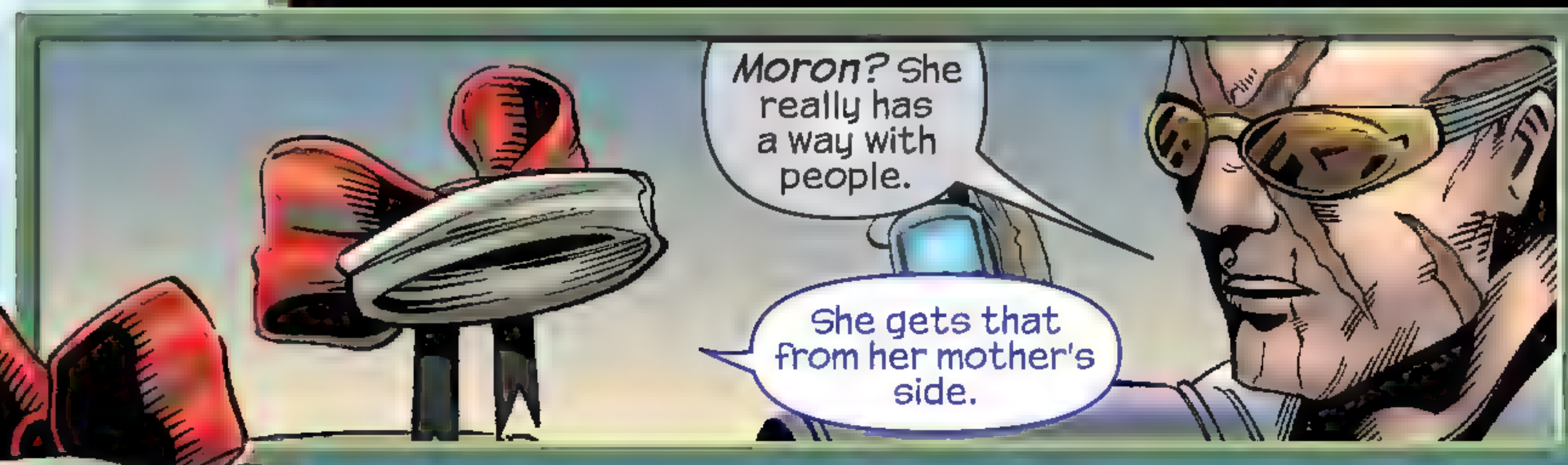
He didn't tell me anything yet. How can he be lying?



I'm sick of your talking!

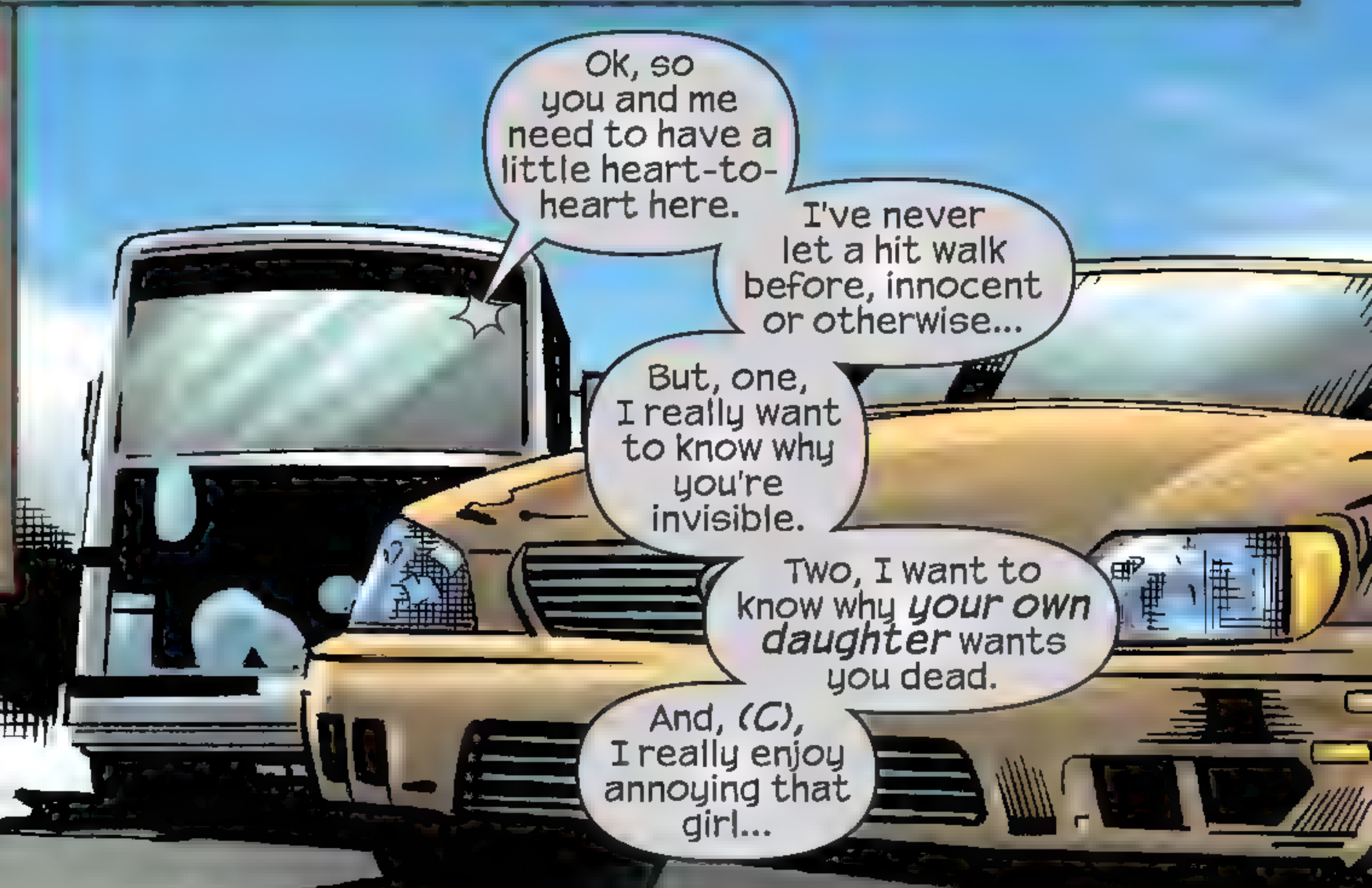
I'm paying you to be a mercenary! Just *kill* him, you moron!

CLICK!



Moron? She really has a way with people.

She gets that from her mother's side.



Ok, so you and me need to have a little heart-to-heart here.

I've never let a hit walk before, innocent or otherwise...

But, one, I really want to know why you're invisible.

Two, I want to know why *your own daughter* wants you dead.

And, (C), I really enjoy annoying that girl...

Meanwhile in the Gal-Hag corporate offices...

Arrrrghhh!
How difficult can it be to kill one man?!?

He calls me from a *cell phone* to tell me that he hasn't killed my father yet!

How *stupid* is this guy? I mean, why doesn't he just take out an ad in the New York Times?

Dante, you were right. We're just going to have to kill Daddy ourselves.

And maybe even this *Agent X* guy, too.

Perfect. I was looking for a reason to pay him back for cutting off my hands.

You need more of a reason than the fact that he cut off your hands?

"So...You want me to drown you?"



If not, then why are we here?

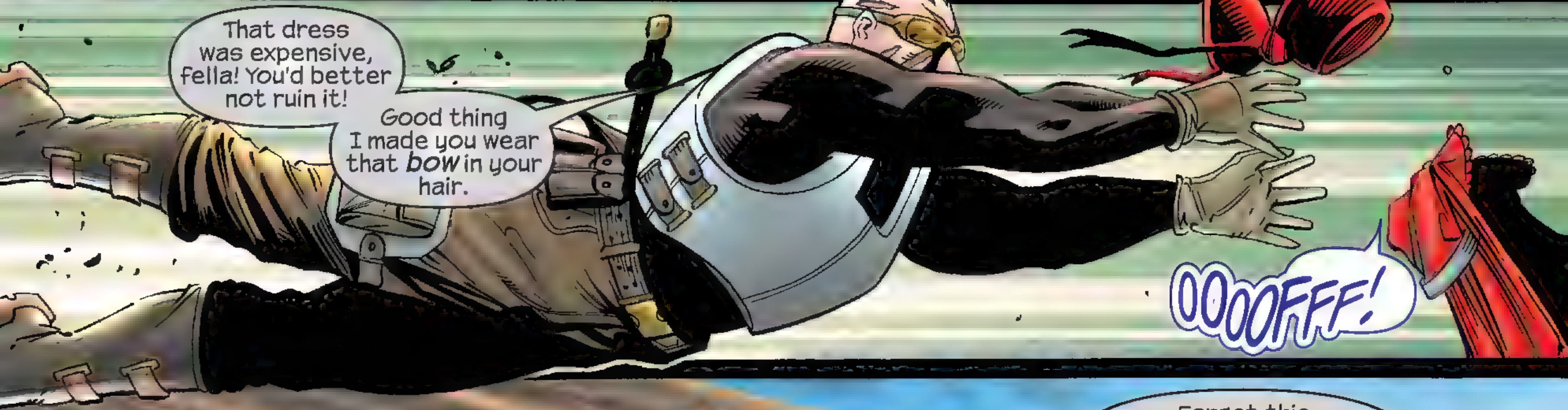
It's a nice quiet place to tell you my whole bloody story. I want someone to know the truth about this mess with my daughter.

And if you still decide you want to kill me... well...I always wanted a burial at sea.



It's actually pretty relaxing out here...

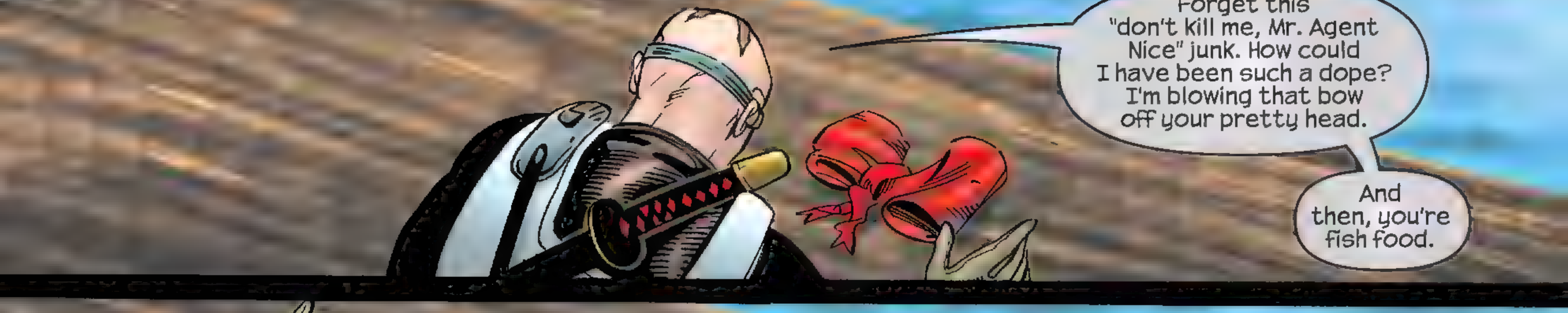
Hey! Hey! Don't you get naked and run away from me!



That dress was expensive, fella! You'd better not ruin it!

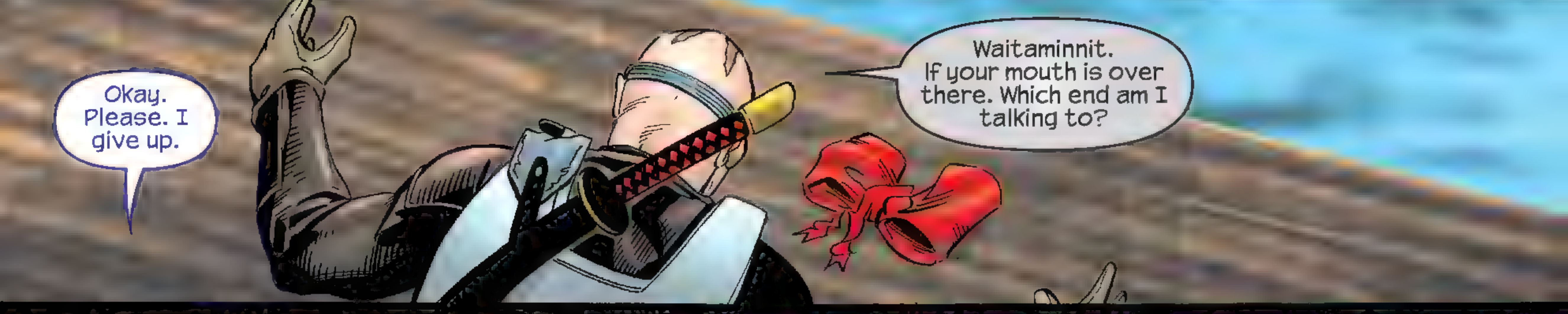
Good thing I made you wear that *bow* in your hair.

OOOOFFF!



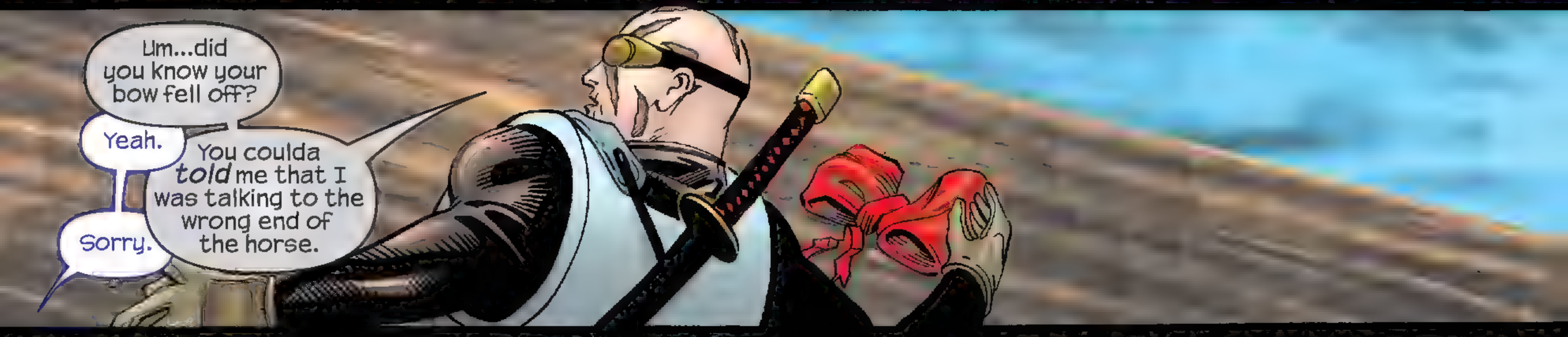
Forget this "don't kill me, Mr. Agent Nice" junk. How could I have been such a dope? I'm blowing that bow off your pretty head.

And then, you're fish food.



Okay. Please. I give up.

Waitaminnit. If your mouth is over there. Which end am I talking to?



Um...did you know your bow fell off?

Yeah.

Sorry.

You coulda *told* me that I was talking to the wrong end of the horse.

Later, in a yacht owned by Gal-Hag Cosmetics...

Eyeliner bought all of this?

Actually, our Gal-Hag pimple cream paid for *this* boat. But yes, essentially we made our fortune selling cosmetics.

Cosmetics that make wrinkles invisible. Literally.

Do I have to put all of this makeup on my face...?

Fanatic 2

Obviously the *bow* thing didn't work out, so I need a way to keep track of you.

You *could* be smearing your own blood over your face. Your choice.

Sigh You'd think by *now* that I might have gotten *used* to applying makeup...just to look somewhat normal.

Normal men don't wear makeup.

Said the man wearing Kevlar armor.

Touché.

"You know... I wasn't *always* this way. Invisible, I mean.

"Thirty years ago, I was an important chemist. I worked for the *government*.

"And at one time...that was an important job."

"I'll take your word on that one."



"We had access to top-secret government chemicals. I created a special formula, and we were amazed at the results."

"Invisibility."

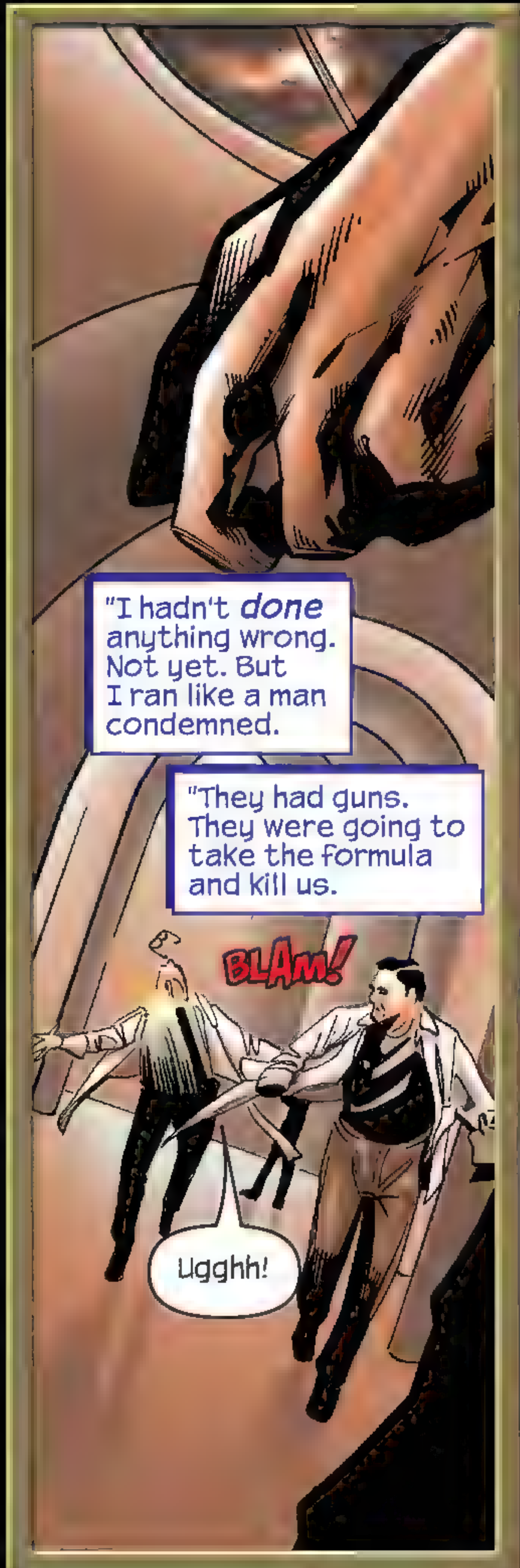
"One day it all ended. The good times, I mean. To this day, I'm *still* not sure how they--"



Nobody move!

Hide the formulas!

Run for it!



"I hadn't *done* anything wrong. Not yet. But I ran like a man condemned."

"They had guns. They were going to take the formula and kill us."

BLAM!

Ugghh!



I have the... ooof!

Ughhffff!



"We'd perfected a weapon that the government could utilize."

My hand! What's happening to my *hand*?!?

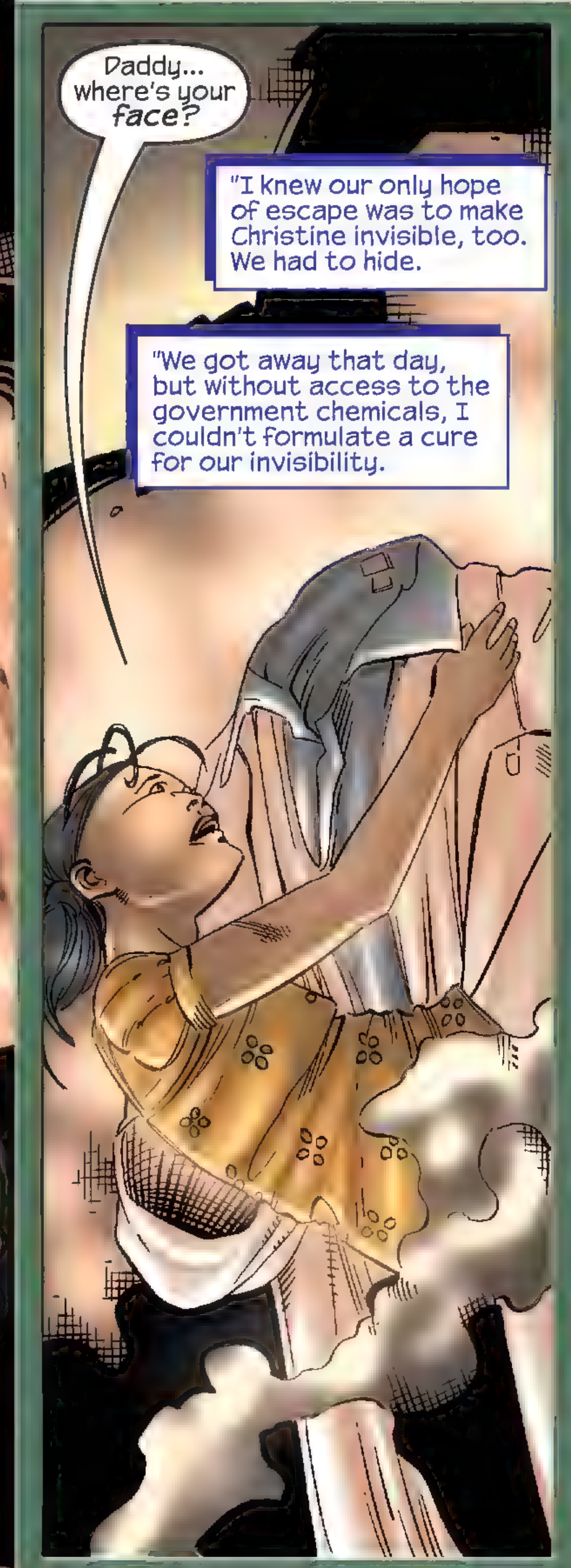
"And they weren't about to let it fall into the wrong hands..."



"By the time I got home...they had found my wife.

"My God, the flames... my house....but somehow they had missed...

Christine!!



Daddy... where's your face?

"I knew our only hope of escape was to make Christine invisible, too. We had to hide.

"We got away that day, but without access to the government chemicals, I couldn't formulate a cure for our invisibility.



"As you can imagine, Christine was obsessed with makeup products. She wanted to appear 'normal.'

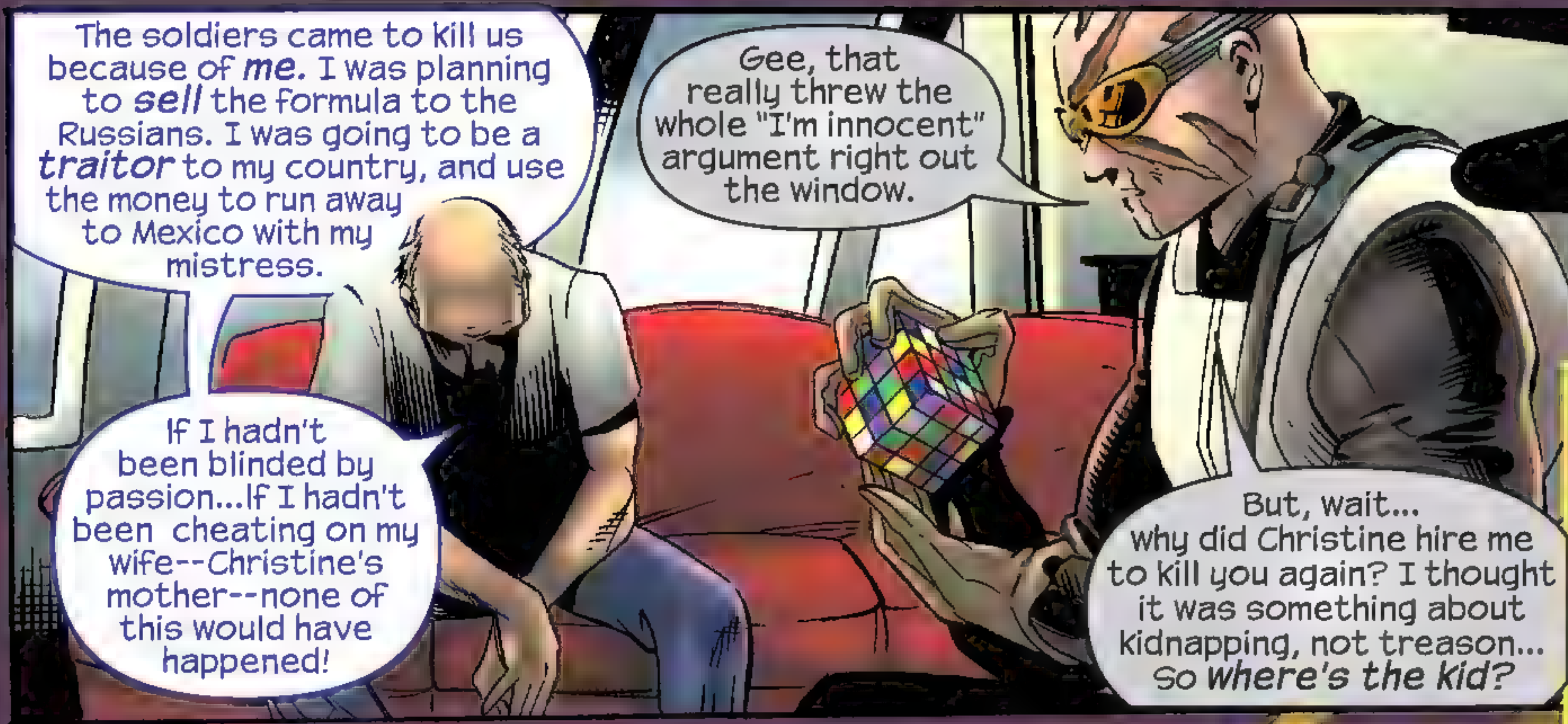
"We changed our identities many times while she was growing up.



"With what was left of my formulas, Christine built the Gal-Hag company. And earned millions doing it.

"Imagine how many women purchased a cosmetic that made wrinkles and pimples seem invisible. We made a fortune.

"But until recently, I had never told Christine one important secret...



The soldiers came to kill us because of *me*. I was planning to *sell* the formula to the Russians. I was going to be a *traitor* to my country, and use the money to run away to Mexico with my mistress.

If I hadn't been blinded by passion...If I hadn't been cheating on my wife--Christine's mother--none of this would have happened!

Gee, that really threw the whole "I'm innocent" argument right out the window.

But, wait... why did Christine hire me to kill you again? I thought it was something about kidnapping, not treason... So *where's the kid?*

CLUNK!

Why don't you ask her yourself?

Looks like somebody found us!

It wasn't really that hard. It *is* Christine's boat.

Good hideout...

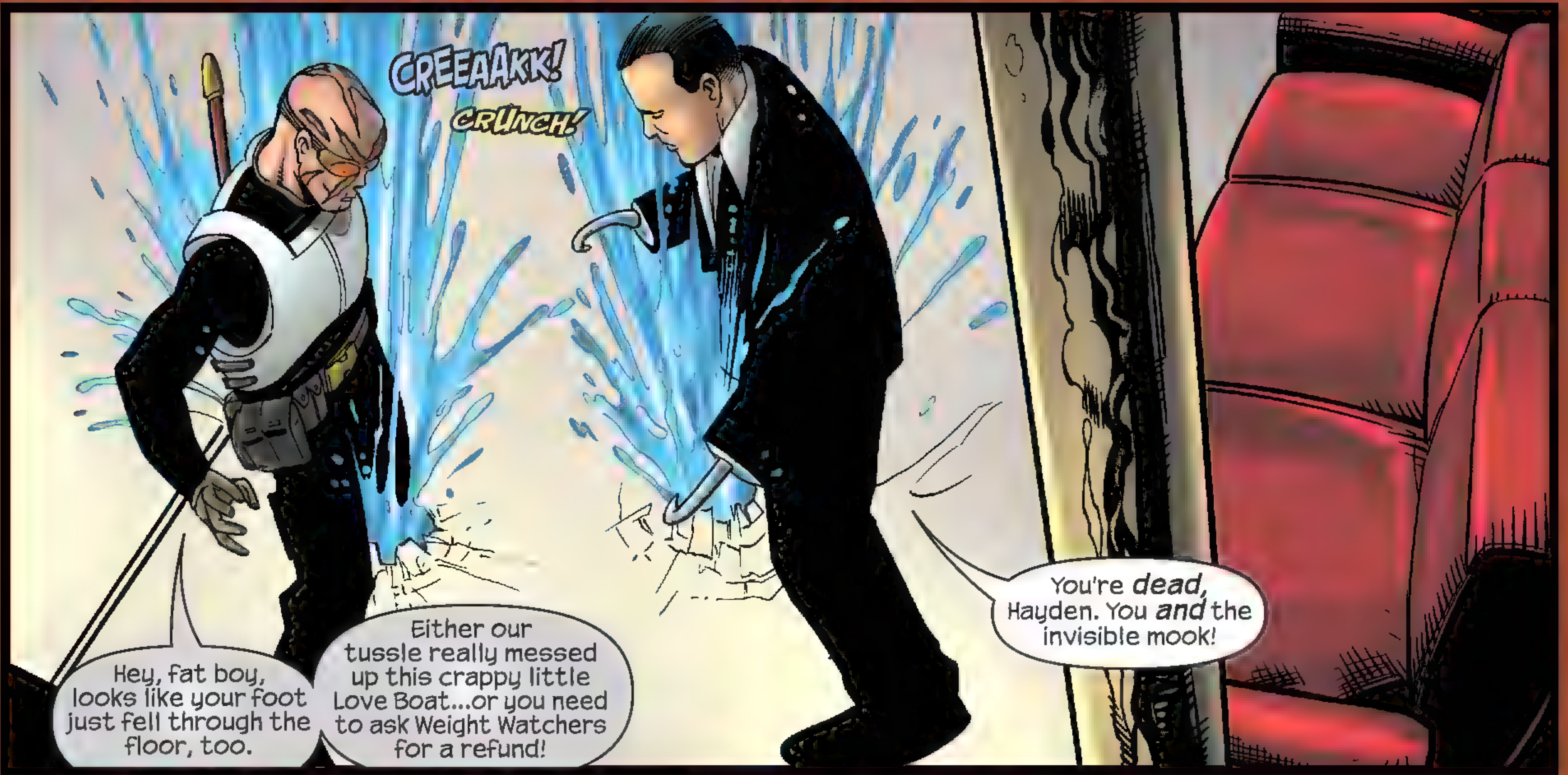
Hayyydennn! Come out and playyaayyy!

It's *Dante!* And he remembers lines from "The Warriors." Everyone hide!



BUDDDDA
BUDDDDA
BUDDDDA





CREEAAKK!
CRUNCH!

Hey, fat boy,
looks like your foot
just fell through the
floor, too.

Either our
tussle really messed
up this crappy little
Love Boat...or you need
to ask Weight Watchers
for a refund!

You're *dead*,
Hayden. You *and* the
invisible mook!



This is *payback*
for chopping off my
hands and
leaving me with these
stupid hooks!

Hey, don't
forget the
fat joke!

Enough!
You're destroying
my yacht!



CLICK

Don't
move,
Hayden.



CLICK

I won't.
Except to pull
out this itty-
bitty pistol.



Oh, yeah? And
what's that gonna
do against my little
submachine gun?

Stupid
hooks. Gimme
a minute
here.

CLACK
CLICK
CLACK



Neat. Everyone brought his or her own gun. Just like a cast reunion of "Diff'rent Strokes."

I hired you for four million dollars to kill my father. And here you are protecting him. Why?

Well, I tend to get curious when people want me to kill family members. I'll *do* it, I just like to know *why*.

I've got this thing about families, since I don't really have one of my own. Or at least I don't *think* I do...

But...

I'm not finished. I was going to do the old man right here on the boat. I was just trying to get a good story out of him first. But then you show up waving a gun in my face.

You're a rude, condescending, rich brat. And that makes me not like you.



Be a *man* for once, Dante. Kill them both.

Hey, Dante. With my healing power, I can get off at least two shots, even after I'm fatally wounded. Think you can match me shot for shot?

True, Christine...

You're my bodyguard, Dante. You should be ready to take a bullet for me.

But back to *you*, Dante. It doesn't seem to me like your employer cares all that much about *your* personal safety. If she did, you'd still have two good hands.

By the way, Christine--your father told me the whole story. It's a real tearjerker. If I were you, I'd go cry in my millions.

But just as you were getting here, your father was getting to the part with the kidnapping. You remember...the reason you hired me to kill him to begin with?

Okay, old man, I got your back. You can return the kid to her now and this'll all be over with. Do you have the *kid* stashed here in the *boat*?

"Kidnapped," eh? Oh, that's so rich, Christine!

Funny you use the word *rich*, Daddy? Do you think *money* can buy back my childhood after you kidnapped it?

What?!?
Did she just say you "kidnapped her childhood"?

You mean--there *isn't* any *kid* here?

God, I hate metaphors....



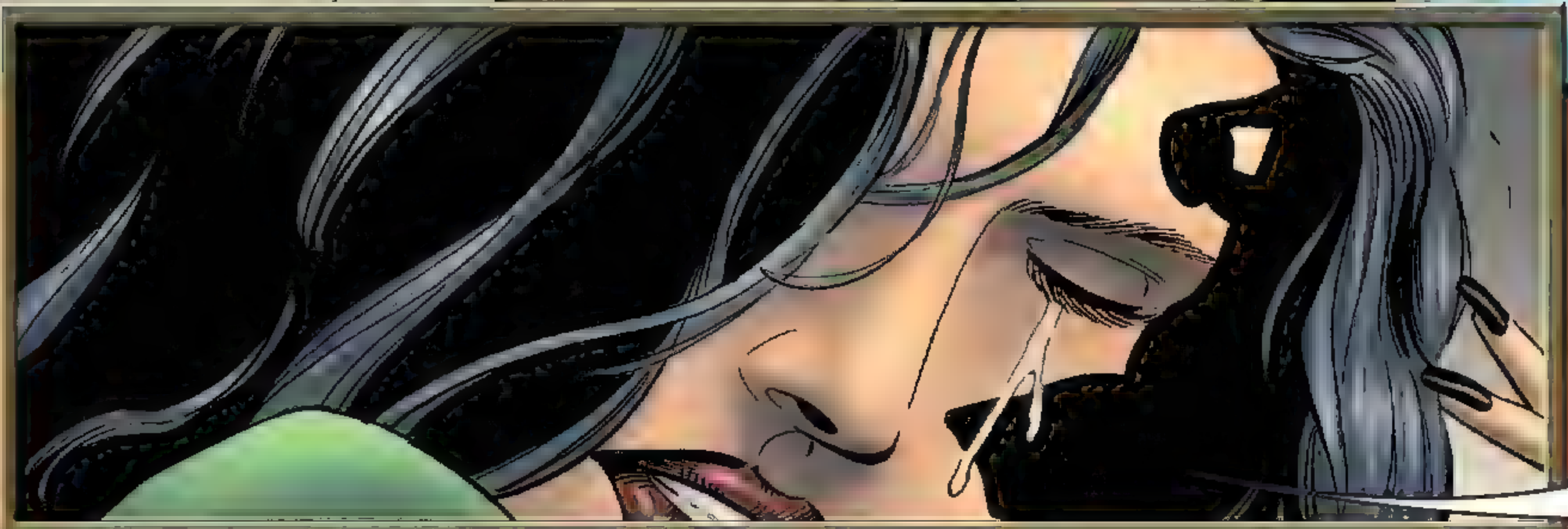
Of course there was no actual "kidnapping," Hayden. It was a figure of speech.

My father stole my childhood from me when he turned my face invisible. He could have prevented it all, but he got greedy.

Speaking of greed...why continue the trend? Could I get the rest of my money now? I...um...seem to have blown up my first payment...

You're not going to get another cent, Hayden! *I'm* going to finish the job--and kill Daddy *myself*. And Dante is going to kill you.

You're going to *kill* your father because he accidentally turned your face invisible while trying to save your life?



The father who helped you start a cosmetics company that made you richer than the Powerball lottery winner?

Whoo, boy. You're more spoiled than week-old pork.

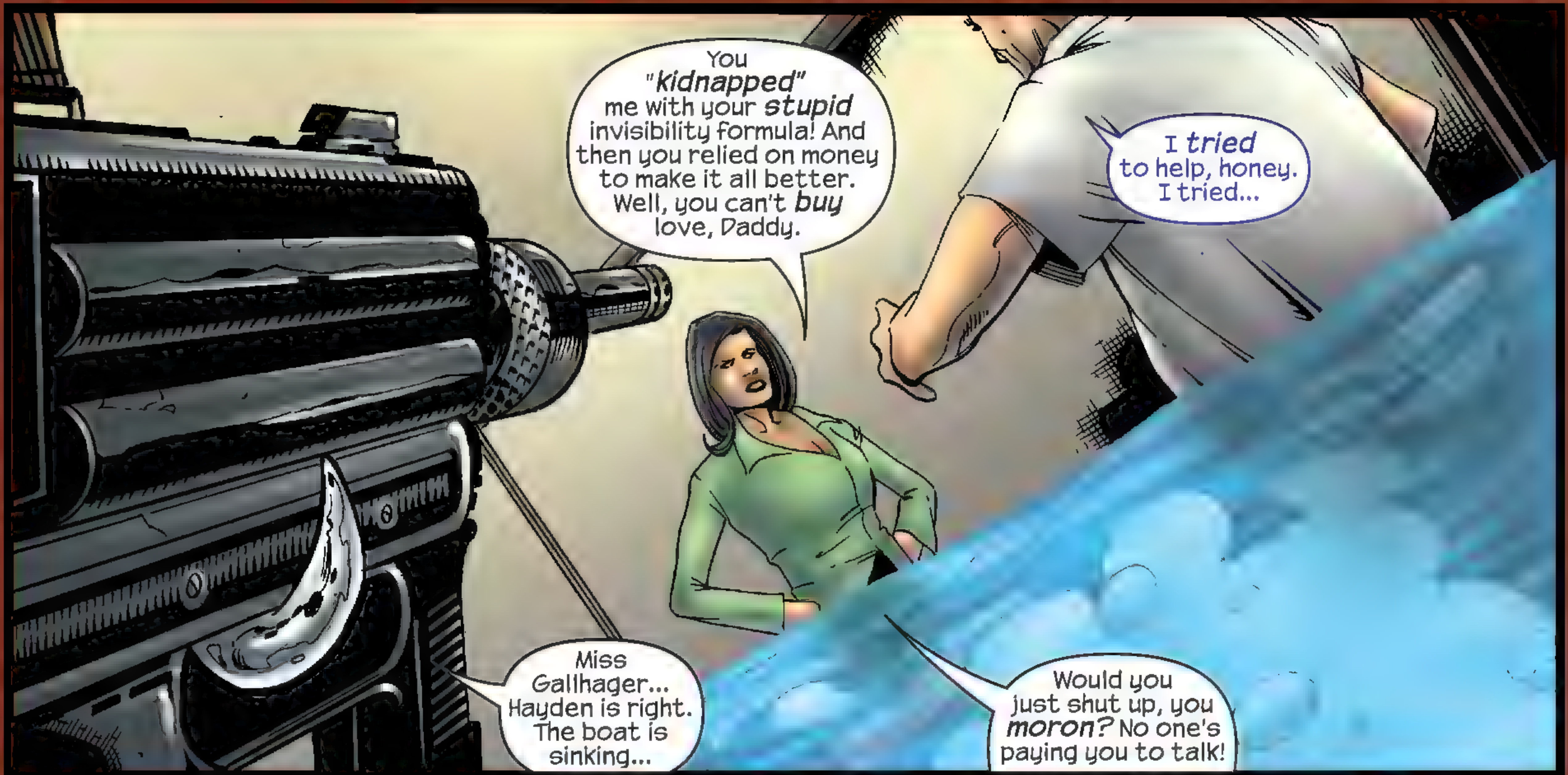
You men just never understand.



Christine, honey. Daddy would never hurt you...I-I was trying to help...I didn't know.

Stay *back*, Daddy! You're a traitor to your country--and to *me*!

Hey, is this boat sinking?

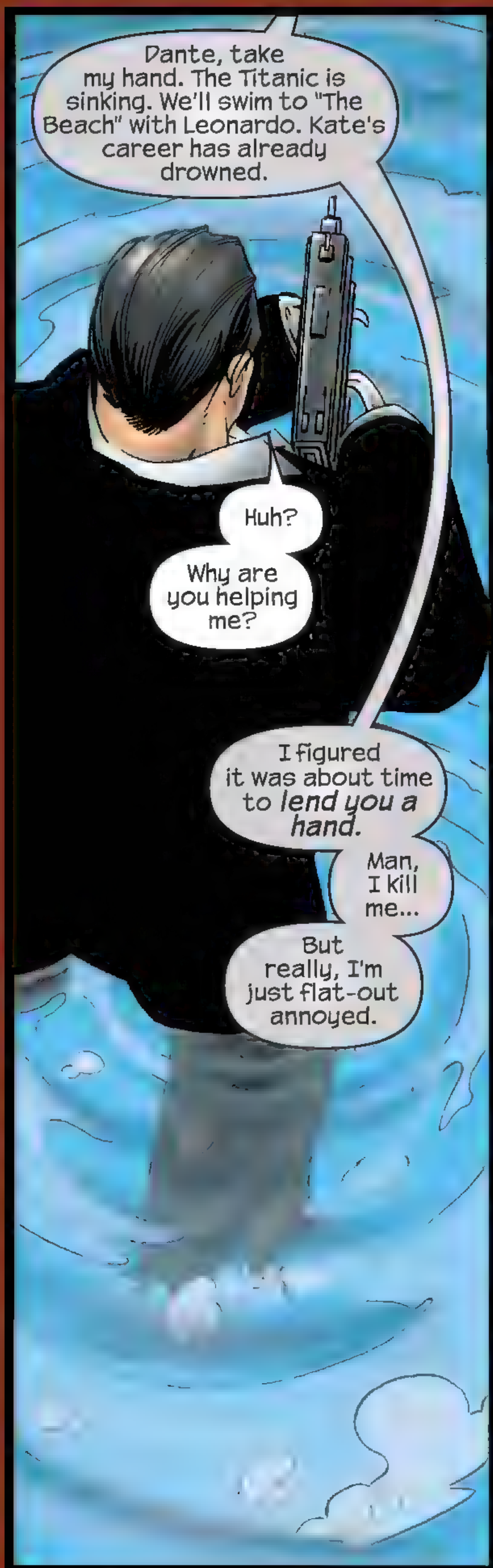


You
"kidnapped"
me with your *stupid*
invisibility formula! And
then you relied on money
to make it all better.
Well, you can't *buy*
love, Daddy.

I *tried*
to help, honey.
I tried...

Miss
Gallhager...
Hayden is right.
The boat is
sinking...

Would you
just shut up, you
moron? No one's
paying you to talk!



Dante, take
my hand. The Titanic is
sinking. We'll swim to "The
Beach" with Leonardo. Kate's
career has already
drowned.

Huh?

Why are
you helping
me?

I figured
it was about time
to *lend you a*
hand.

Man,
I kill
me...

But
really, I'm
just flat-out
annoyed.



I was hired to
kill the "Invisible Man" here
because of some kind of
kidnapping thing. But before
I do him in, he begs me for a
chance to tell his
story.

I have a soft
spot for Mel Gibson in
"Ransom," so I figure I'll play
his game and give the guy a
chance to return the kid
before I chop him
to bits.

Now I learn the
"kidnapping" is just a rich
brat's way of describing her
dysfunctional childhood!
So, yeah..."annoyed" would
be the right word.



She hired a
mercenary, when all
they really needed was
family therapy. I'm paid
to *blow off* people's
heads, not *analyze*
them.

They want
blood? I'll give
them a boat
full of it.



There's two million in this life vest. We split it 50/50.

Not a chance. We split it 60/40. You wouldn't have this money if it weren't for me.

Hey now... You'd be sinking with the boat if it weren't for me.

If it weren't for you, I'd still have a job.

Yeah...well, new hand grenades are expensive!

So are new hands!

Okay, okay. 60/40.

You got me...*hook*, line and *sinker*.

HAWK CONCERT MAY 3

THE END

MARVEL

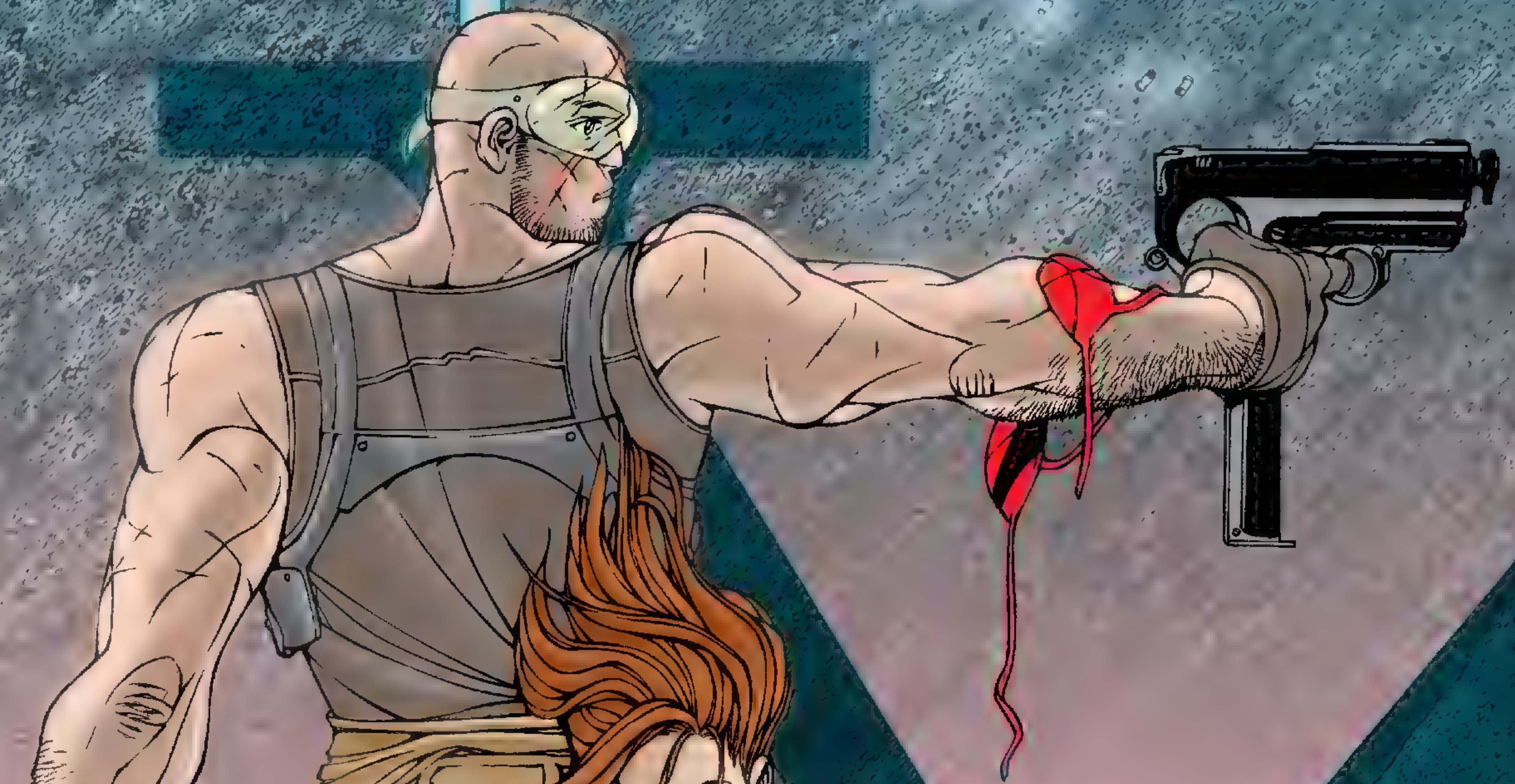
10

DORKIN

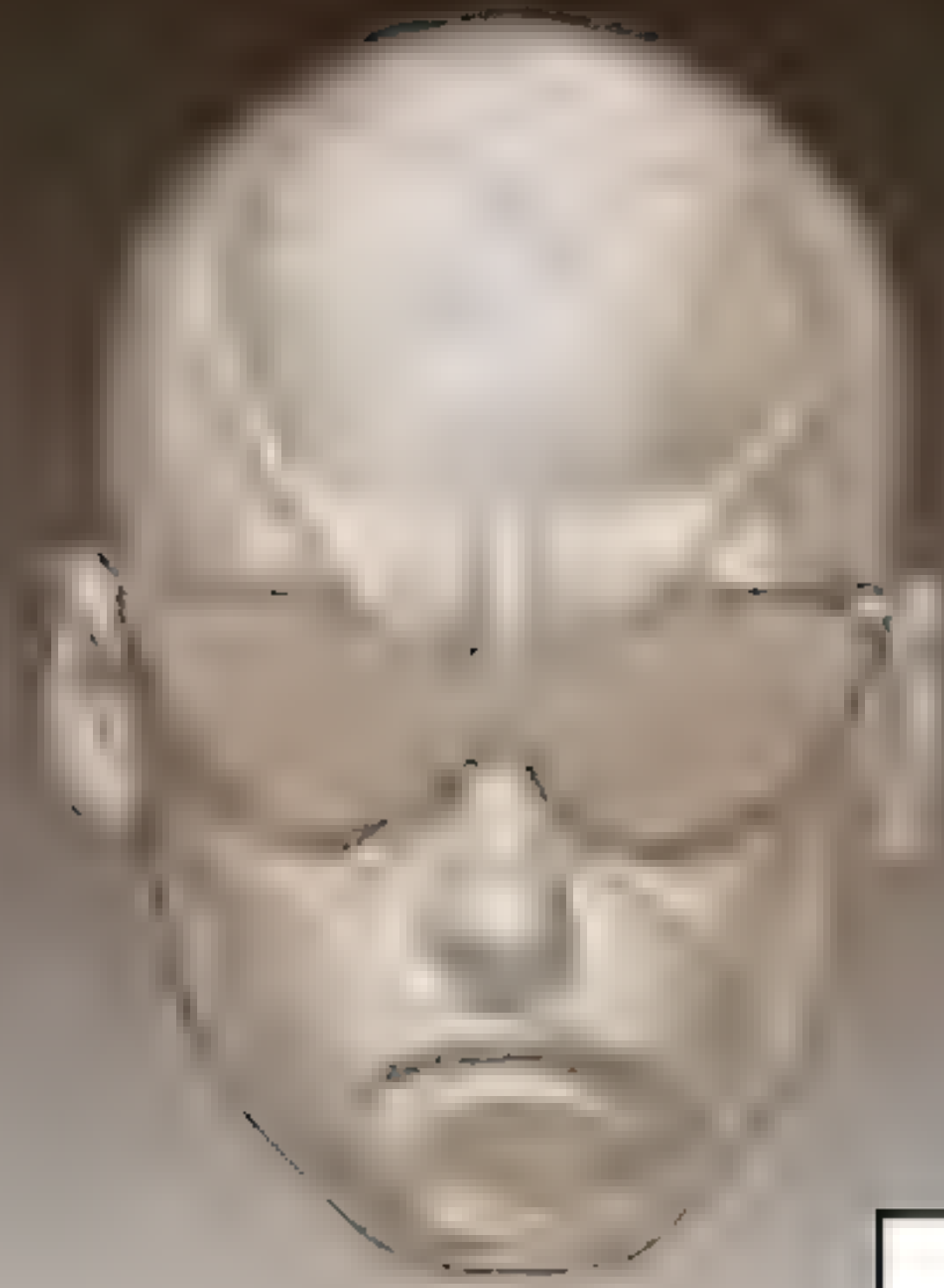
BOBILLO

SOSA

AGENTS X



PART 1 OF 2!
READ THIS OR
WE'LL KICK YOUR
GUTS OUT!



AGENT X

FAX COVER SHEET

FAX TO: BEVERLY LACOCO

FROM: KENNY LIEBMAN (THE HOODED EYE)

DATE: May 23, 2003

RE: 

YOUR NOTE HERE

Bev -

Good news, sweetie!

I think I may have found someone to take care of "you-know-who" for us.

I just got off the phone with The Shiv, and while he told me The Taskmaster is no longer taking on fieldwork, he is in contact with an outfit called Agency X that provides similar services, no questions asked. It's a small independent with two operatives, Sandi Brandenburg and Alex Hayden (a.k.a. Agent X. How tacky is that?). Brandenburg has mainly worked on the sidelines but is said to be smart, dependable and trustworthy. Hayden's their main triggerman, apparently obnoxious as hell but also highly efficient and tenacious. And his ability to heal rapidly from severe injuries is a real plus given our particular target. Despite a puerile sense of humor and god-awful taste in music, he comes highly recommended. So, I think we should give them a try. I agree with you that we shouldn't use anyone local; given the upcoming election it might cause too many problems if things went wrong.

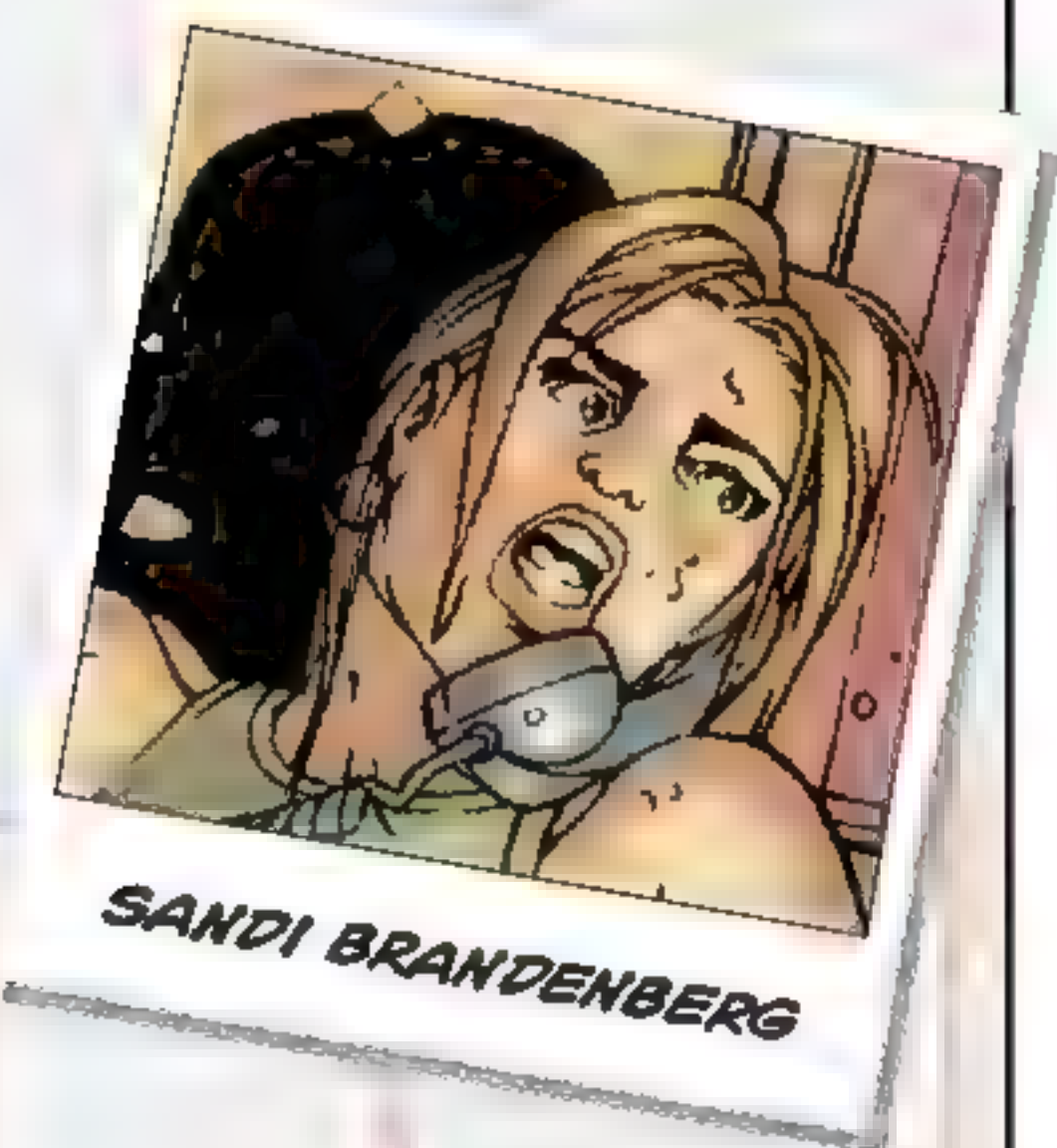
The Taskmaster isn't on the best of terms with X at the moment, but The Shiv thinks he'll play ball considering the money we're offering. I don't think we should give him too many details about "you-know-who", considering how hard it's been to get anyone to agree to come out to Delta City. If Agency X is as good as their press, they'll figure out a way to deal with our little problem (and then we'll deal with them, of course).

If all goes well we could get them out here within a day or two. I've already bought a bottle of champagne.

Love,
Kenny XOXO



P.S. I also spoke to the Doctor today - he's fairly optimistic the operation can proceed sometime this fall. Fingers crossed, baby - this is going to be our year!
P.P.S. Don't forget, dinner tonight with the Mayor. Wear your white dress. You know which one.

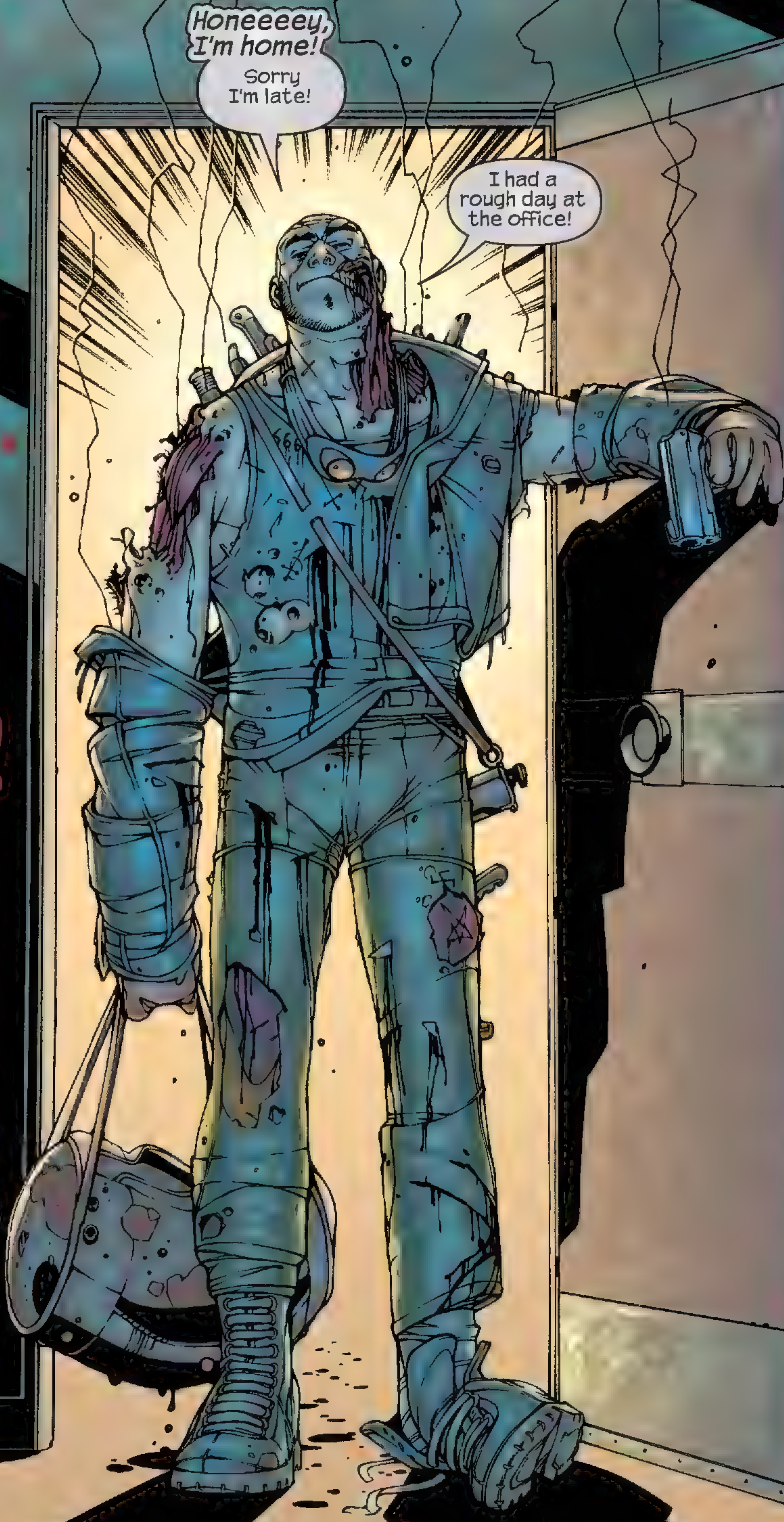


MATHEMATICALLY, THE LETTER "X" STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN OR VARIABLE QUANTITY. BUT IN THE DANGEROUS WORLD OF THE MODERN-DAY GUN-FOR-HIRE, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE MAN WITH NO PAST. UNINTERESTED IN THE MYSTERY OF HIS OWN BEGINNINGS, AGENT X IS DETERMINED TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST, AND HIGHEST PAID, MERCENARY...

AGENT X

IF AT
FIRST
YOU
DON'T
SUCCEED...
DIE,
DIE
AGAIN!

Writer-Evan Dorkin
Pencils-Juan Bobillo
Inks-Marcelo Sosa
Color-Chris Chuckry
Letters-Cory Petit
Editor-Andrew Lis
Editor in Chief-Joe Quesada
President-Bill Jemas



Honeeeey,
I'm home!

Sorry
I'm late!

I had a
rough day at
the office!



Say, you're not *honey*. You're not even a bit o'honey.

You're the *Taskmaster*, America's least-favorite overcompensating action parasite and all-around manipulative *dirtbag*!

Alex? *hic* --Jeez, what the hell happened to you?

I mean, not that I really *care*, but you look like *crap*. *Smell* like it, too.

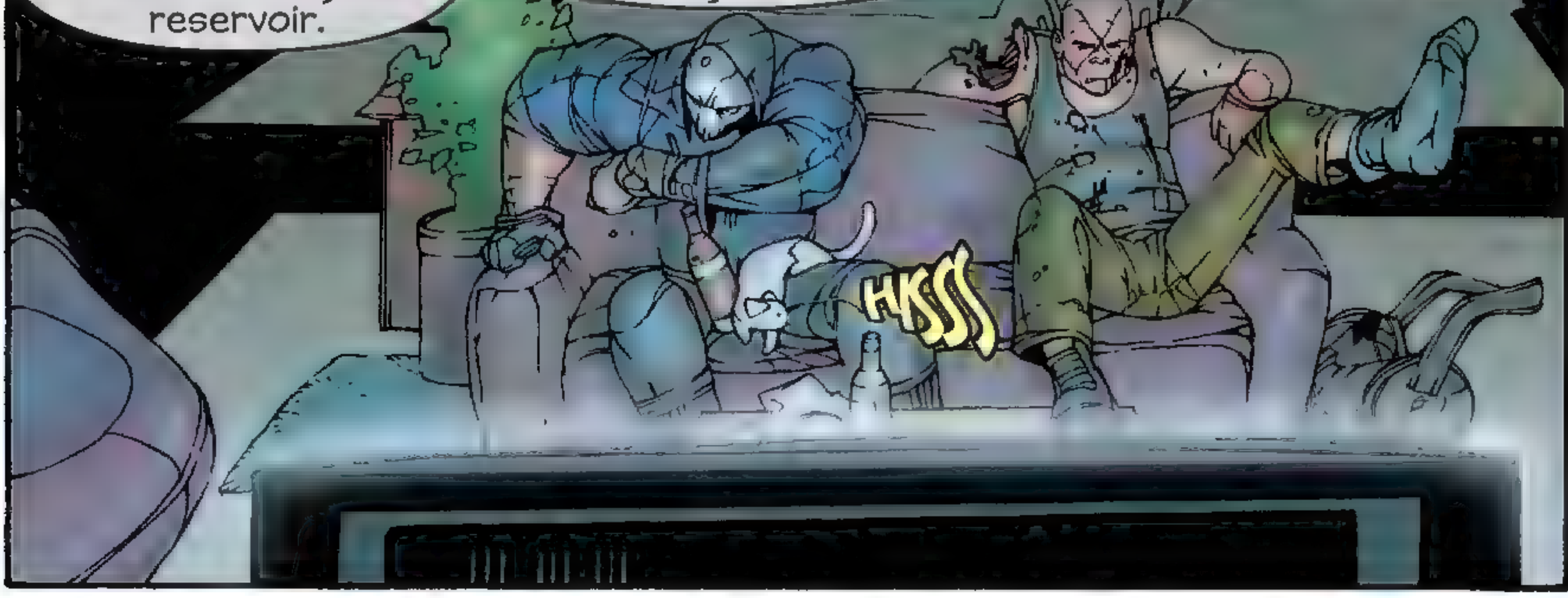
All in the line of duty, Tony.

You can tell our client there really *was* a *Chupacabra death cult* performing sacrificial rituals down by the reservoir.

Man, they had it *all* going on! Blood rites, chanting, virgins, a big, scary monster --did I mention they had virgins?

Boy, you should have seen them virgins. They were so...virginal.

I would have been back sooner but I got my favorite foot hacked off during the highly exhilarating and extremely violent denouement.



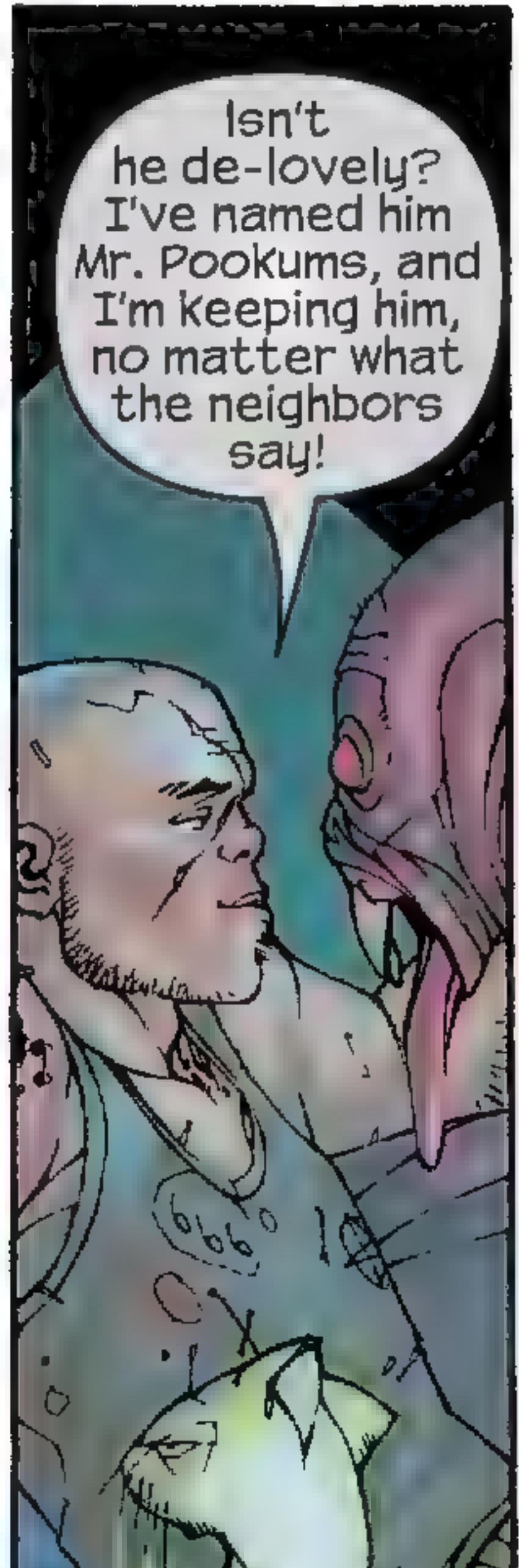
Took a while for my healing factor to grow it back. I like the fit and the color but the toes aren't as perky as my old ones--

Cut the melodrama, Hayden. You probably just crashed another car--

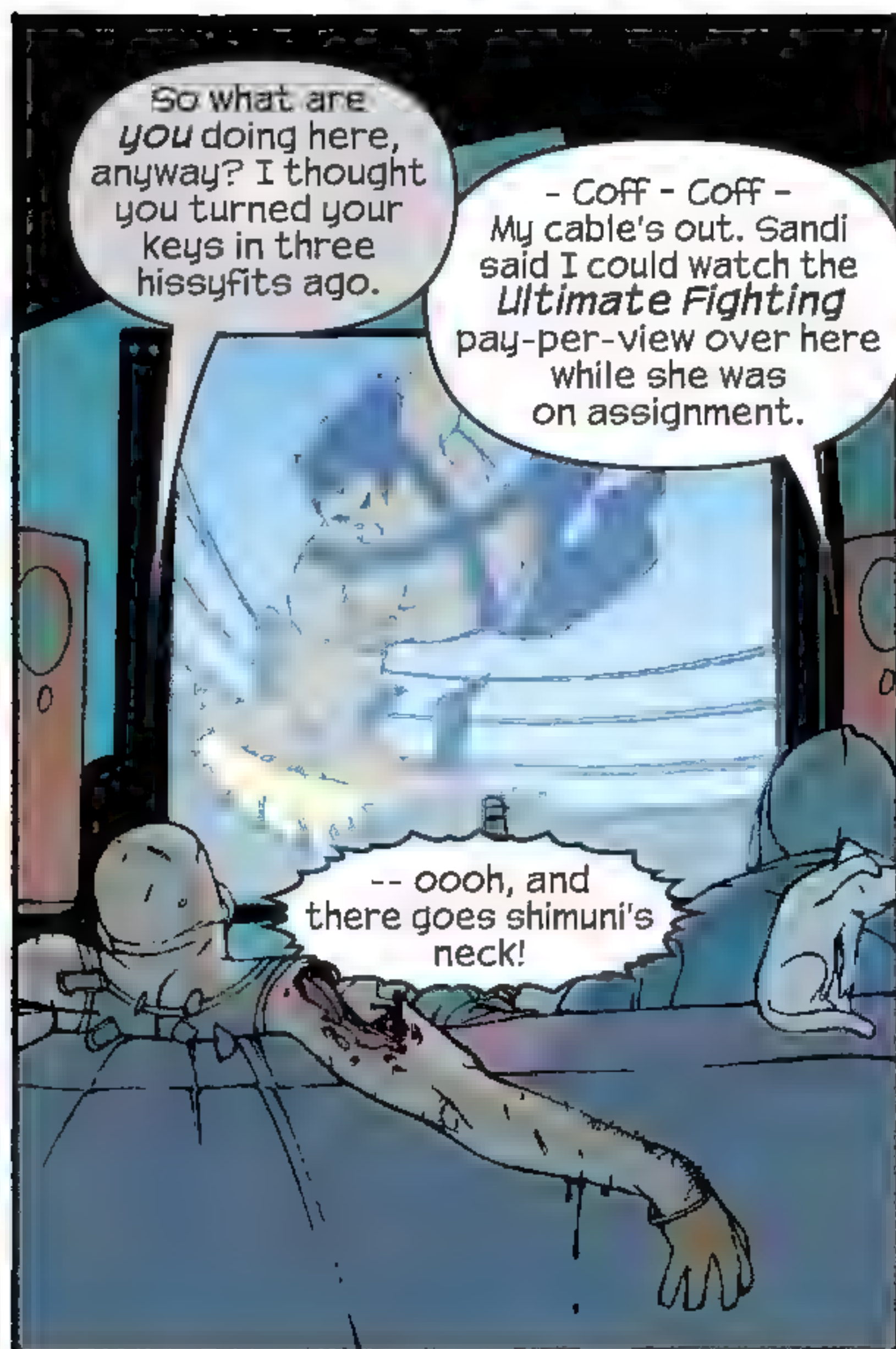
Oh, you don't believe me, huh? Well, as the Rosicrucians used to say--



--The proof is in the icky-pooey burlap sack!



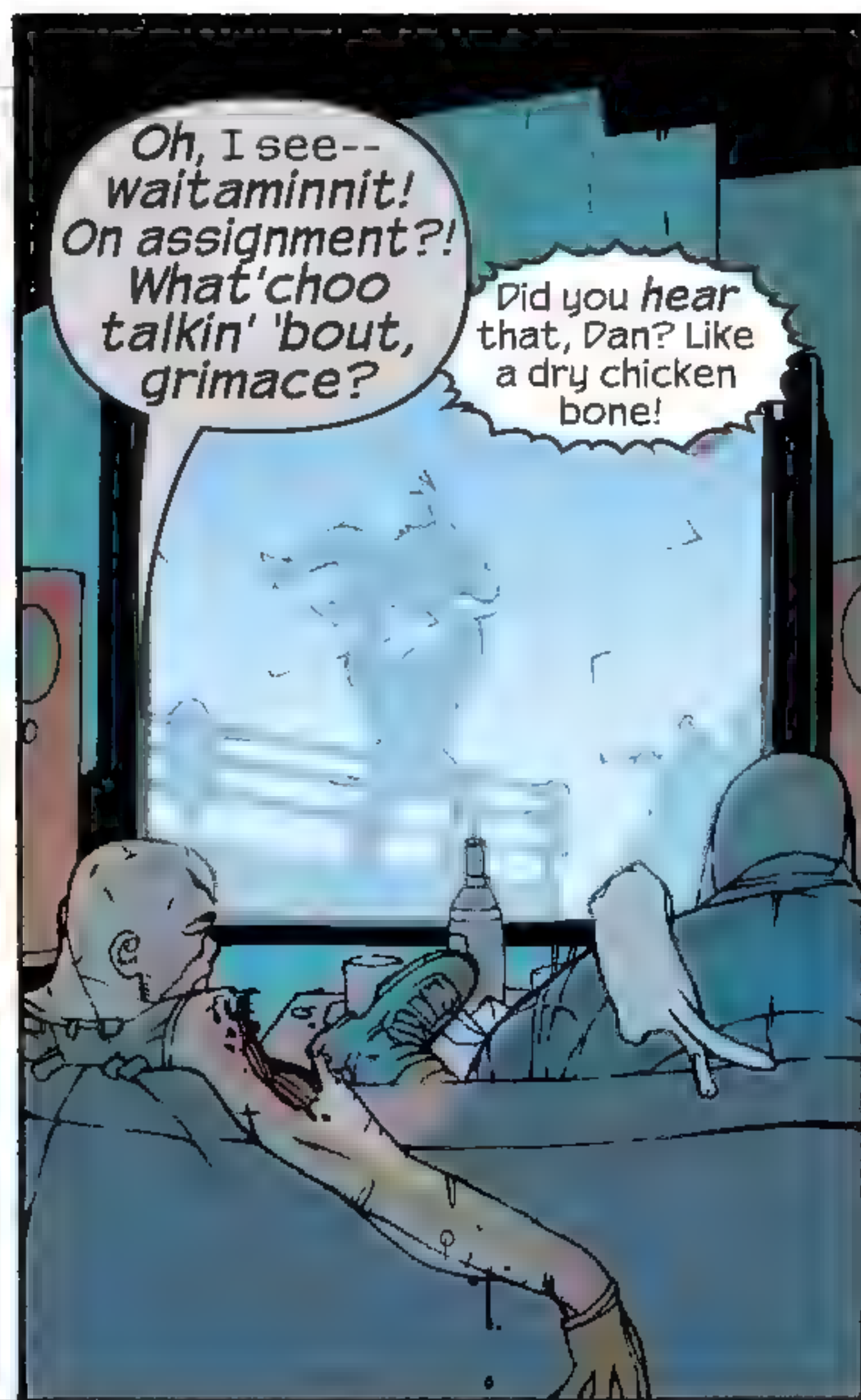
Isn't he de-lovely? I've named him Mr. Pookums, and I'm keeping him, no matter what the neighbors say!



So what are *you* doing here, anyway? I thought you turned your keys in three hissyfits ago.

- Coff - Coff -
My cable's out. Sandi said I could watch the *Ultimate Fighting* pay-per-view over here while she was on assignment.

-- oooh, and there goes shimuni's neck!



Oh, I see-- waitaminnit! On assignment?! What'choo talkin' 'bout, grimace?

Did you *hear* that, Dan? Like a dry chicken bone!



I'm talkin' about a *job*, a *hit*. Now can I *hic* watch my violence in *peace*, please?

Why, you numbskull-headed--! Sandi isn't an *assassin*! She's like, *assassin helper*! What are you trying to do, get her *killed* --?



Hey, i didn't *make* her go, she *wanted* to. You weren't here, you didn't call in, and the pay-off was too good to lose --

Yeah, well, I *couldn't* call in.

Why not?

Monster ate my phone.

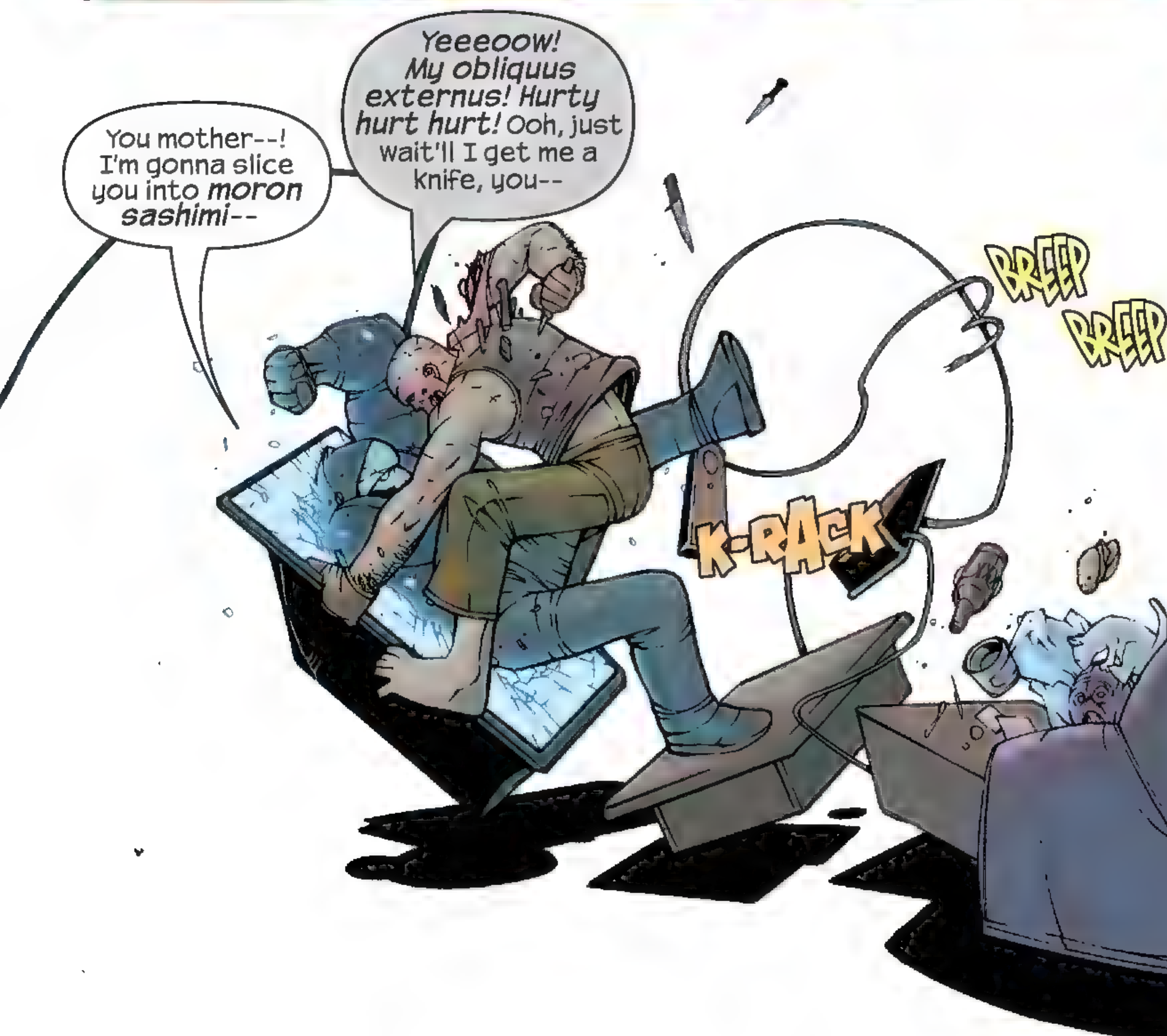
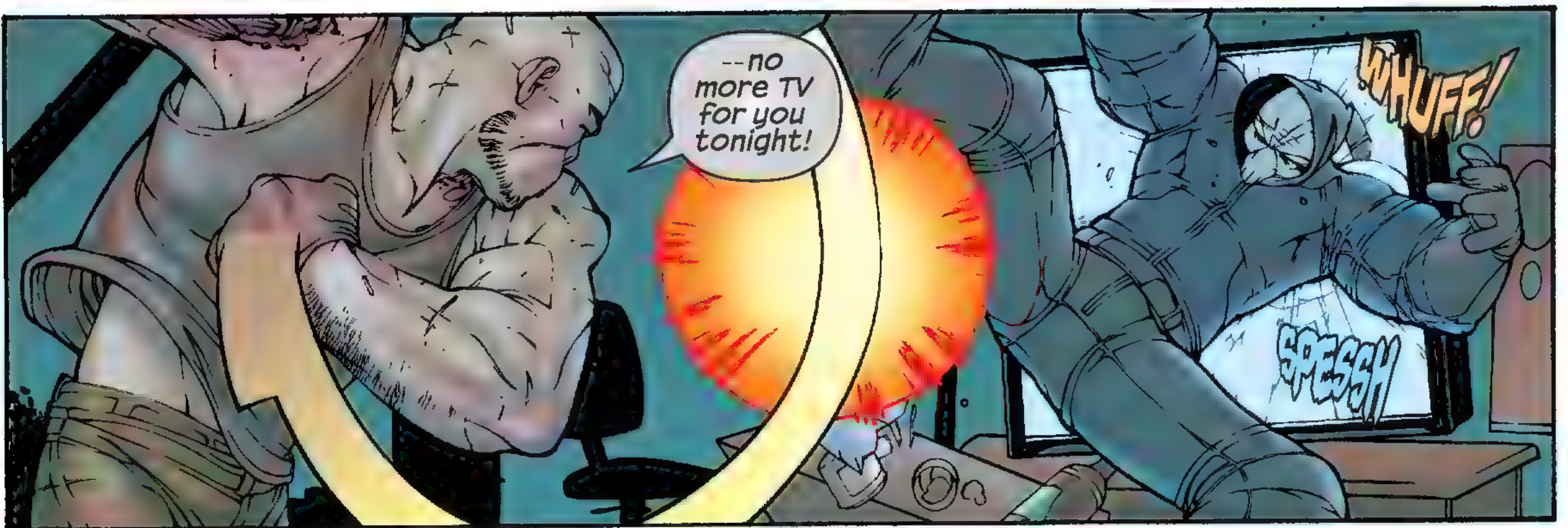
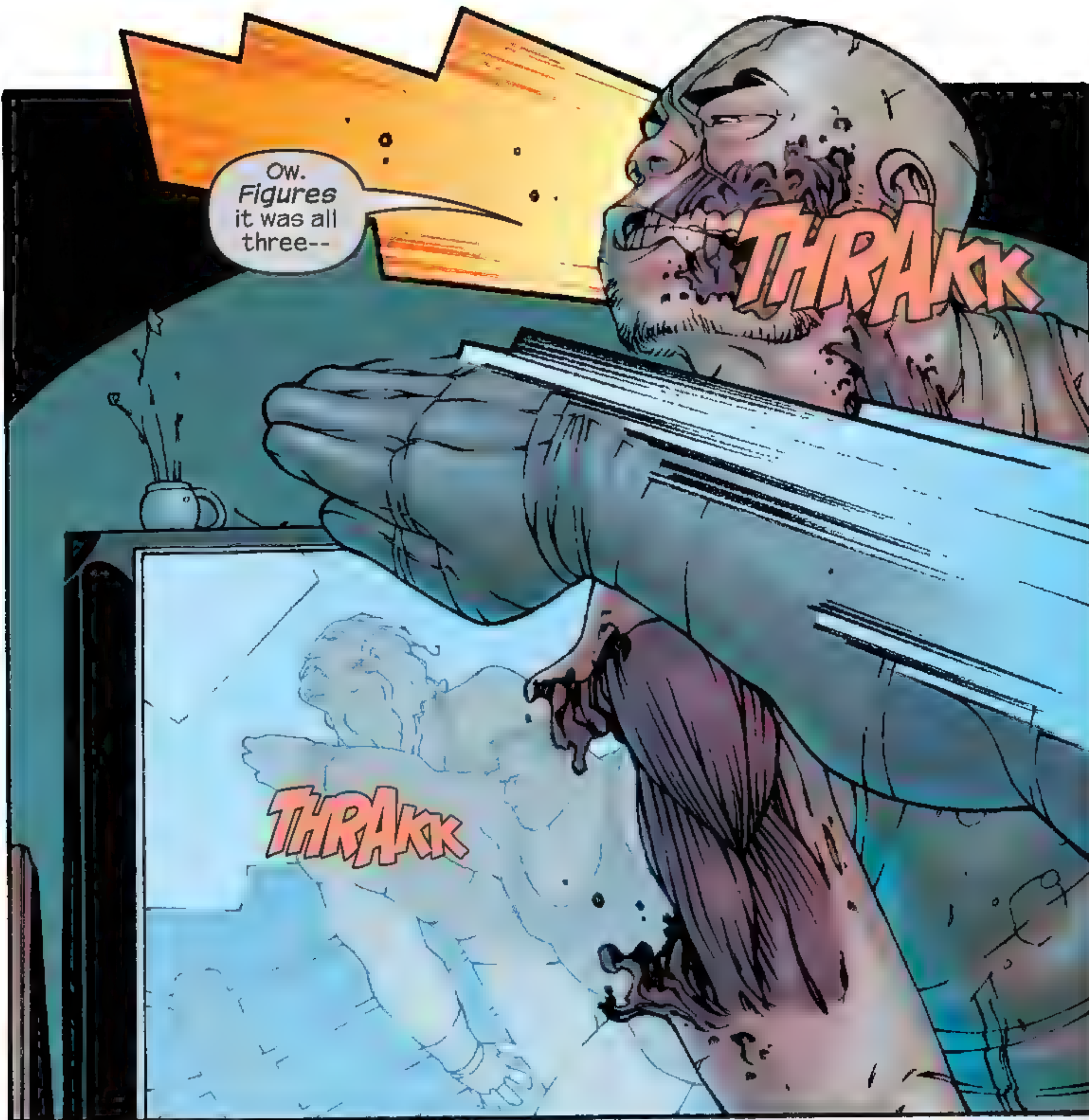


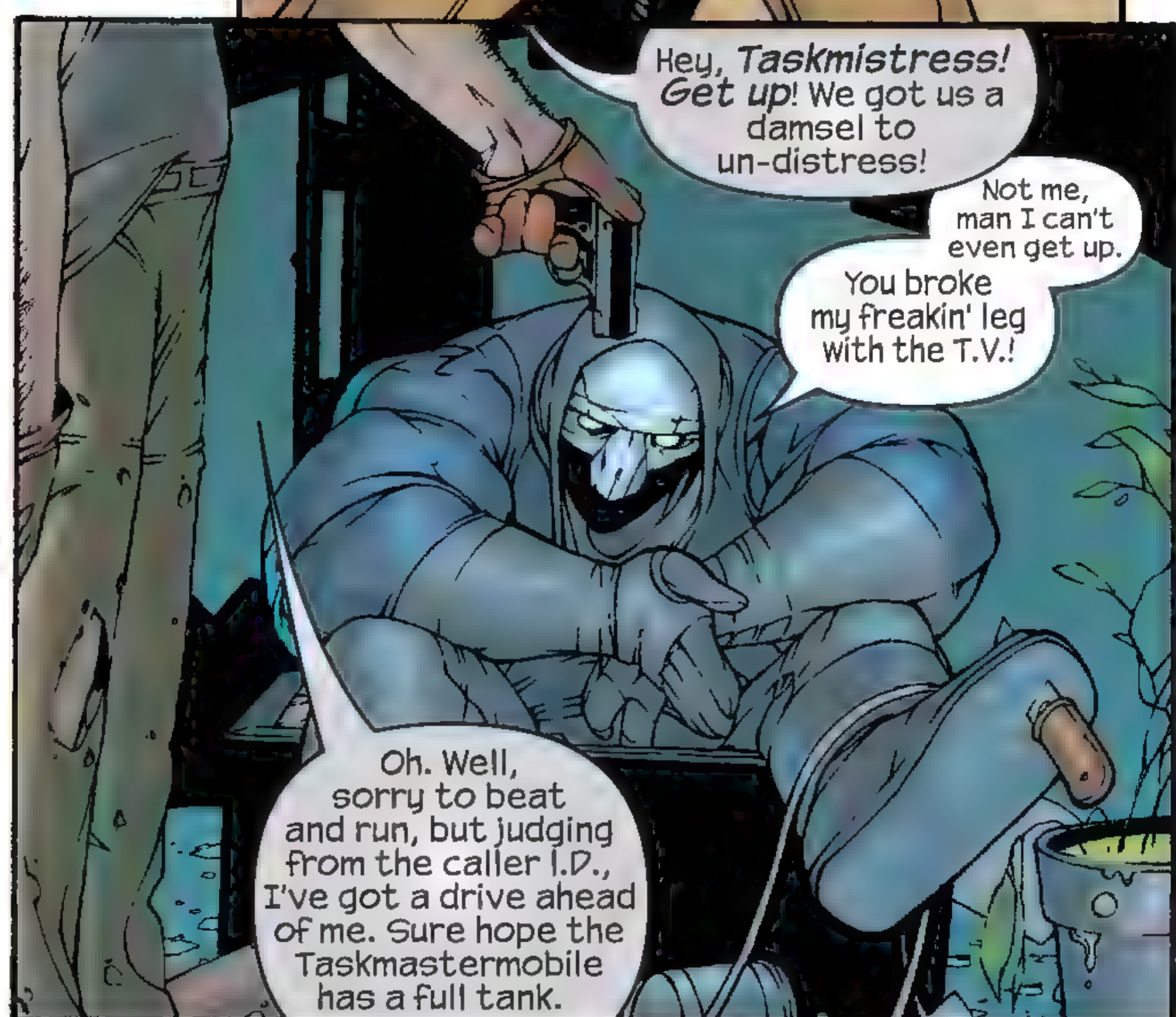
That's it! I've had it up to *here* with you treatin' me like I'm some kind of *chumpbag* substitute teacher!

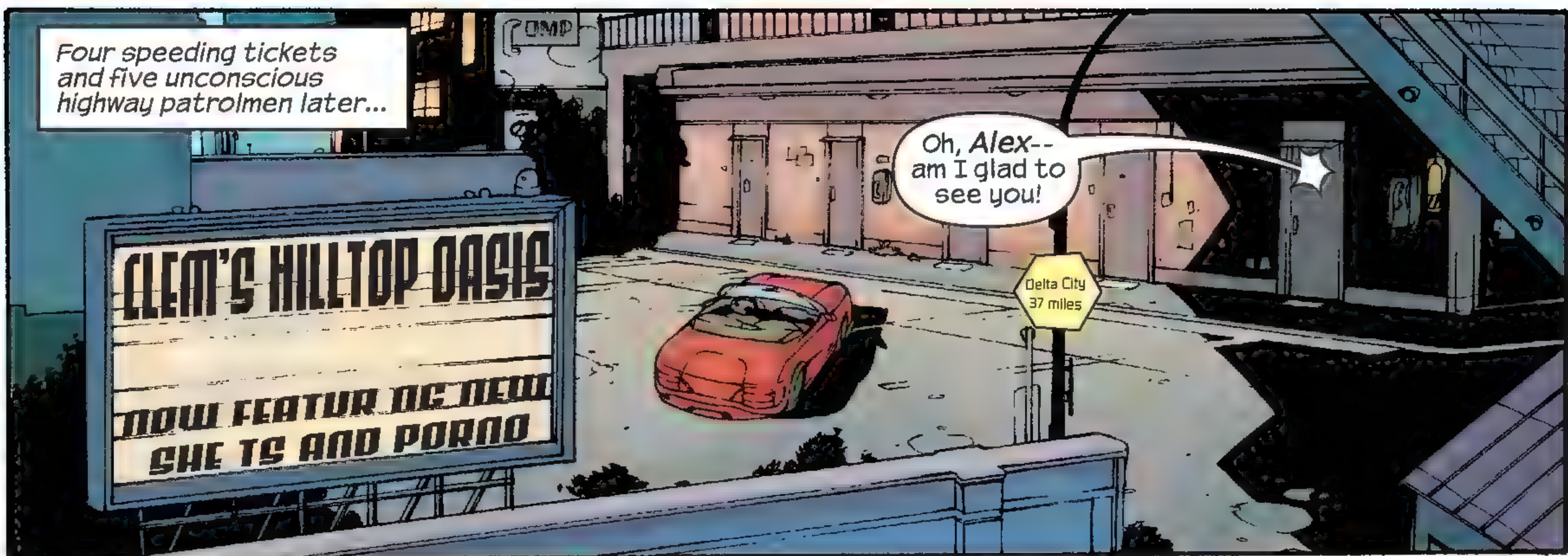
I *trained* your @\$\$, *freakmeat*! You show me some respect or I'll *beat* it out of you!

Okay, *one* question first.
This fight we're about to have-- is it because you're still hung up on Sandi, because you hate my guts, or because you're a major *dillweed* ripe for plucking?





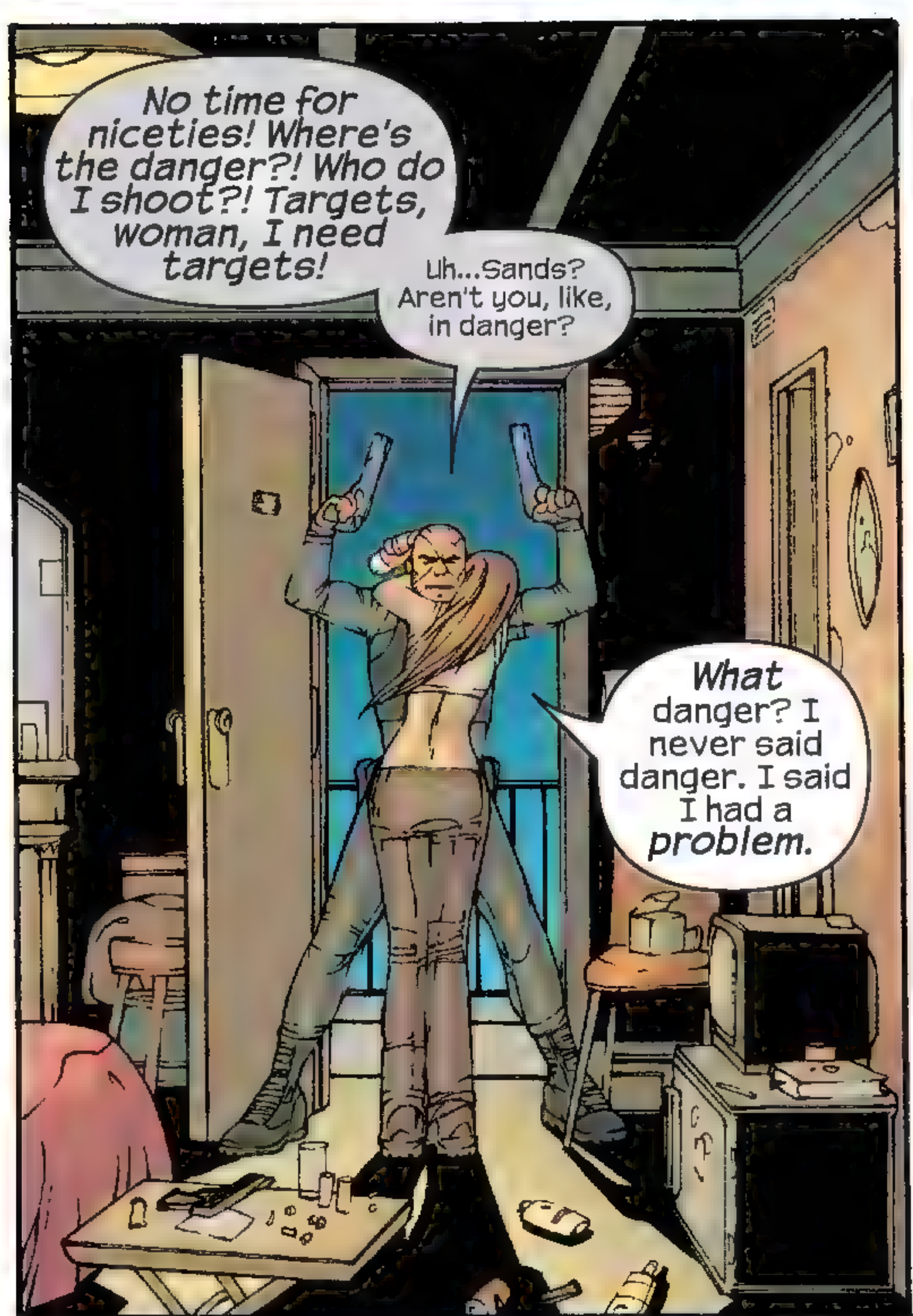




Four speeding tickets and five unconscious highway patrolmen later...

Oh, Alex-- am I glad to see you!

Delta City 37 miles



No time for niceties! Where's the danger?! Who do I shoot?! Targets, woman, I need targets!

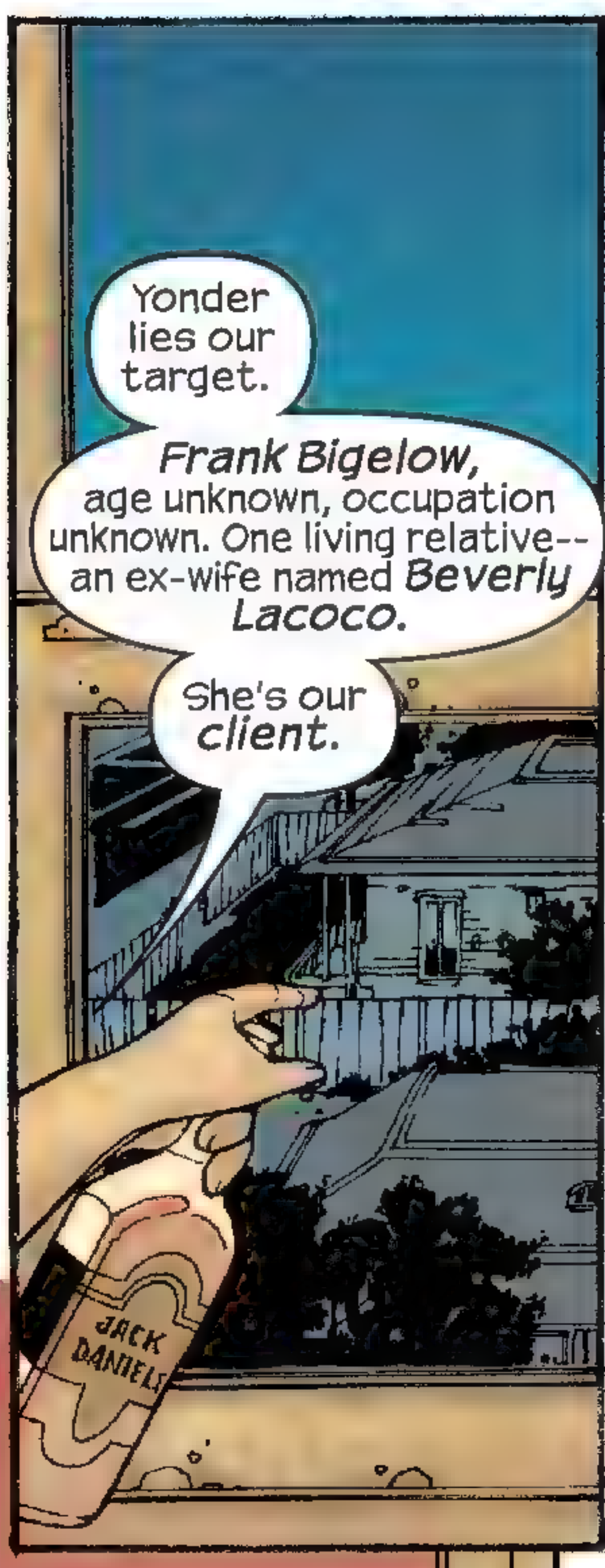
Uh...Sands? Aren't you, like, in danger?

What danger? I never said danger. I said I had a problem.



What?! Are you sure?! Rats. I was really looking forward to shooting someone--

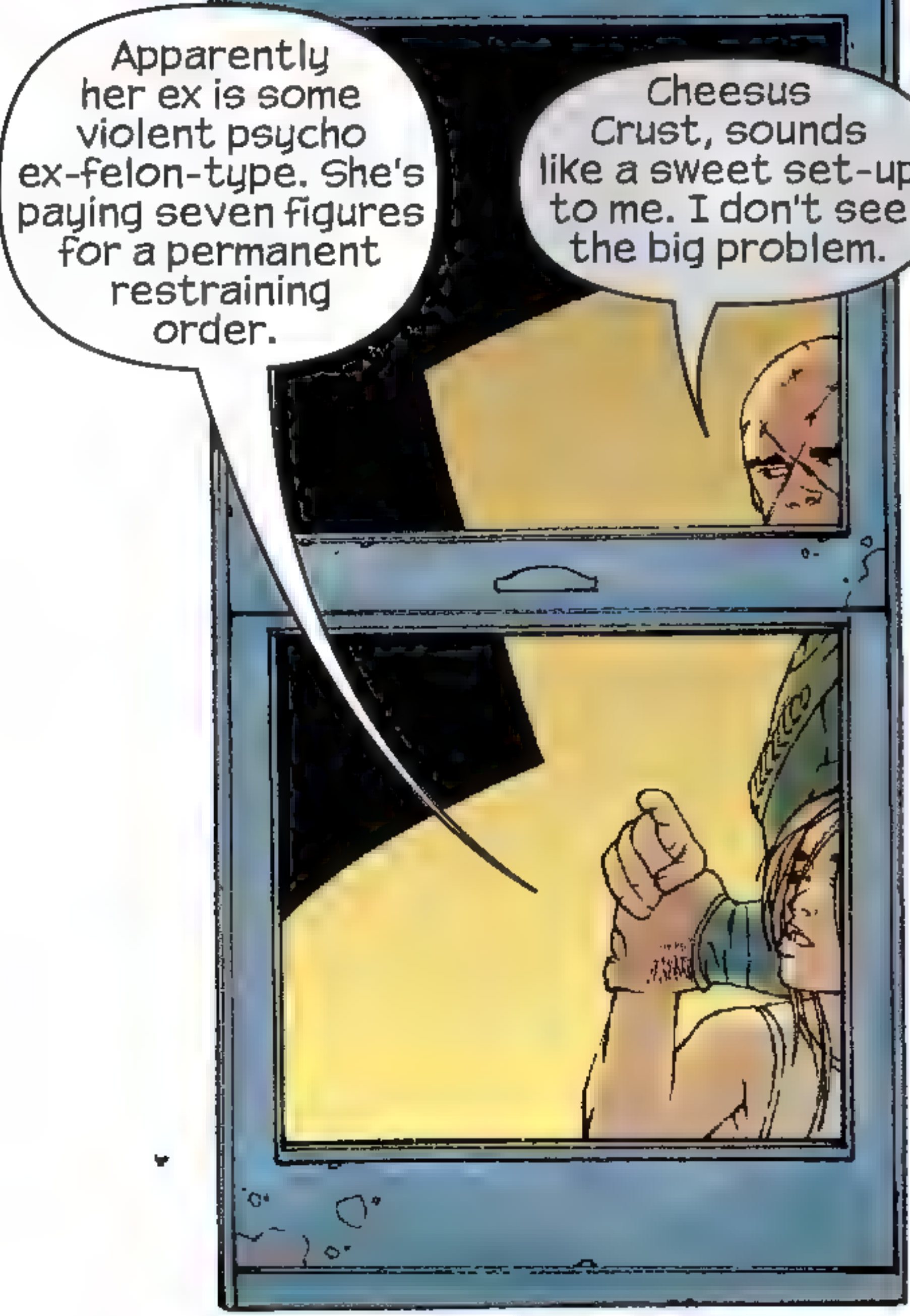
Well, you still can.



Yonder lies our target.

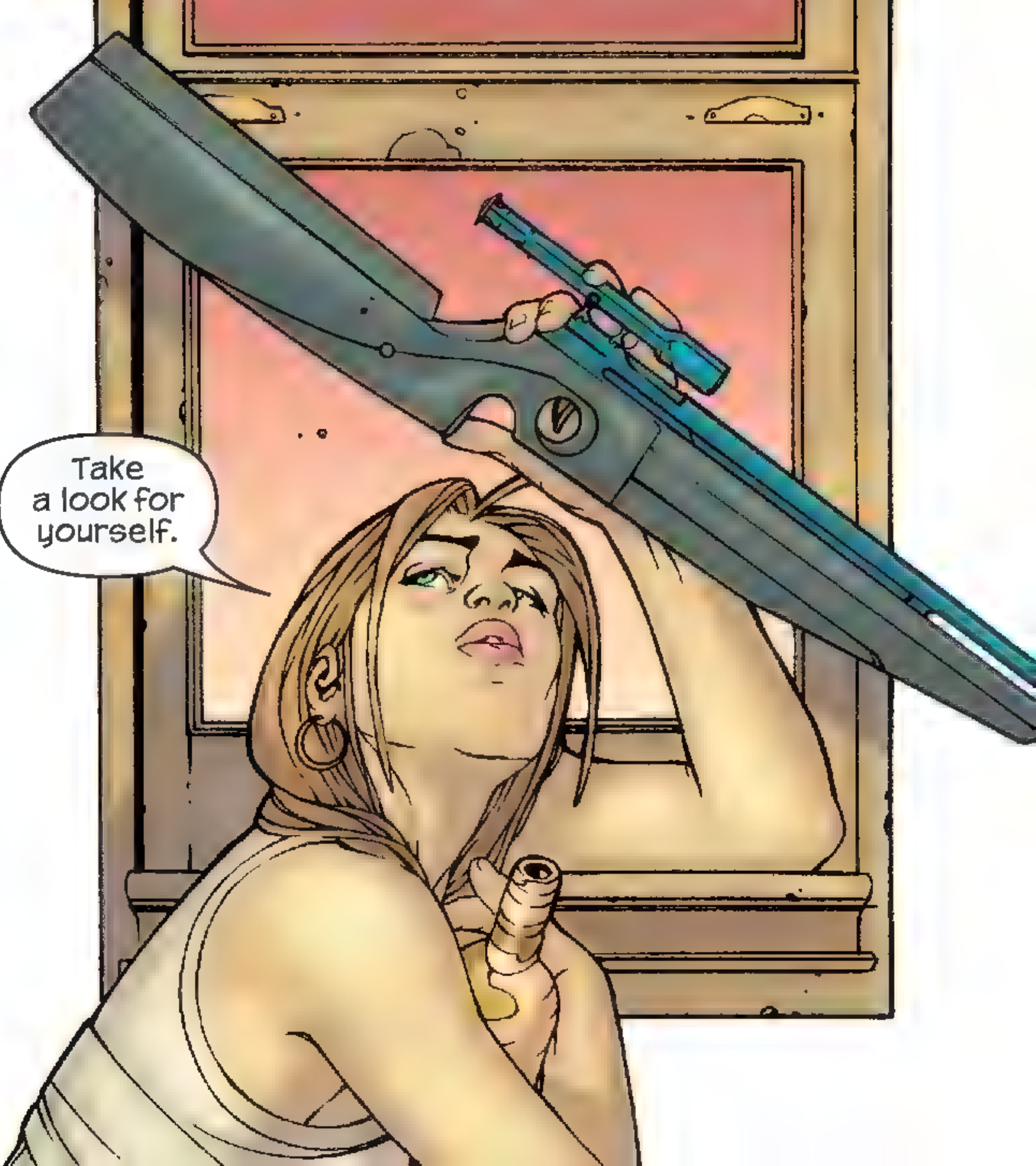
Frank Bigelow, age unknown, occupation unknown. One living relative-- an ex-wife named Beverly Lacoco.

She's our client.



Apparently her ex is some violent psycho ex-felon-type. She's paying seven figures for a permanent restraining order.

Cheesus Crust, sounds like a sweet set-up to me. I don't see the big problem.



Take a look for yourself.



Look at him! Have you ever seen anything so *pathetic*?

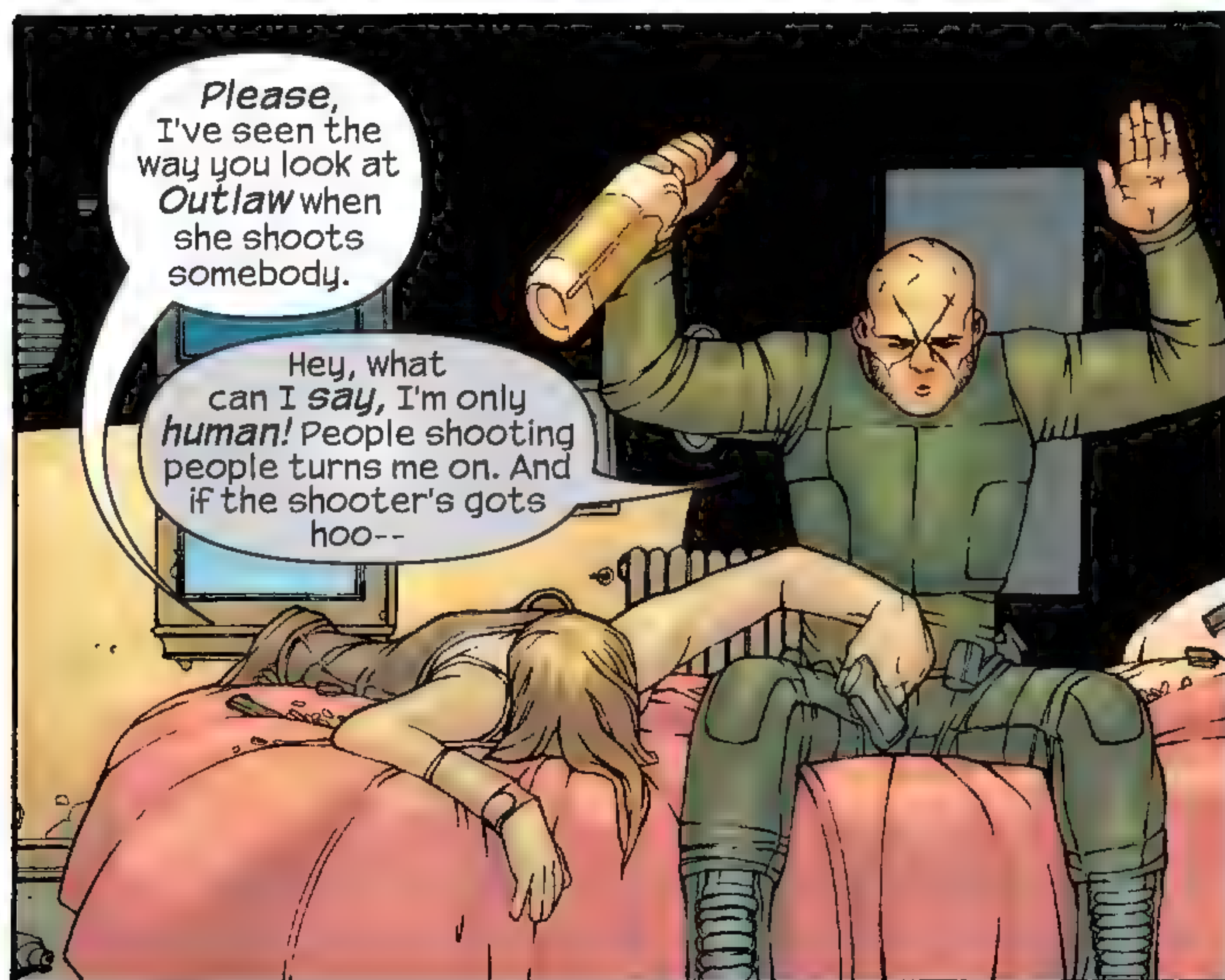
I mean, he's sleeping with a *teddy bear*, for God's sake!



I just couldn't do it. I *locked*, I got *loaded*, and I *still* couldn't do it.

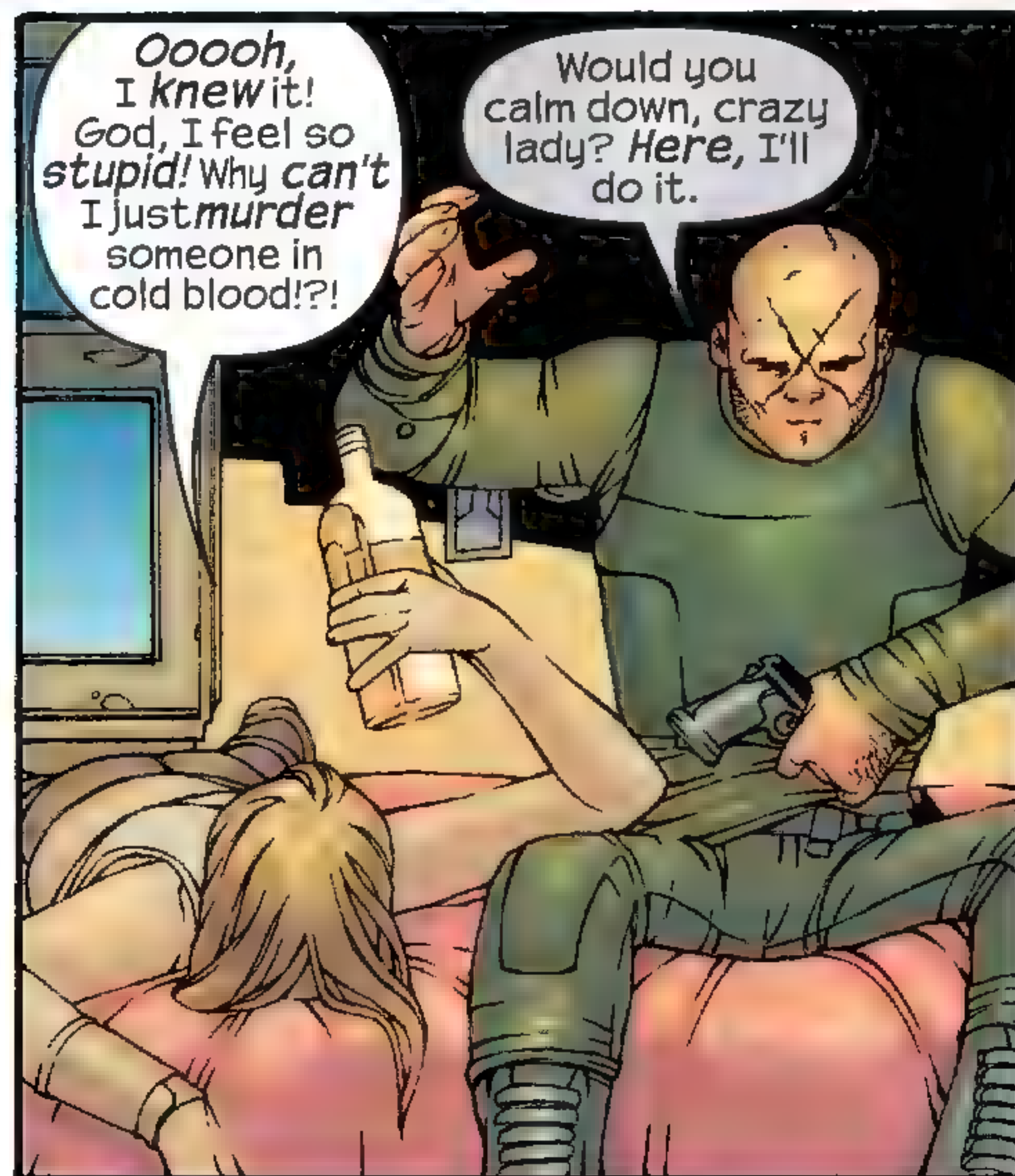
I'm sorry, Alex. I really wanted to show you I could keep up with those other hottie-shots--

The hoo-wha--? Sandi, what are you *talking* about?



Please, I've seen the way you look at *Outlaw* when she shoots somebody.

Hey, what can I *say*, I'm only *human*! People shooting people turns me on. And if the shooter's got hoo--



Ooooh, I *knew* it! God, I feel so *stupid*! Why *can't* I just *murder* someone in cold blood!?!

Would you calm down, crazy lady? *Here*, I'll do it.

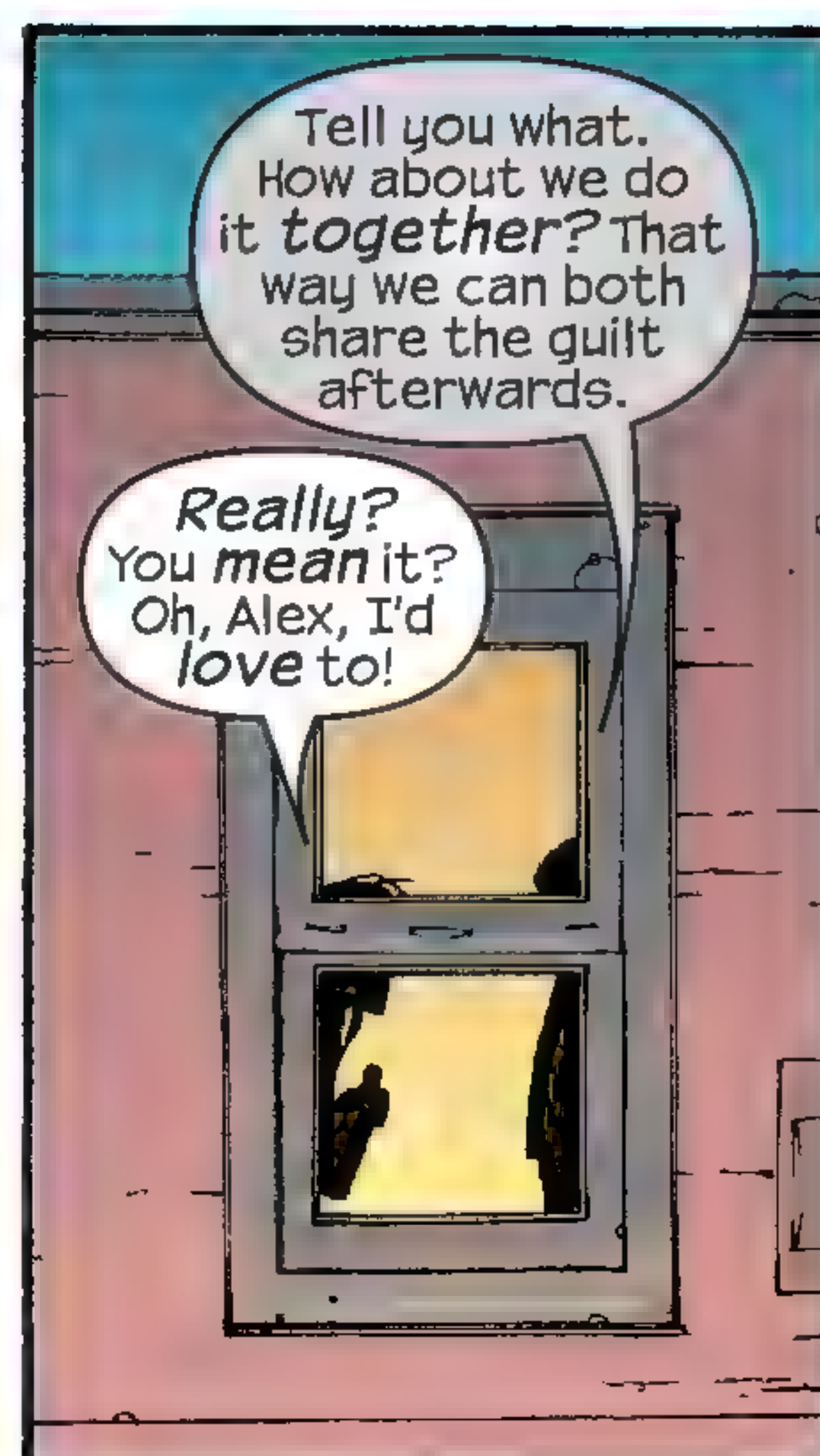


Oh, Alex, thank you! I *swear* I'll whack the next one, whoever it is. A kid, a nun...



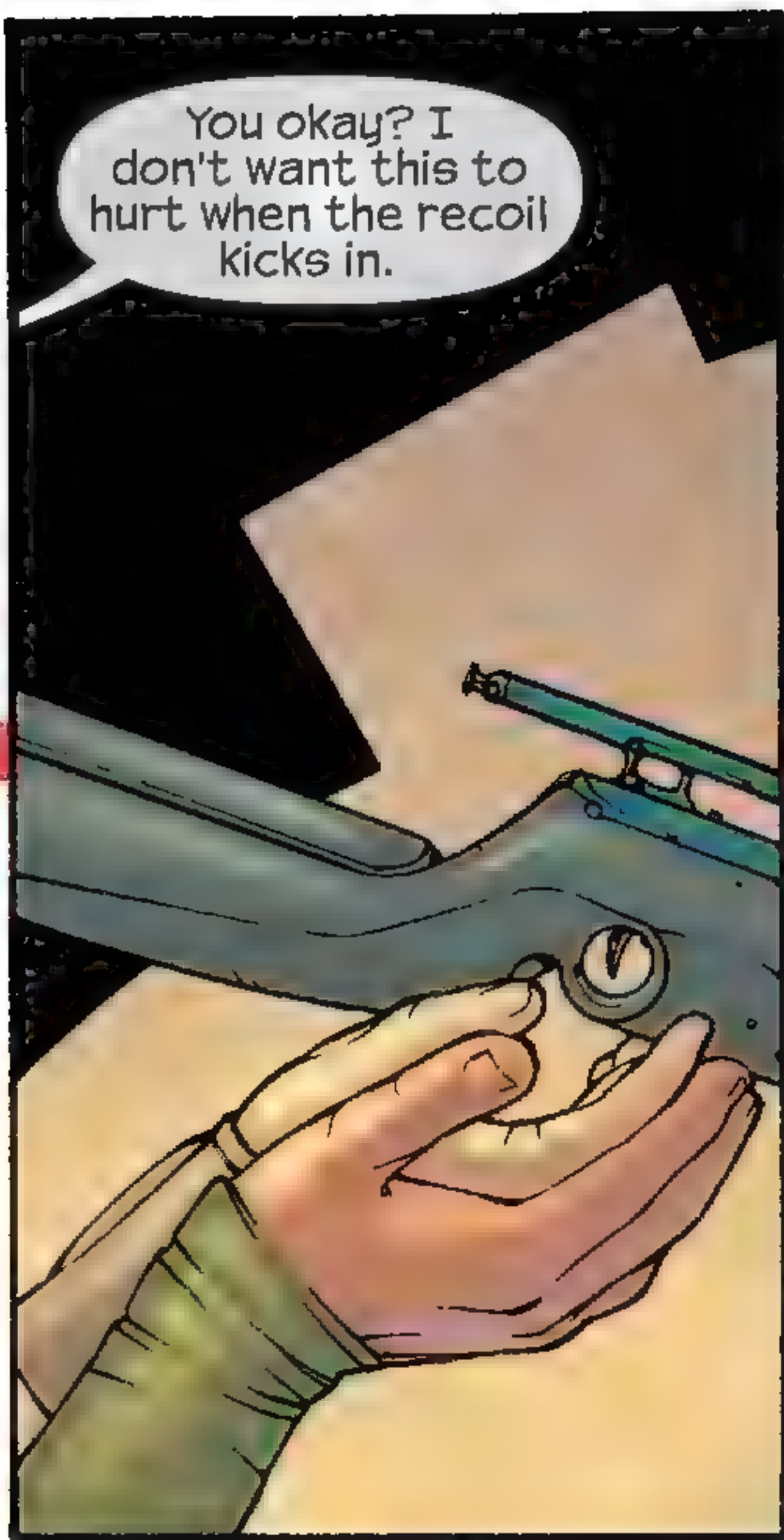
Wh-what's the matter? Did he get up to use the can?

No, it's-- it's that damned *teddy bear*! He keeps looking at me with those big shiny shoe-button eyes!



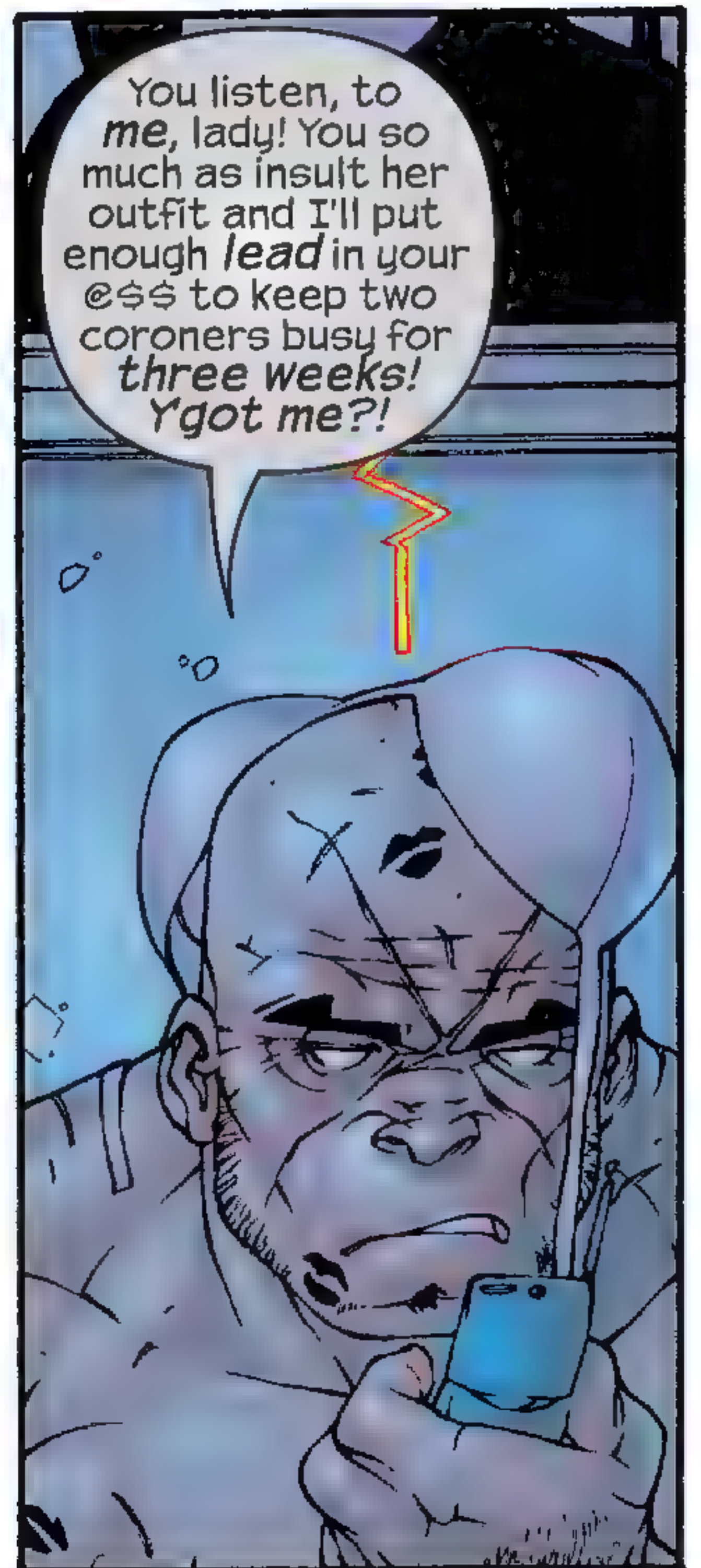
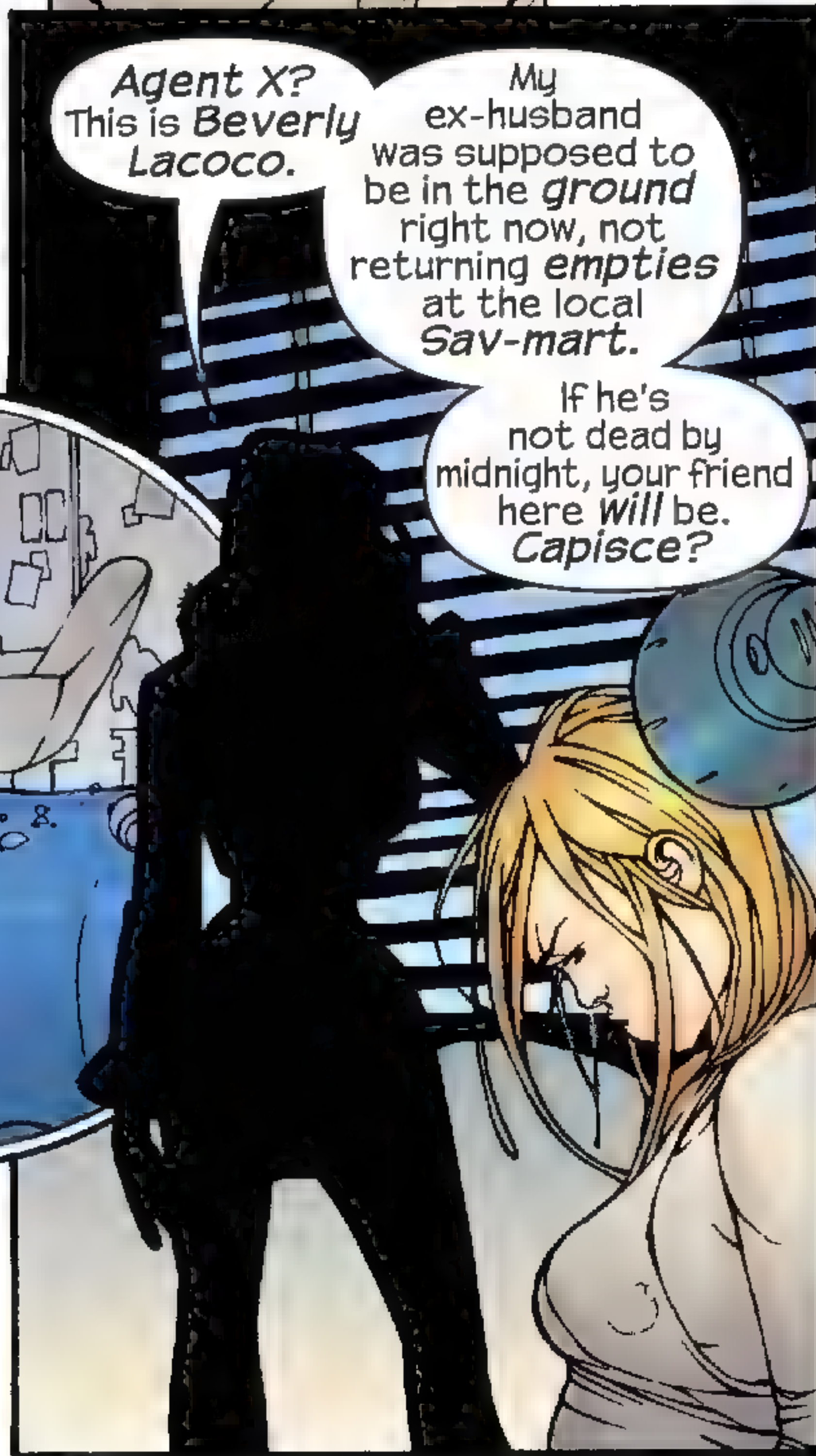
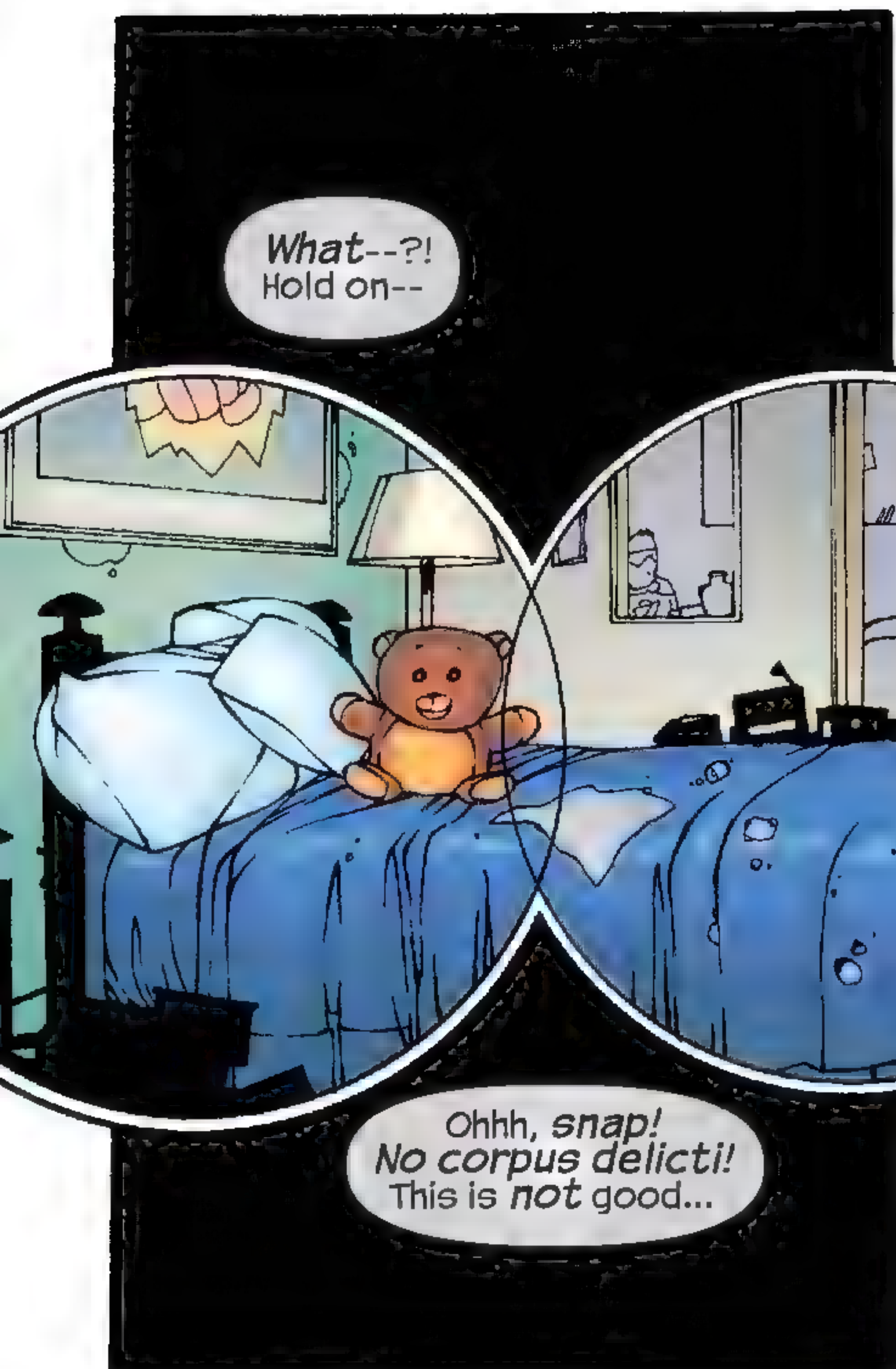
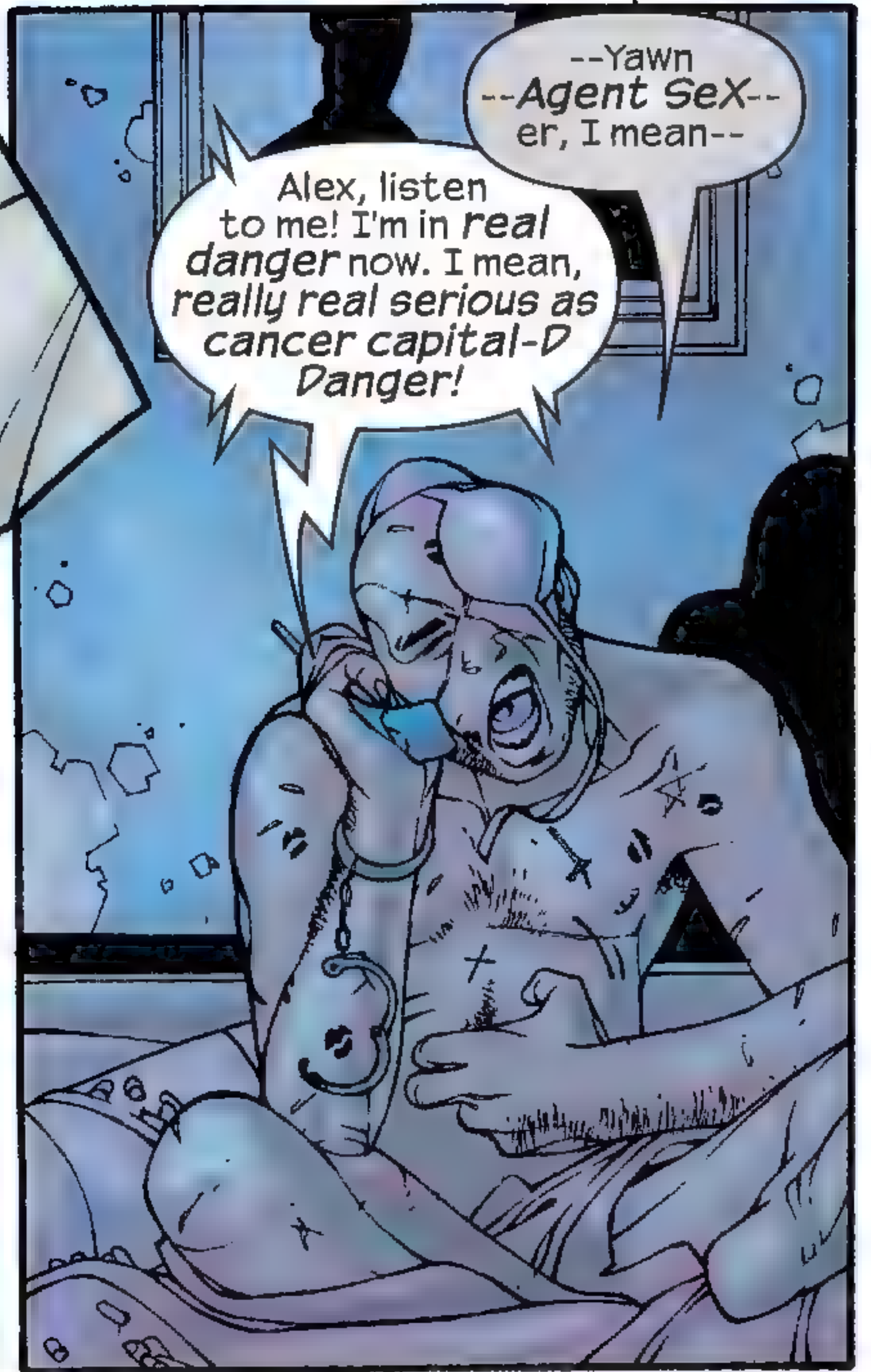
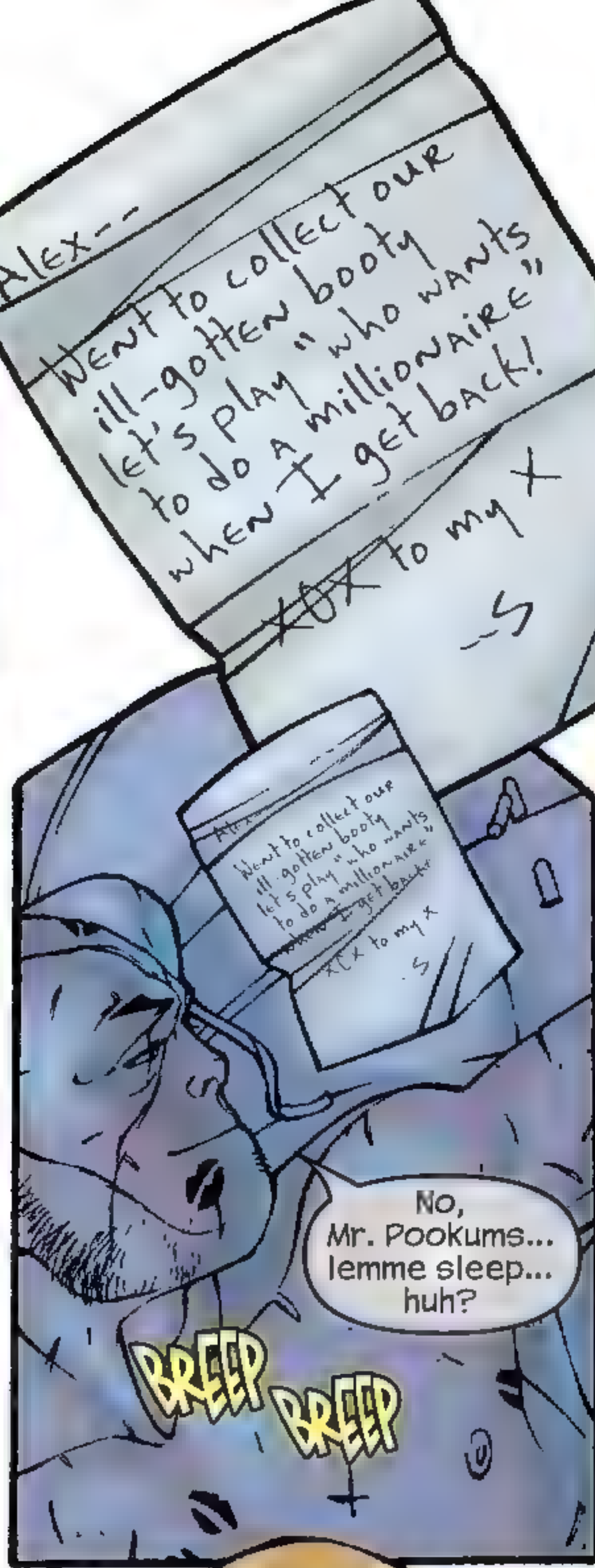
Tell you what. How about we do it *together*? That way we can both share the guilt afterwards.

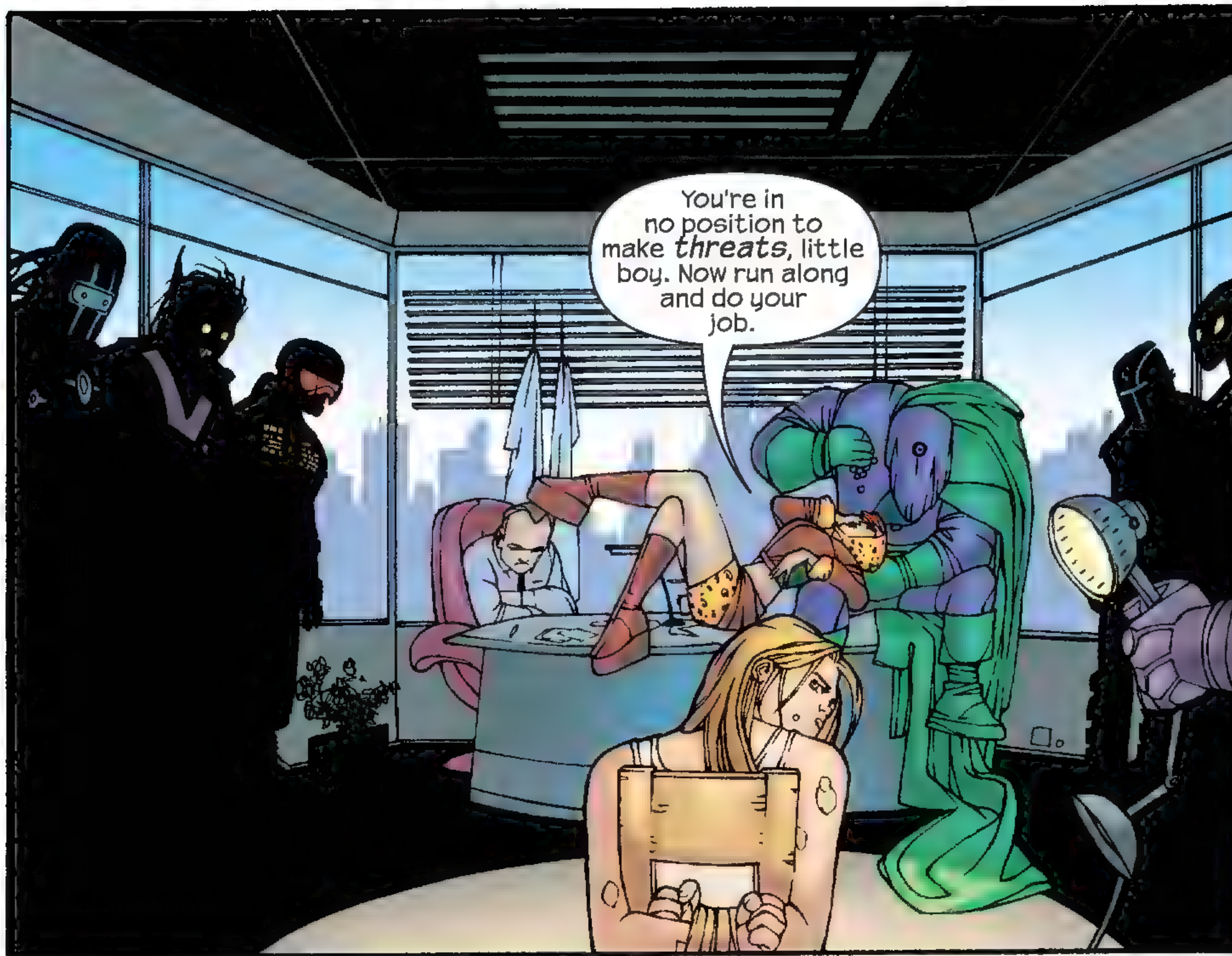
Really? You *mean* it? Oh, Alex, I'd *love* to!

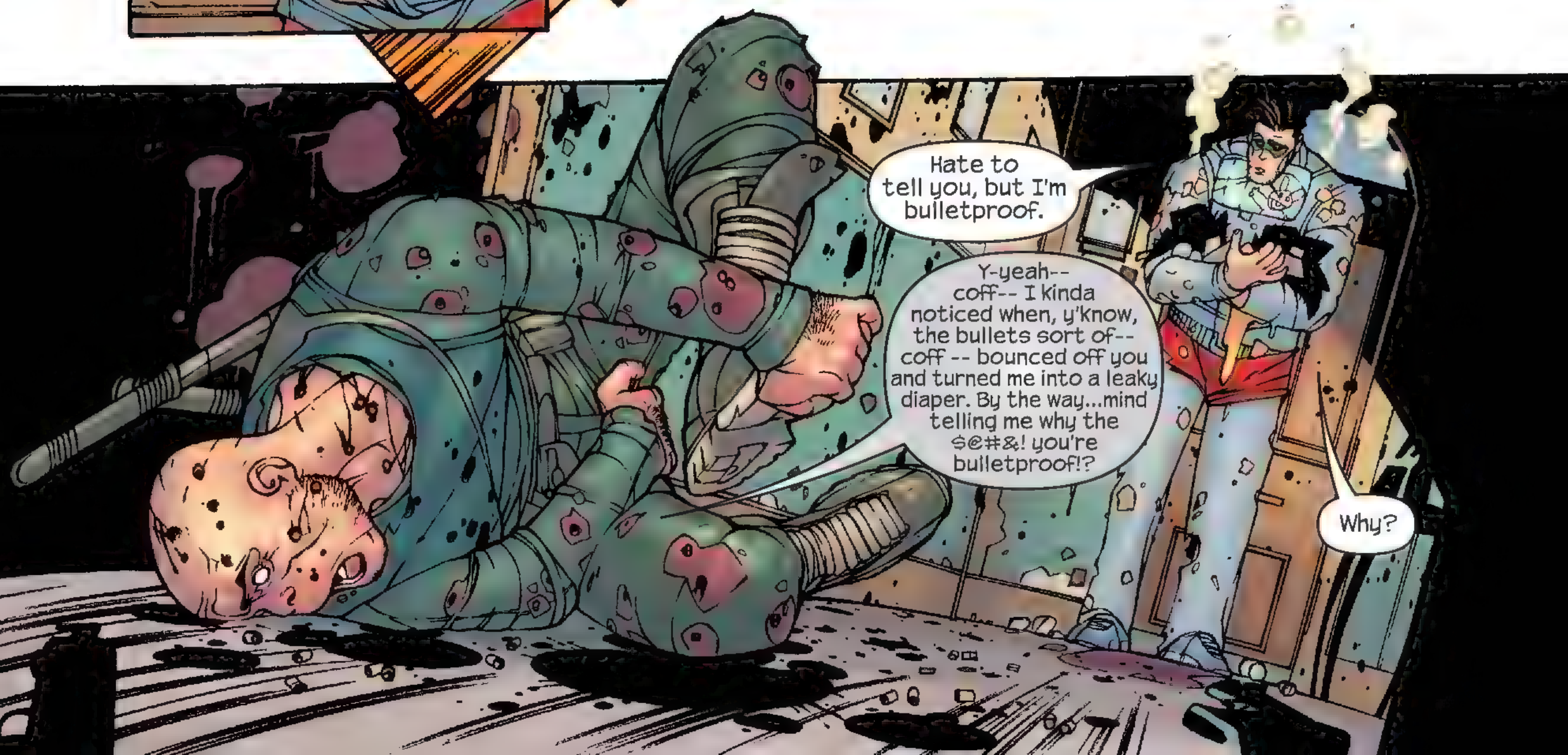


I'm just fine.









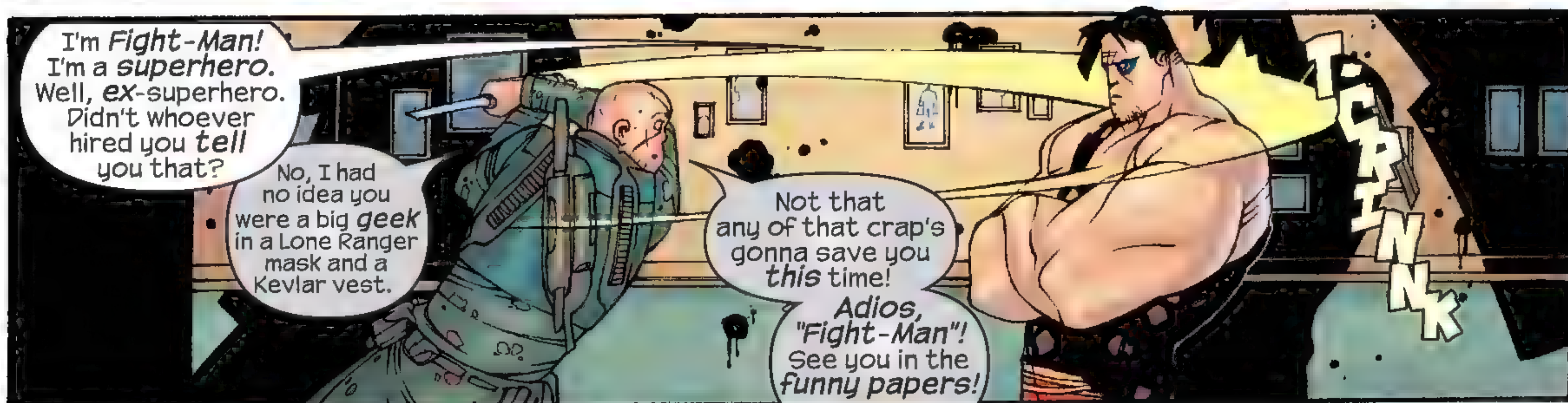


Because, I'm--

FIGHT-MAN!



Excuse me?
I uh, don't think I *heard* you right. Ysee, the severed arteries here are affecting the blood supply to my brain.

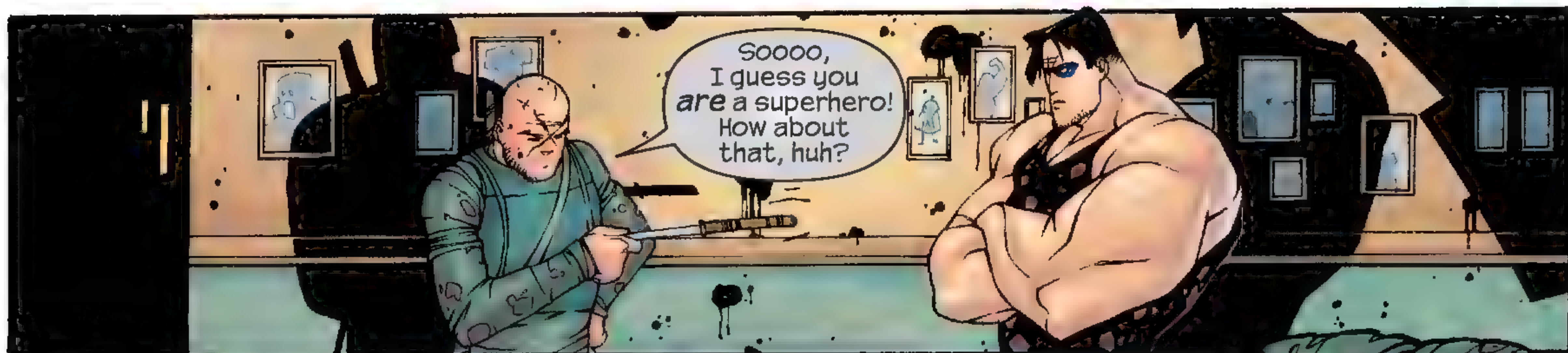


I'm *Fight-Man*! I'm a *superhero*. Well, *ex-superhero*. Didn't whoever hired you *tell* you that?

No, I had no idea you were a big *geek* in a Lone Ranger mask and a Kevlar vest.

Not that any of that crap's gonna save you *this* time!

Adios, "*Fight-Man*"! See you in the *funny papers*!

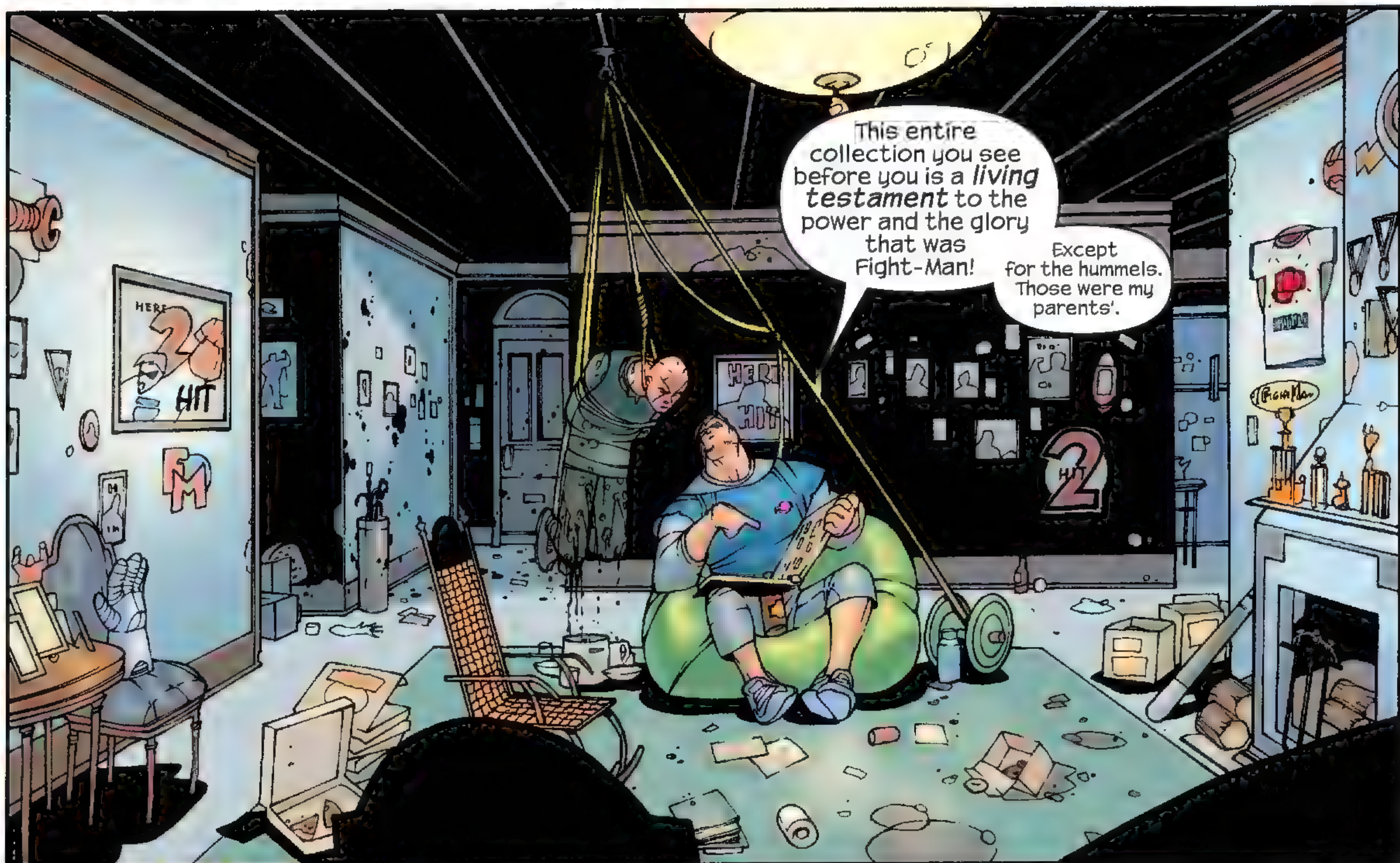


Soooo, I guess you are a superhero! How about that, huh?



Need even more proof?

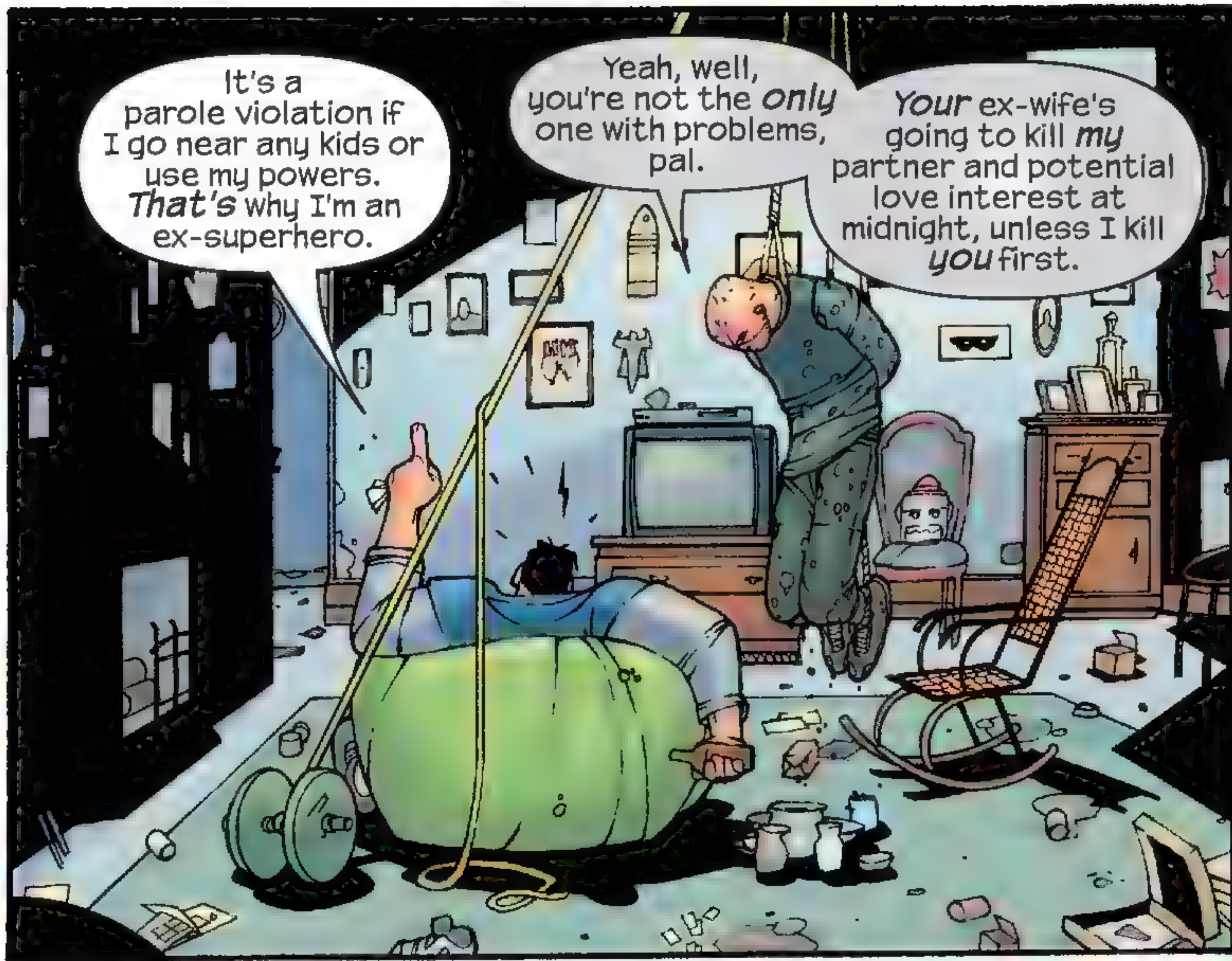
...gaak...





They charged me with wrongful death, endangering a minor, destruction of public property, flying while intoxicated...

It was all *politics*, though. I wasn't flying drunk-- I was hovering drunk! There's a *difference*!



It's a parole violation if I go near any kids or use my powers. *That's* why I'm an ex-superhero.

Yeah, well, you're not the *only* one with problems, pal.

Your ex-wife's going to kill *my* partner and potential love interest at midnight, unless I kill *you* first.



Aw, Bev...not again.

Pretty *messed up*, huh? You can see the spot I'm in--



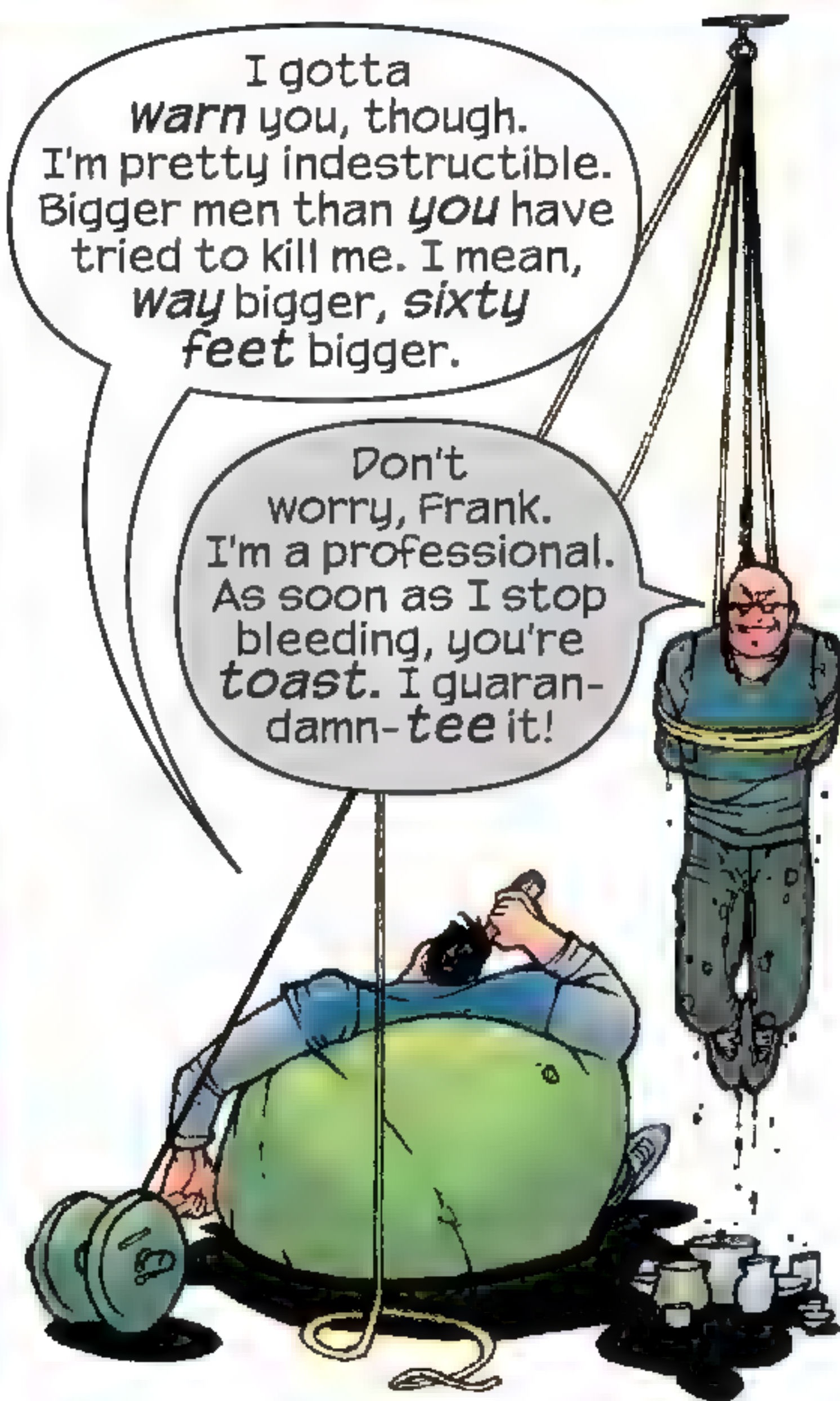
Well...I guess you'd better *kill* me, then.



You're not *serious*, are you?

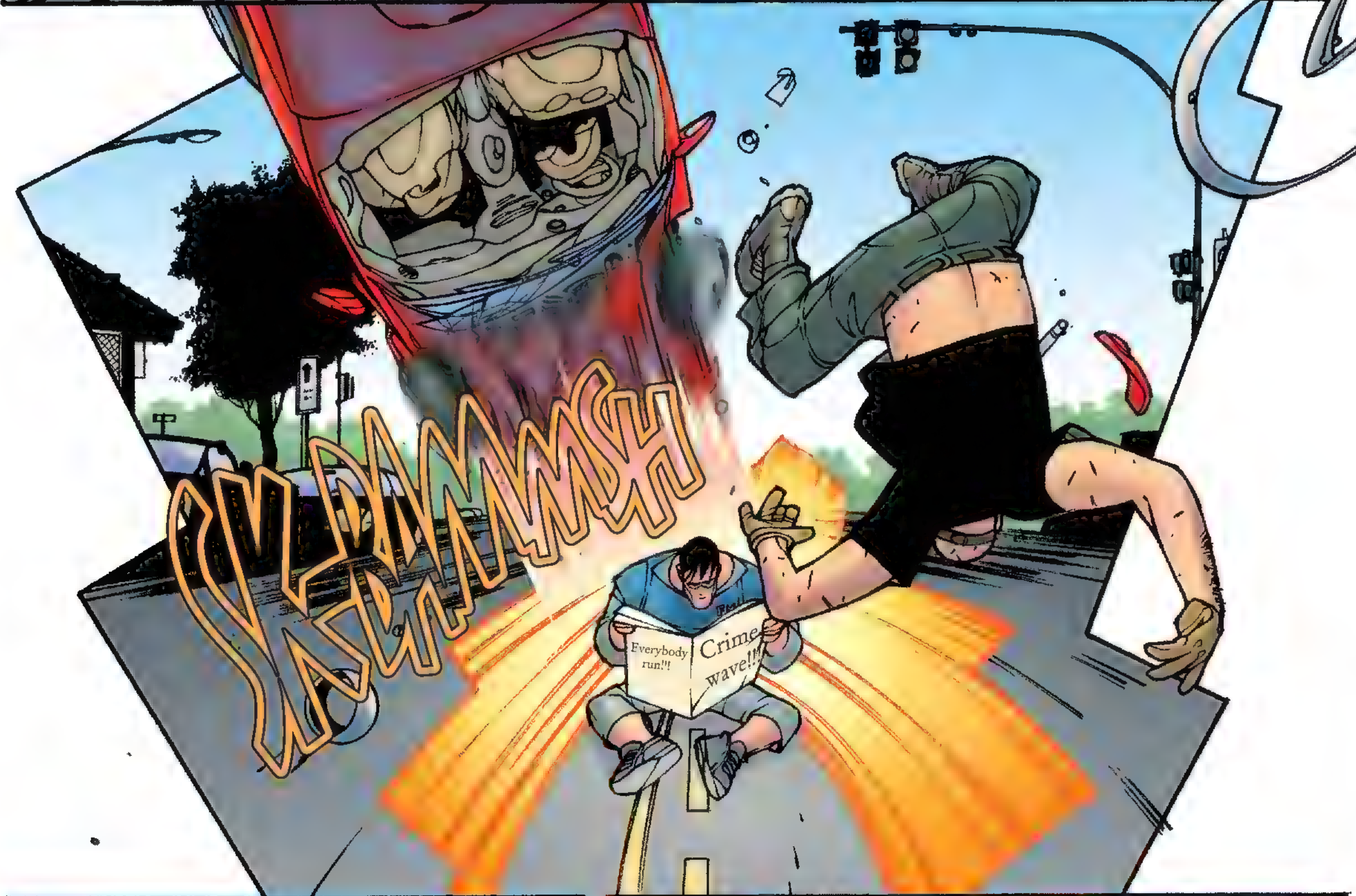
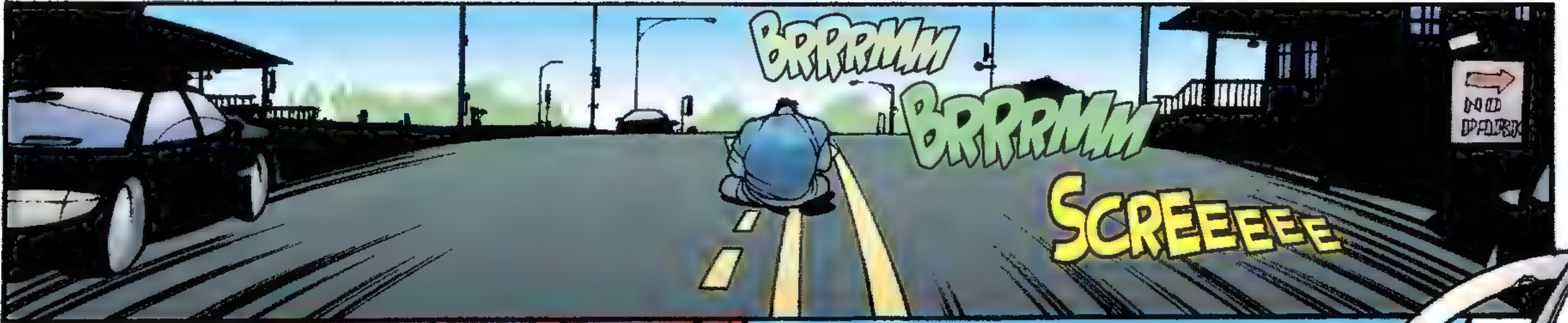
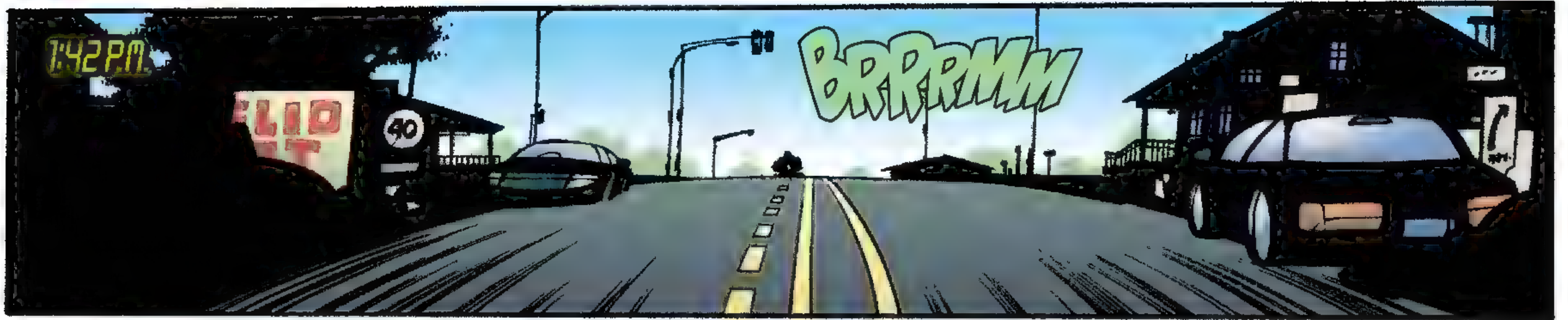
What have I got to live for? My ex-wife wants me dead, my parents died while I was in jail, no one will hire me, my super-villain memorabilia isn't selling...

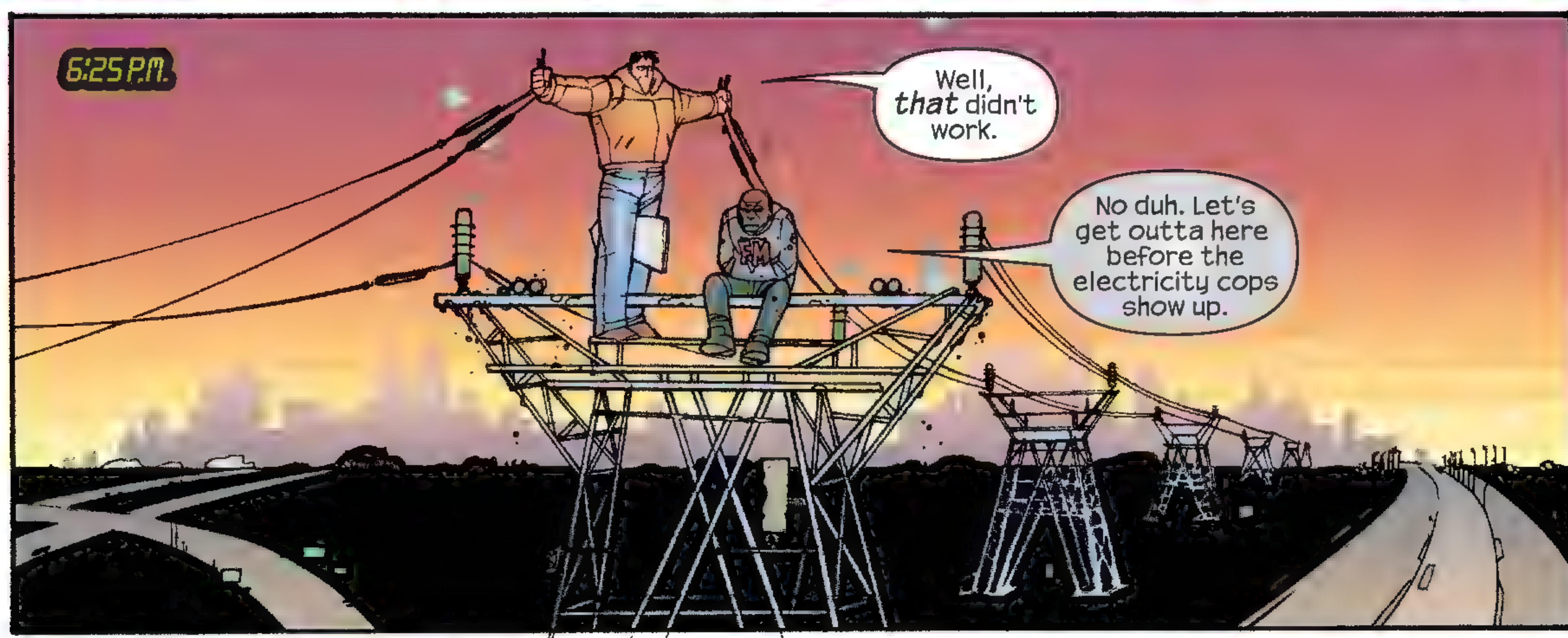
If I didn't have a code against killing I'd have committed suicide *months* ago. At least *this* way I'd go out doing something sort of *heroic*.



I gotta *warn* you, though. I'm pretty indestructible. Bigger men than *you* have tried to kill me. I mean, *way* bigger, *sixty* feet bigger.

Don't worry, Frank. I'm a professional. As soon as I stop bleeding, you're *toast*. I guaran-damn-tee it!









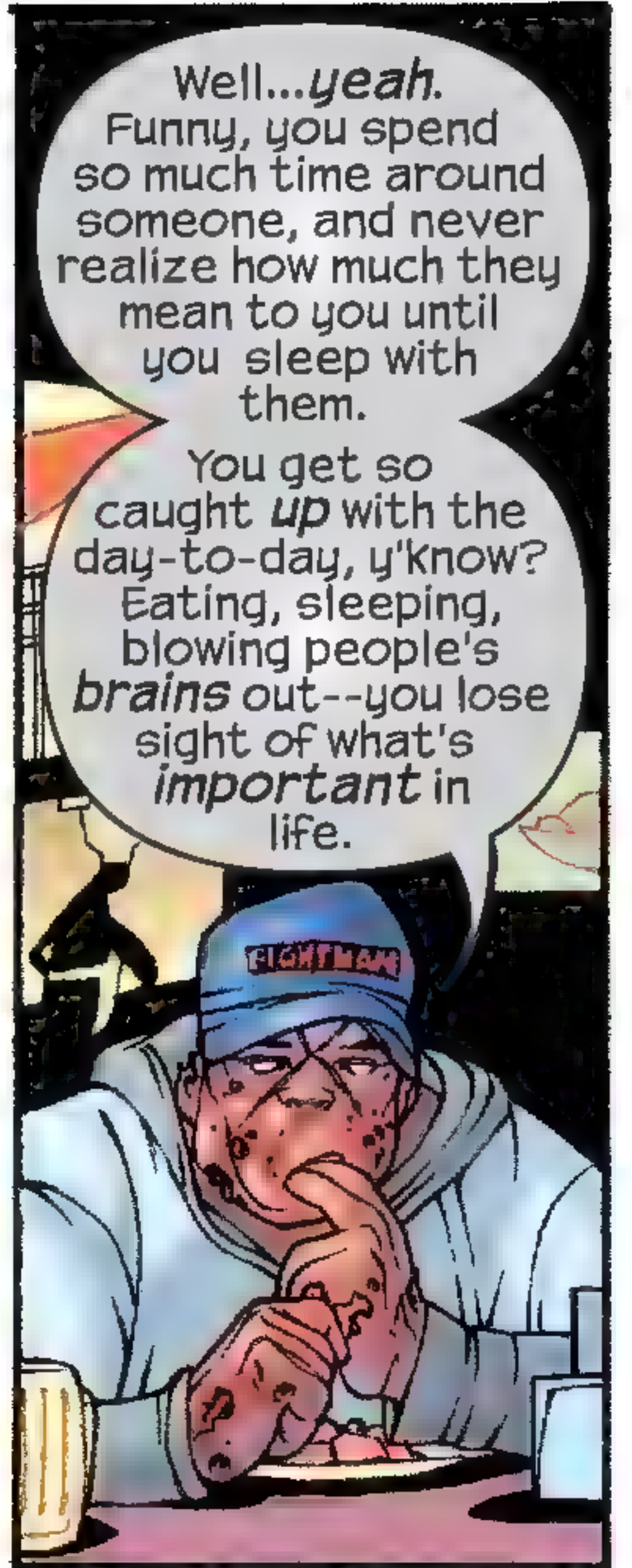
--all I know is one day, I woke up with super-powers, and ever *since* then nothing's gone right for me.



I mean, my life *sucked* before that, but now it sucks more *powerfully*, y'know?

I can *imagine*. Being around you is more dangerous than riding *shotgun* with *Dirty Harry*. I'd walk from this mess if it wasn't for Sandi.

She means a lot to you, huh?



Well...*yeah*. Funny, you spend so much time around someone, and never realize how much they mean to you until you sleep with them.

You get so caught *up* with the day-to-day, y'know? Eating, sleeping, blowing people's *brains* out--you lose sight of what's *important* in life.

Well, you know what they say. "Life's a *bitch*."



Yeah. And so's my ex.



HA HA HA
HAA HA HA
HAAA

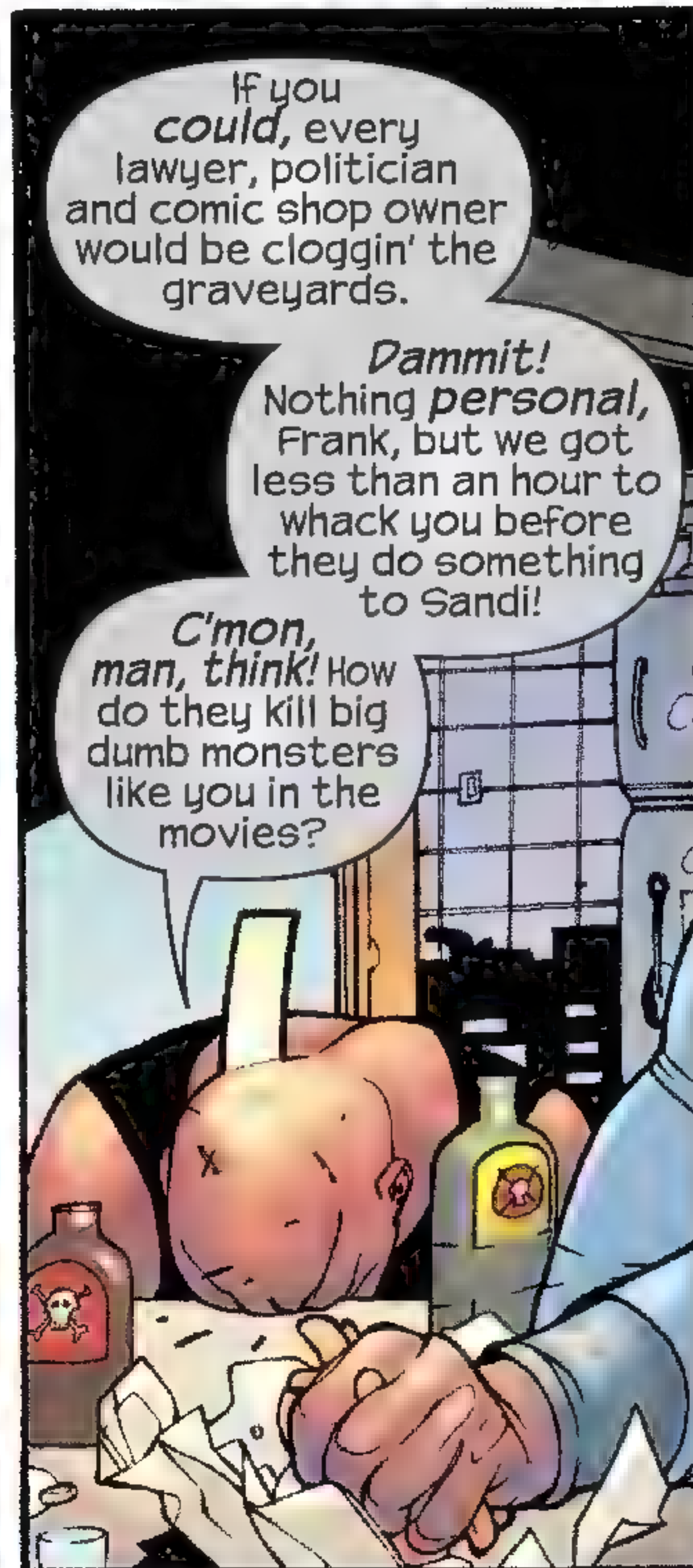
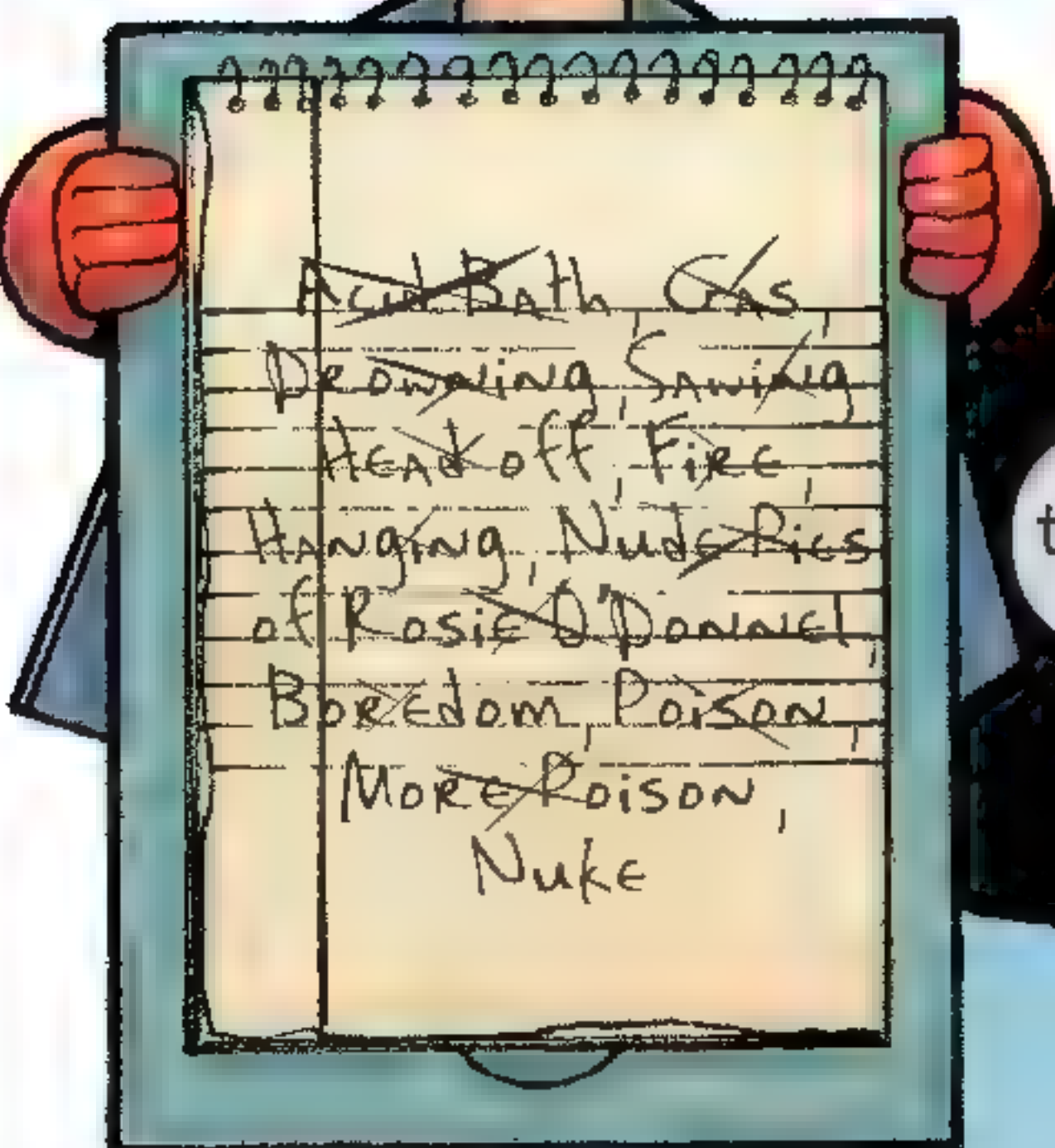
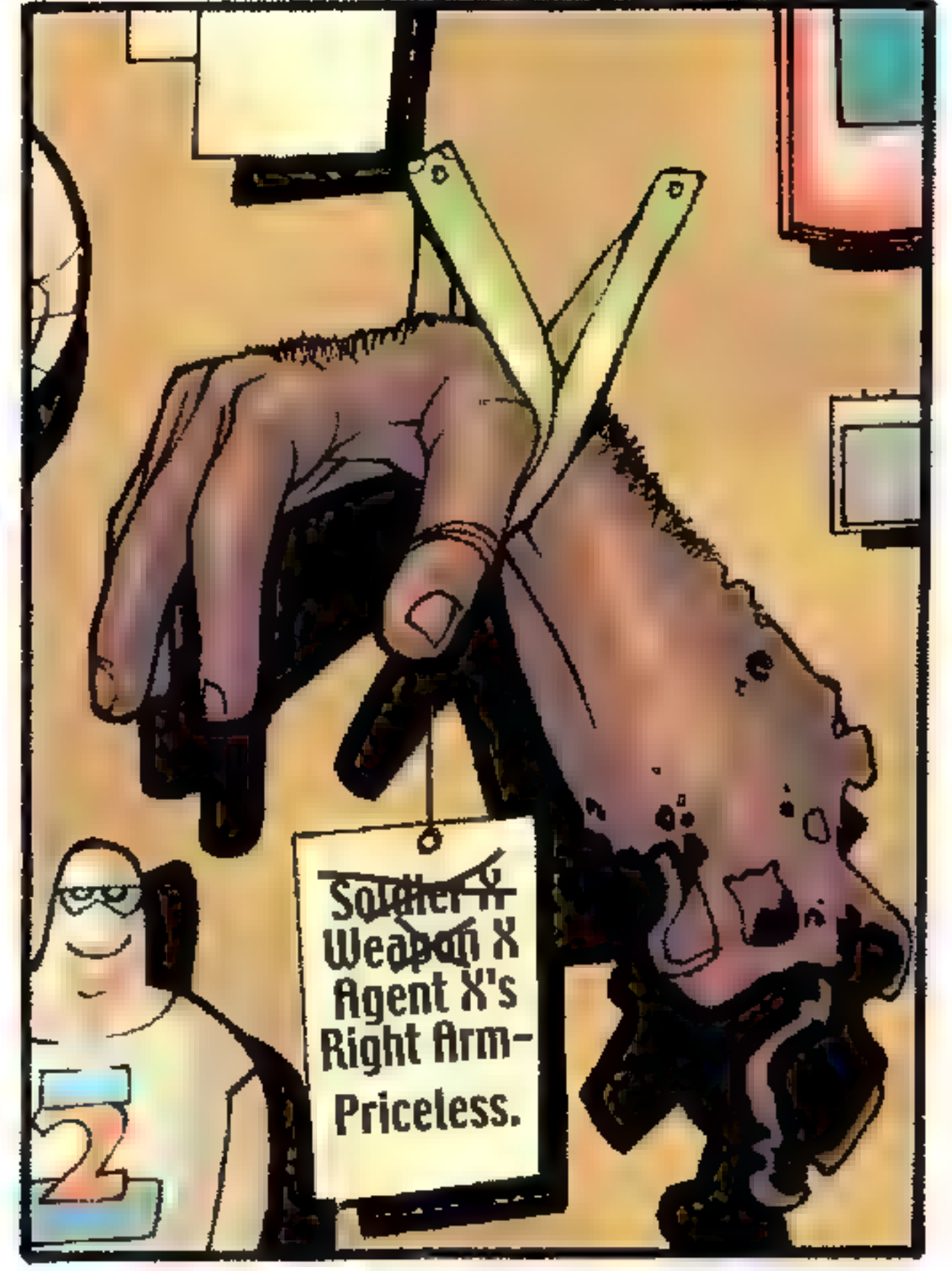
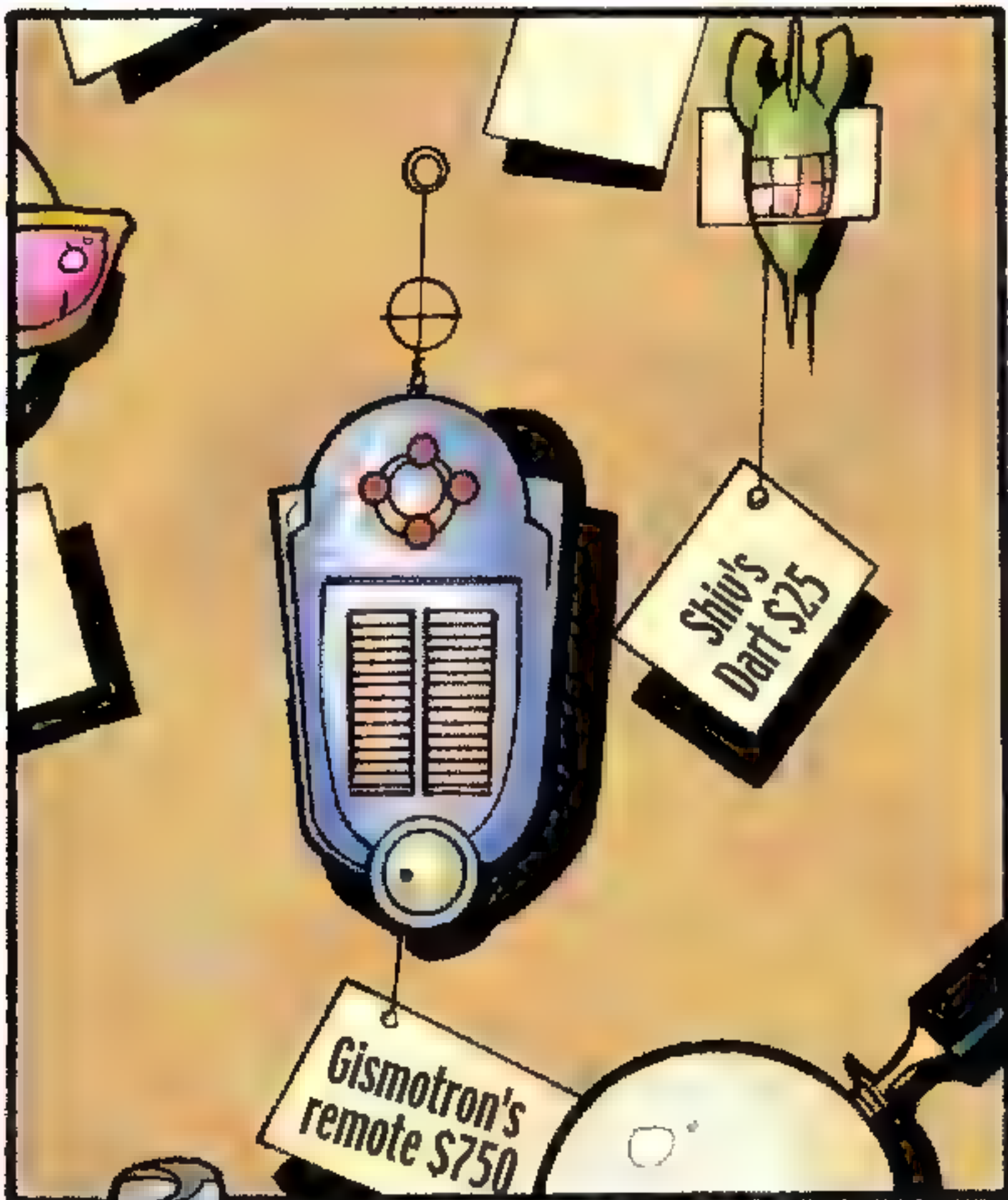


Well, Frank, we'd best get going if we want to bury you by midnight.

Garcon!
Le cheque du crap, por favor!

SNAP SNAP







HUHK!
HAHUHK!

Frank? What's the matter? You're turnin' redder than the devil's spanked @ss!



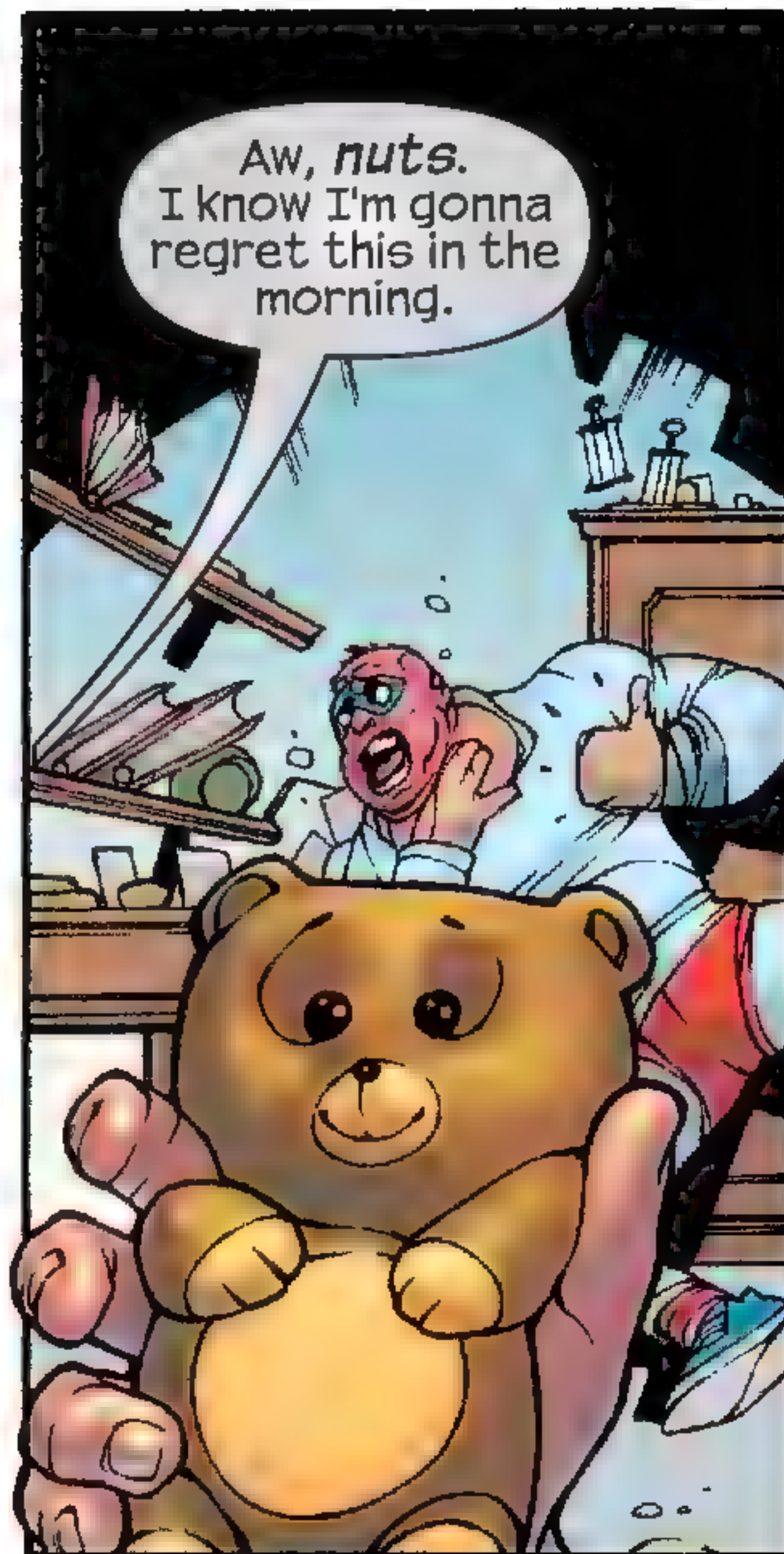
I don't believe this! I got the big meatloaf ready to cook and some kind of stupid Jiminy Cricket feeling inside me is telling me not to turn on the gas!

WUUH-
HUUHHK!



Why am I even worked up over this? I have to think of Sandi!

HK!
HK!
GASP



Aw, nuts. I know I'm gonna regret this in the morning.



BLOOOEEARGHH!!!

THUMPF



Actually, I'm regretting it right the hell now.

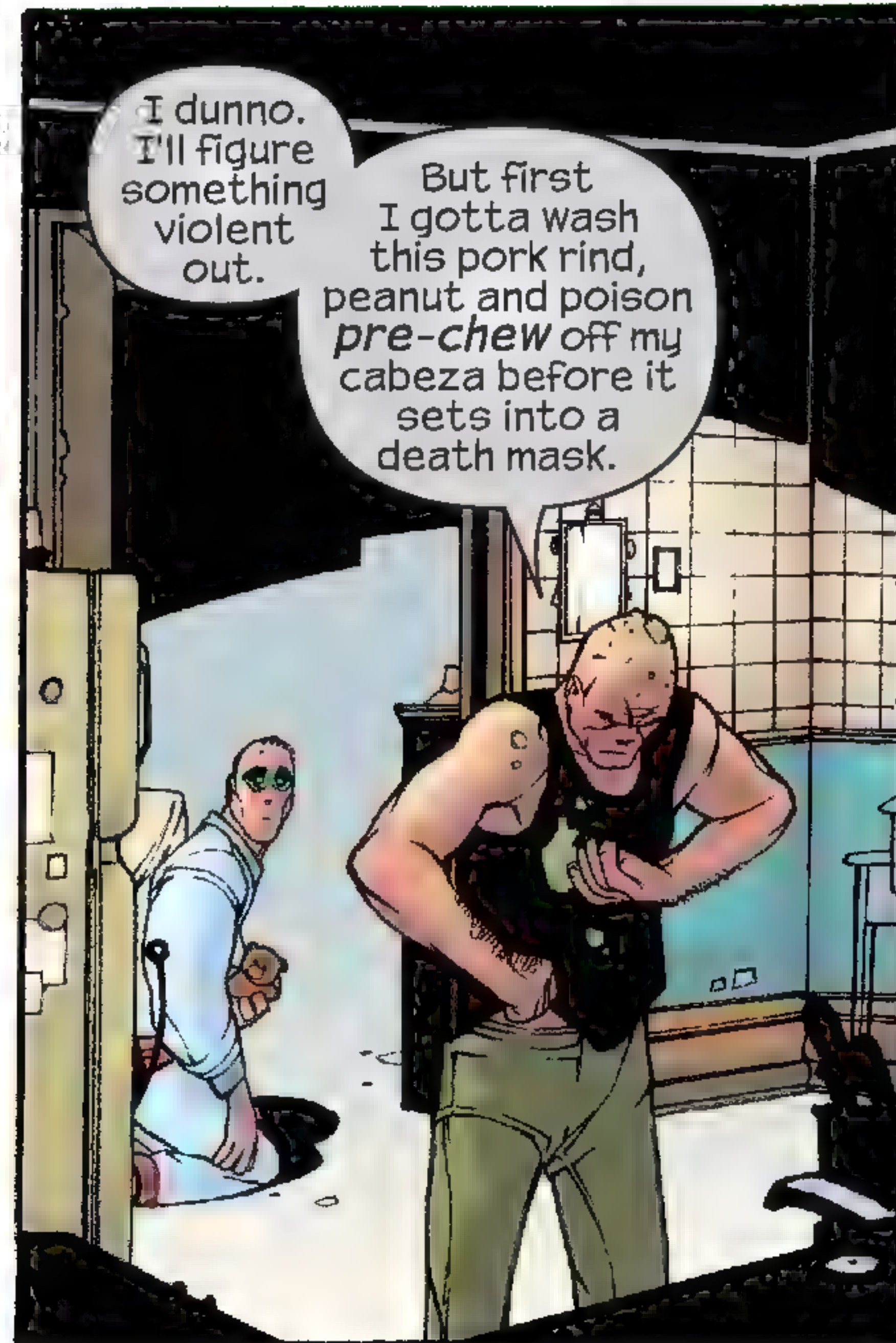
-COFF- whu-- why'd you do that? I could've died maybe!

Yeah, well, it just didn't seem right. You're a dumb jerk and a loser but I've gotten to kind of like you while trying to bump you off.



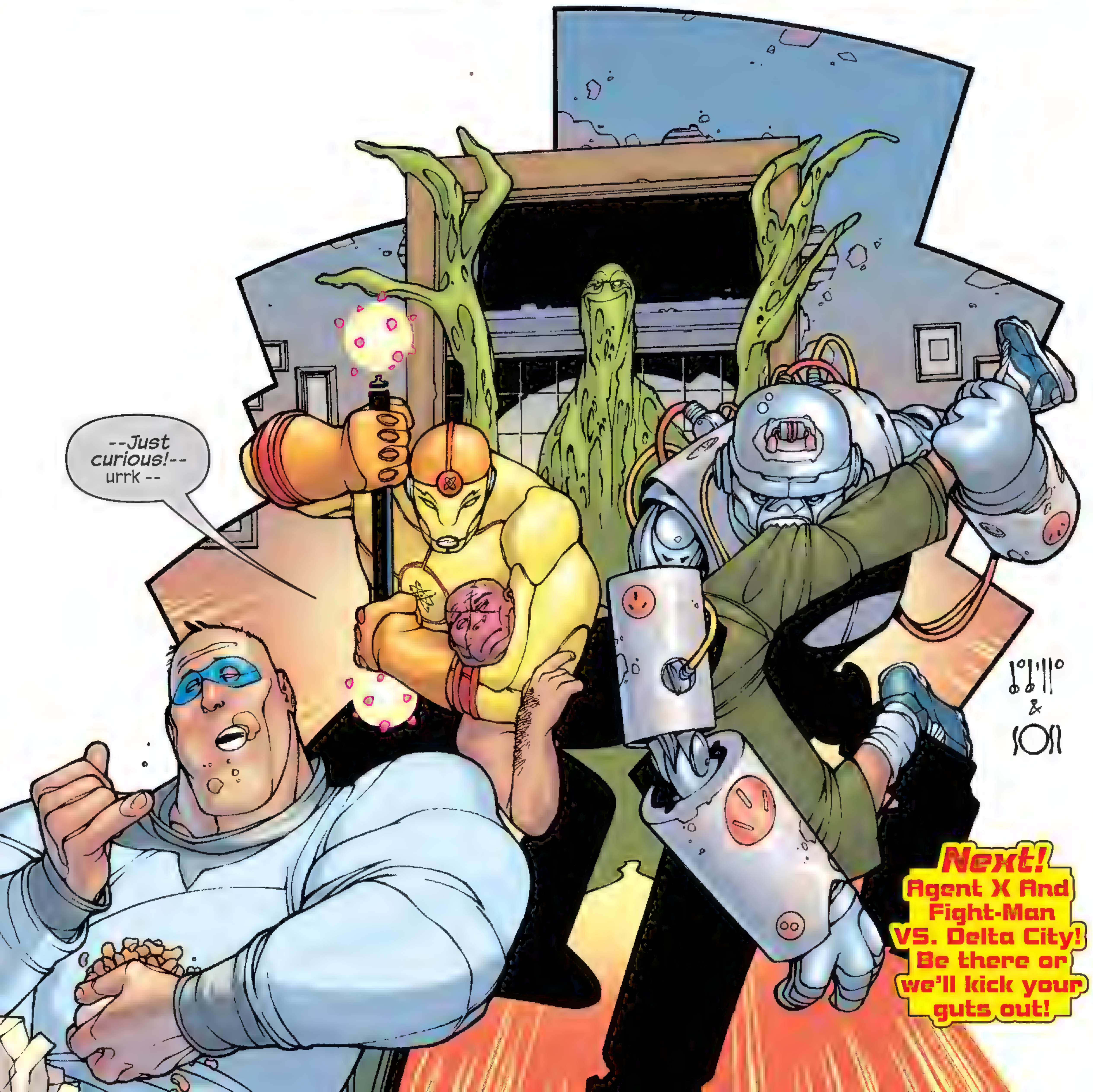
Gee, Alex. Thanks. I think.

So what do we do now? Y'know, about Sandi?



I dunno. I'll figure something violent out.

But first I gotta wash this pork rind, peanut and poison pre-chew off my cabeza before it sets into a death mask.



Next!
Agent X And
Fight-Man
VS. Delta City!
Be there or
we'll kick your
guts out!

MARVEL

11

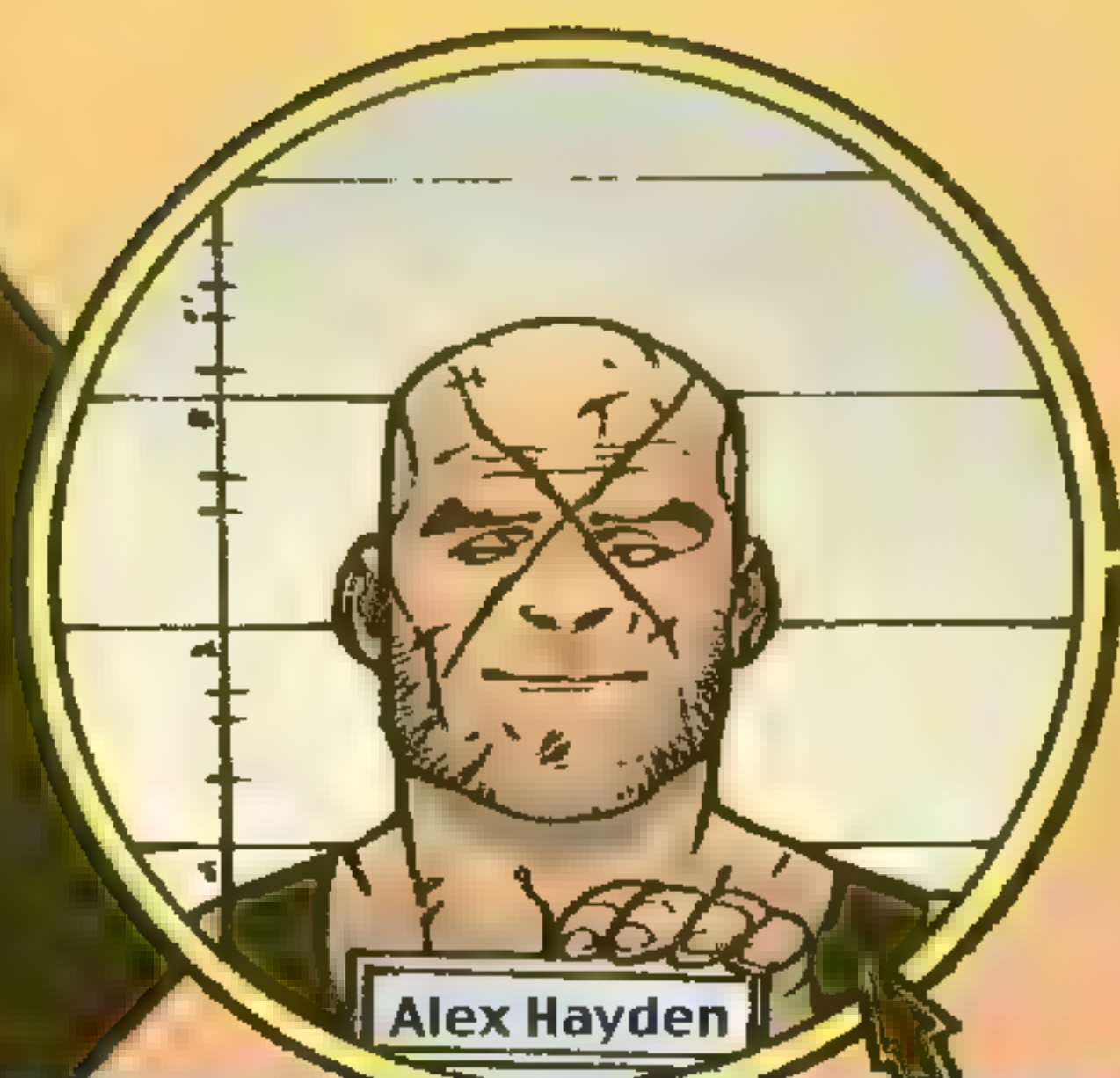
DORKIN
BOBILLO
SOSA

AGENCY X



PART 2 OF 2!
BE A MAN --
BUY YOUR GIRL
A COMIC!

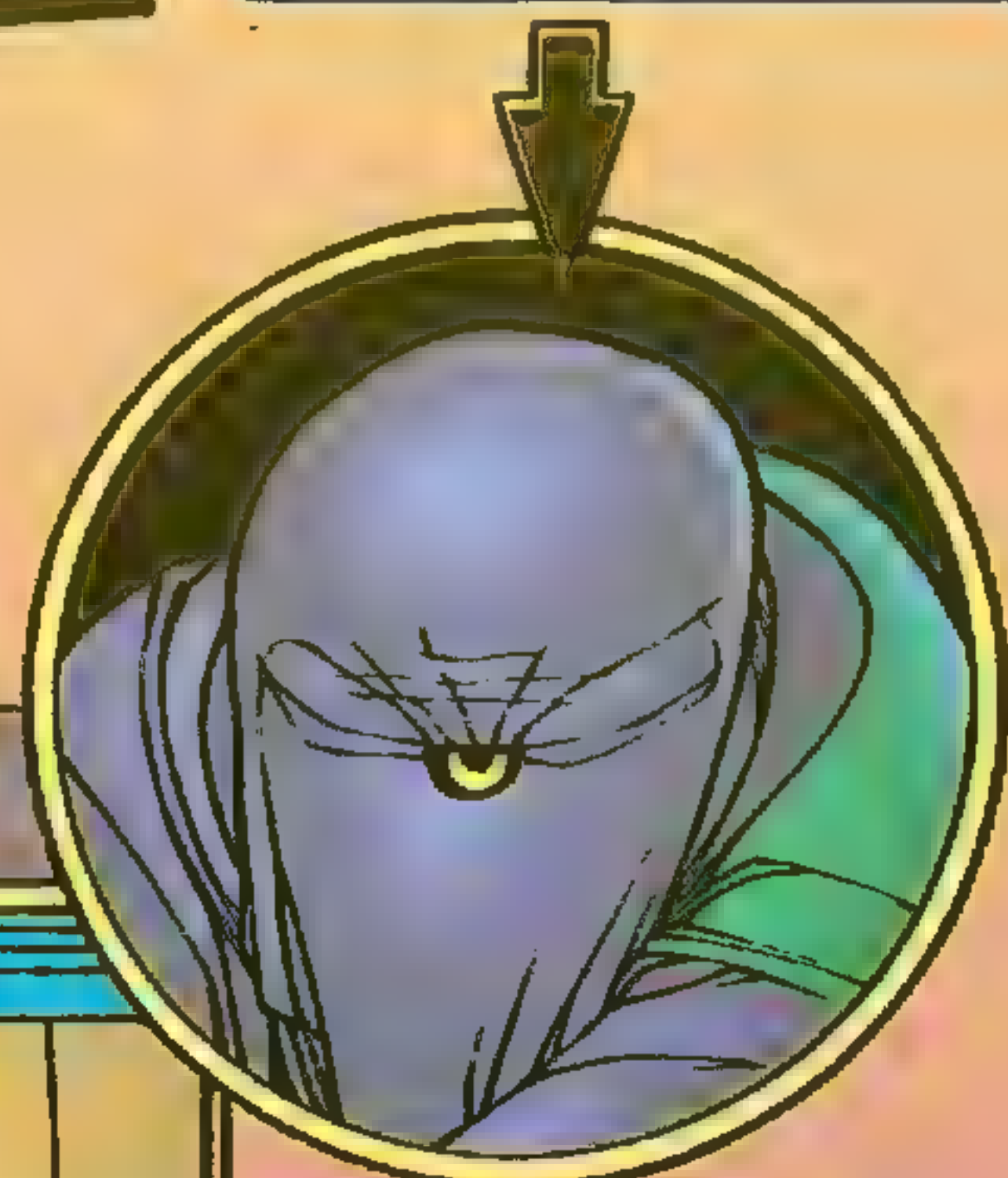
Plug-In Maniac / version 4.0
<Delta City assassin's local #451>
results of memory search:



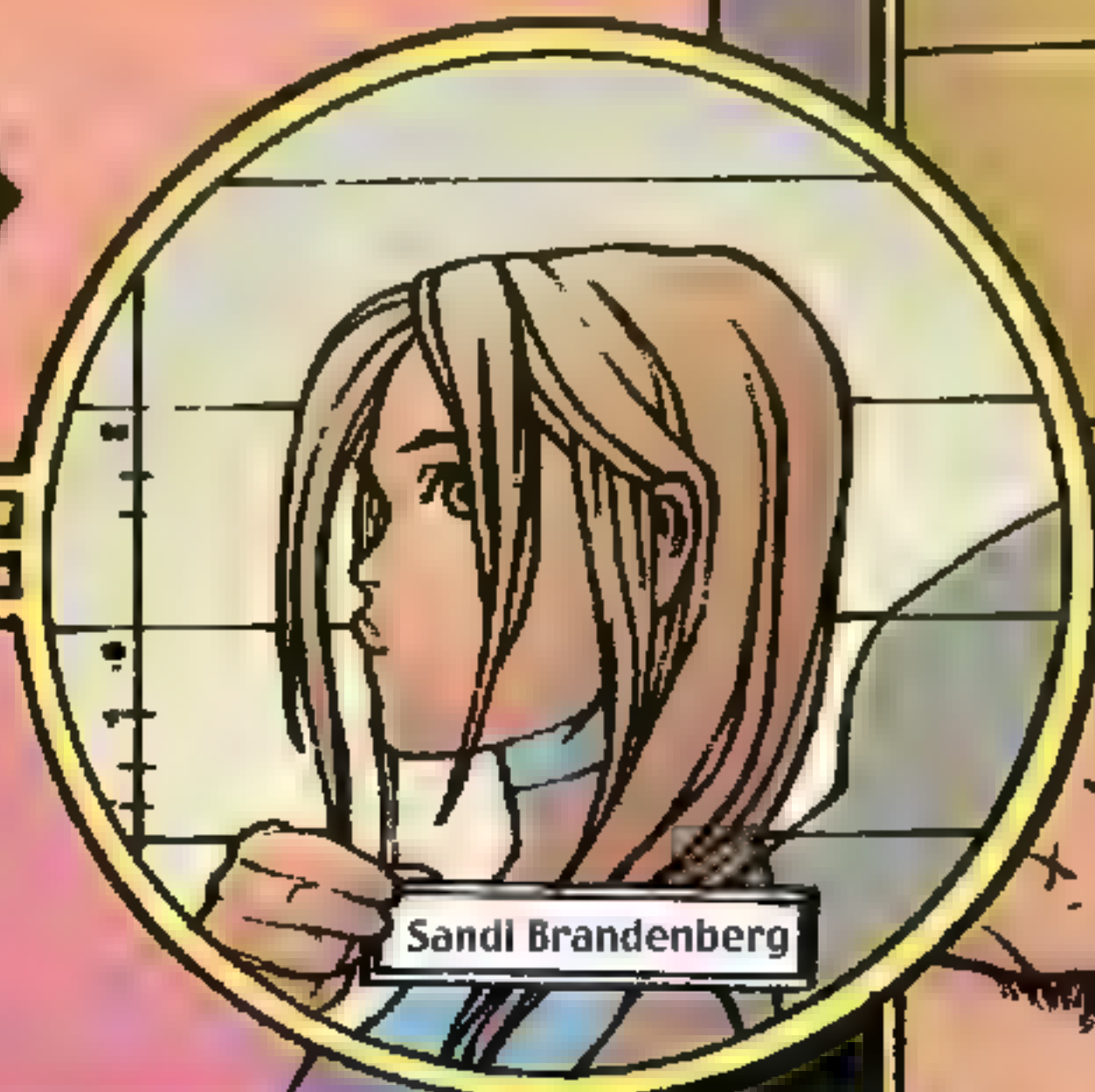
Alex Hayden

Alex Hayden, AKA Agent X:
renowned mercenary/assassin for hire,
partner Agency X <possesses healing/
regenerating factor, sophomoric sense
of humor. Note to self: Dismember and
burn corpse>

The Hooded Eye
Crime kingpin of Delta City
<Possibly insane>



Urrrk - hey,
Gort -- easy on
the kung-fu death
grip -- my doctor
says I'm pressure
sensitive --



Sandi Brandenburg

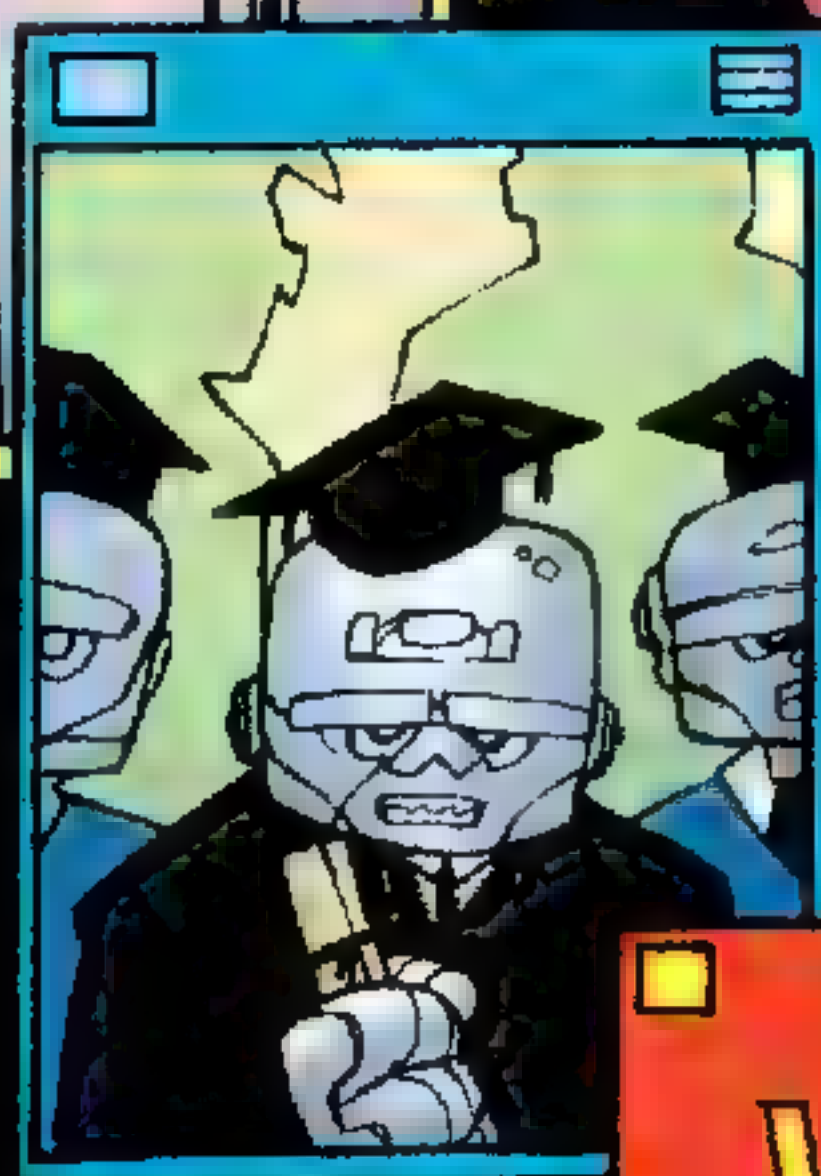
Sandi Brandenburg:
Not so renowned mercenary/
assassin for hire, partner
Agency X. <turn-ons: long
walks, kill ratios, Agent X>

Beverly LaCoco:
Fight-Man's ex-wife,
current arch enemy
<Definitely insane>



Frank Bigelow, aka Fight-Man:
Disgraced former Delta City super-hero /
parolee. <Nigh-invulnerable /nigh-imbecilic>

Agent X due for termination in 4.2 seconds
via explosive separation of head region,
barring any unforeseen event, such as...



WARNING!!!

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magazine with those of any living or dead person or
institution is intended, and any such similarity which
may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Warning!!! Sensors picking up intense kinetic
activity/heat trace app. 4.1 meters east and
approaching rapidly...<Suggested course of
action: Pray to God it isn't Fight-Man!!!!>

TOO LARRATE!!!

Aaargh!

Hot damn!
I thought I heard
evil simmering in the
kitchen!

Don't worry,
kid! You're in safe
hands now that
Fight-Man's back
on the job!

Urrrgh!

Owww!
You idiot, Frank!
I'm on *your*
side!

FIGHT THE POWER!

WRITER: EVAN DORKIN
PENCILS: JUAN BOBILLO
INKS: MARCELO SOSA
COLOR: CHRIS CHUCKRY
LETTERS: CORY PETIT
EDITOR: ANDREW LIS
EIC: JOE QUESADA
PRESIDENT: BILL JEMAS
COVER BY BRIAN STELFREEZE



Well, if it ain't my old sparring partners -- **Atomic Lou, The Plug-In Maniac**, and the sentient mucus sack men call **The Massive Globula**! Long time, no hit, creeps!

Back in uniform, eh, Fight-Man? **Good!** It'll make killing you even more satisfying!

...tha's okay, Frank, really, I'm fine.



You can apologize after I ventilate boogerboy here--

Hold'im, Alex! I got a **fist** ready to go!

GRAB!



Whoops. Sorry, man. forgot he could do that.

P. C. R. A. K!

Oofta!



@\$&!! Forgot he could do **that**, too--

>Oooof!<

LAP!

S-P



...an' when St. Peter greets me, he'll say, "And how did **you** die, little boy?", an' I'll say, "I was killed by **snot!**"

You better let **me** handle this, kid!



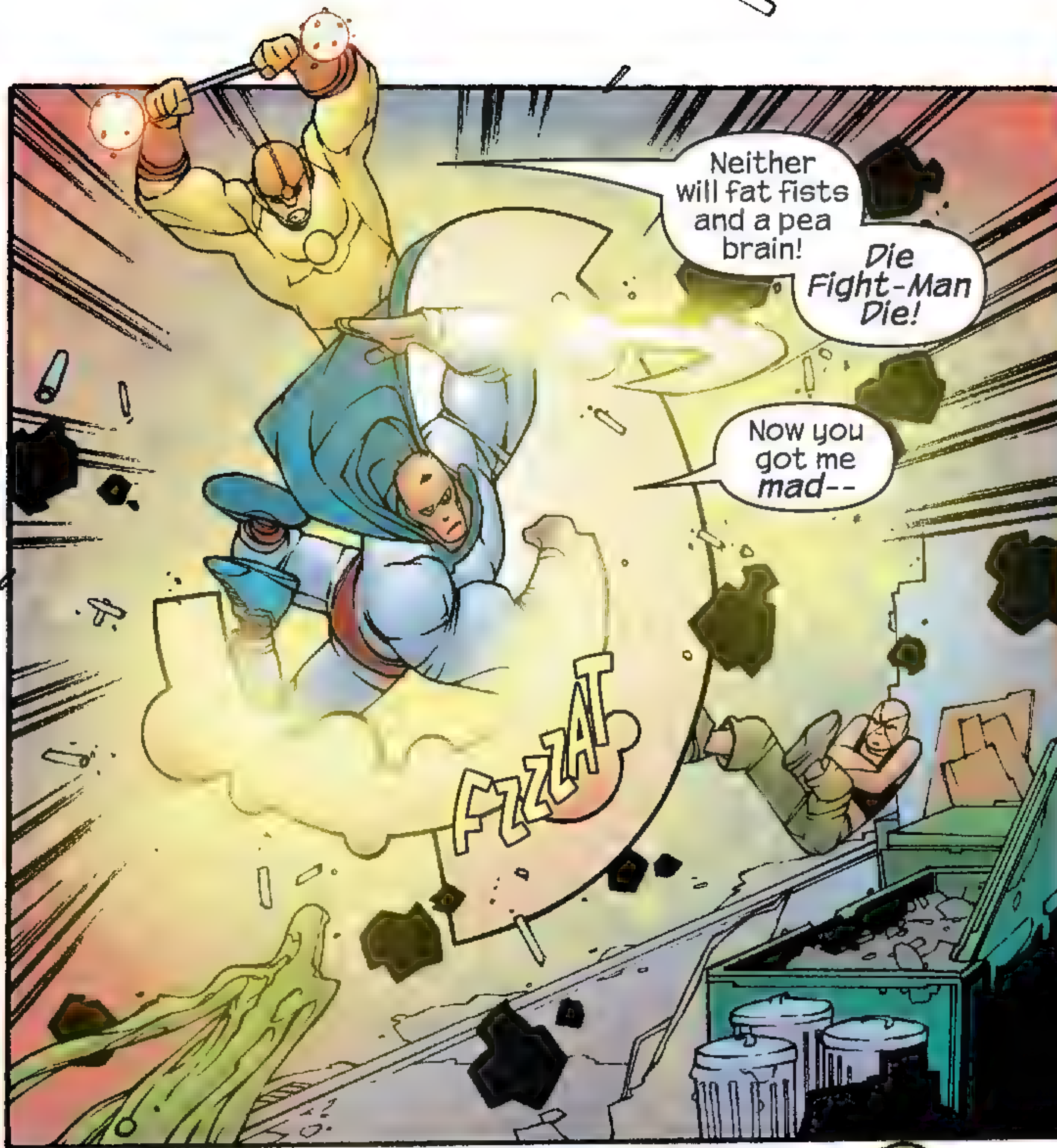
SKKZZAK

THOOM

Bullets and bad jokes won't do **Jack** against these douche bags!

BWOOM

...an' then 'll laugh an' laugh an' eat **all** the ice cream I want...



Neither
will fat fists
and a pea
brain!
Die
Fight-Man
Die!

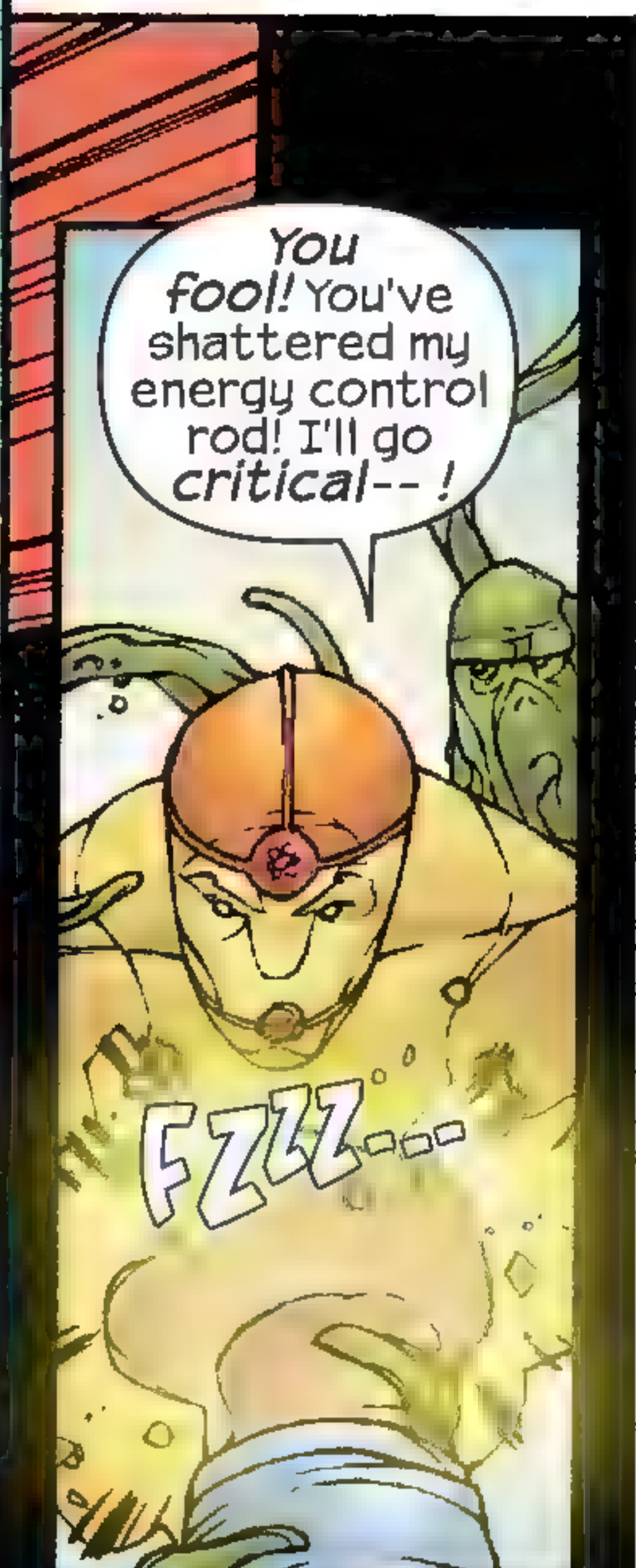
Now you
got me
mad--

FZZAT



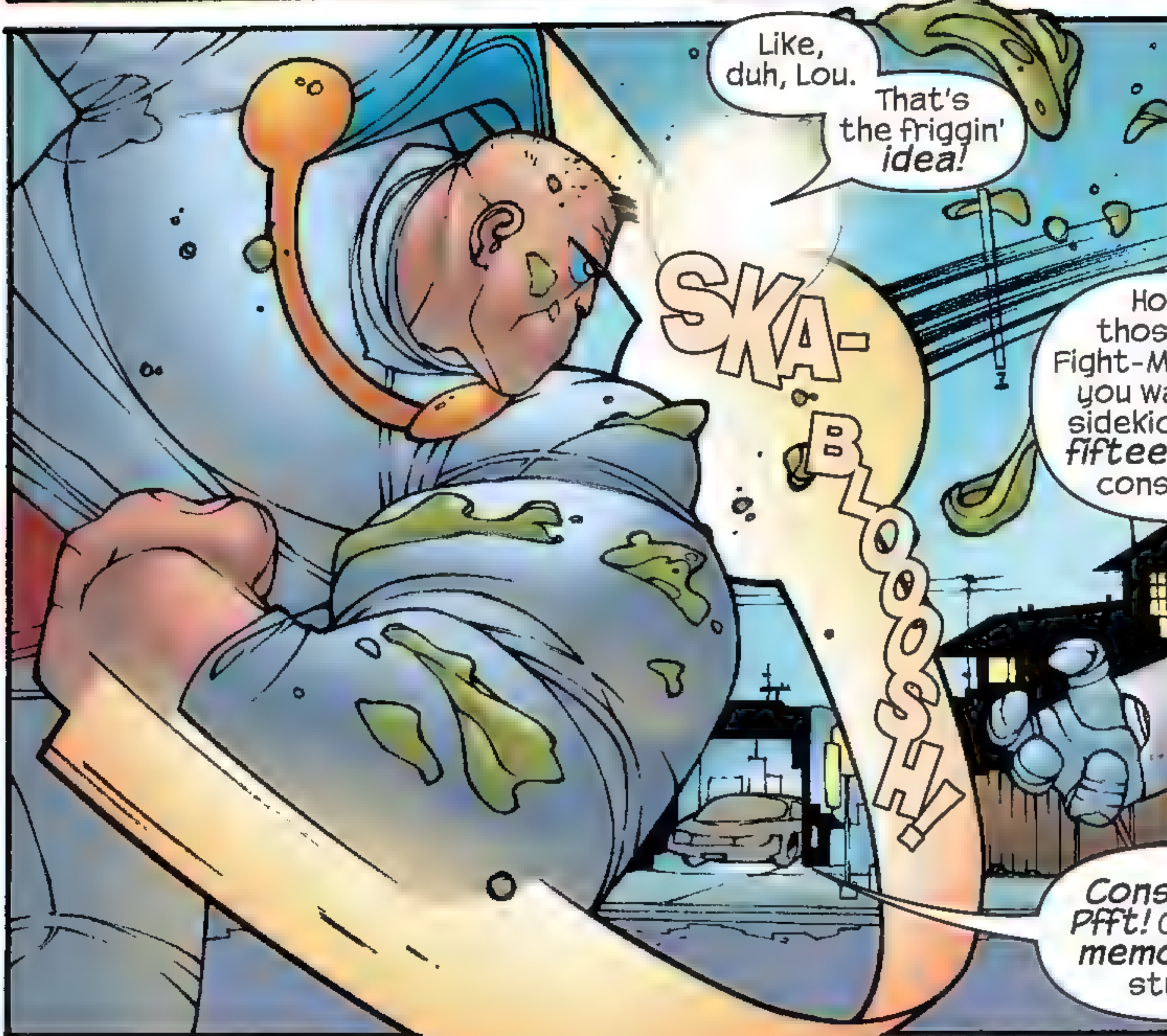
--Fightin'
mad!

K
RIK!



You
fool! You've
shattered my
energy control
rod! I'll go
critical--!

FZZZ---



Like,
duh, Lou.

That's
the friggin'
idea!

SKA-
BLOOSH!

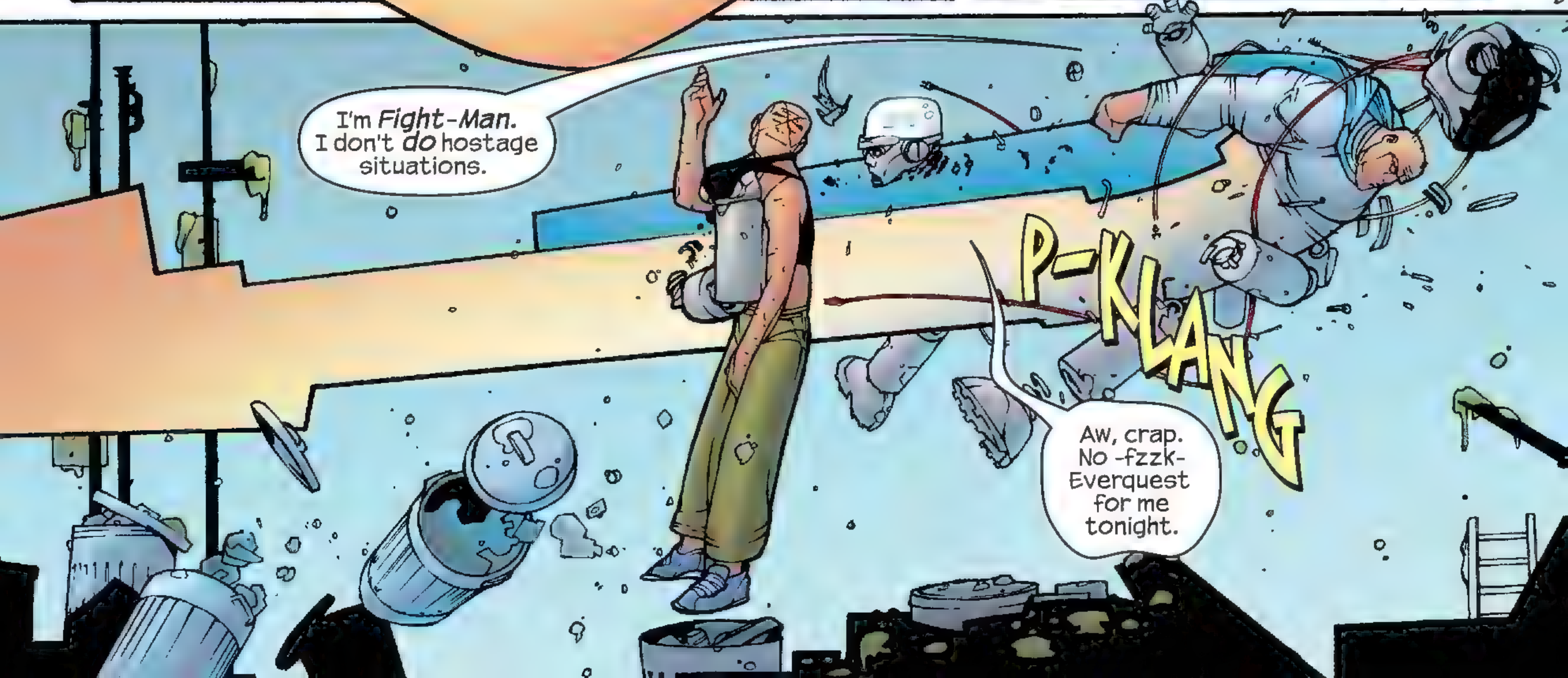
Holster
those fists,
Fight-Man! Unless
you want dead
sidekick number
fifteen on your
conscience!

Conscience?
Pfft! Check your
memory card,
stupid --



H-hey, mister, I know
you...you're that
bad robot. Bad,
bad robot.

I'm
gonna
tell Isaac
Asimov on
you...



I'm *Fight-Man*.
I don't do hostage
situations.

P-KLANG

Aw, crap.
No -fzzk-
Everquest
for me
tonight.



You see that?! Bam! One shot! Just like old times!

Screw parole! Trashin' them bums was the best damned decision I made since crazy-gluin' my mask on!

'F' you say so, Einstein.



So, thank God for Fight-Man, huh? They could've killed you dead.

What?! you're the one who-- yeeowch!

KAK

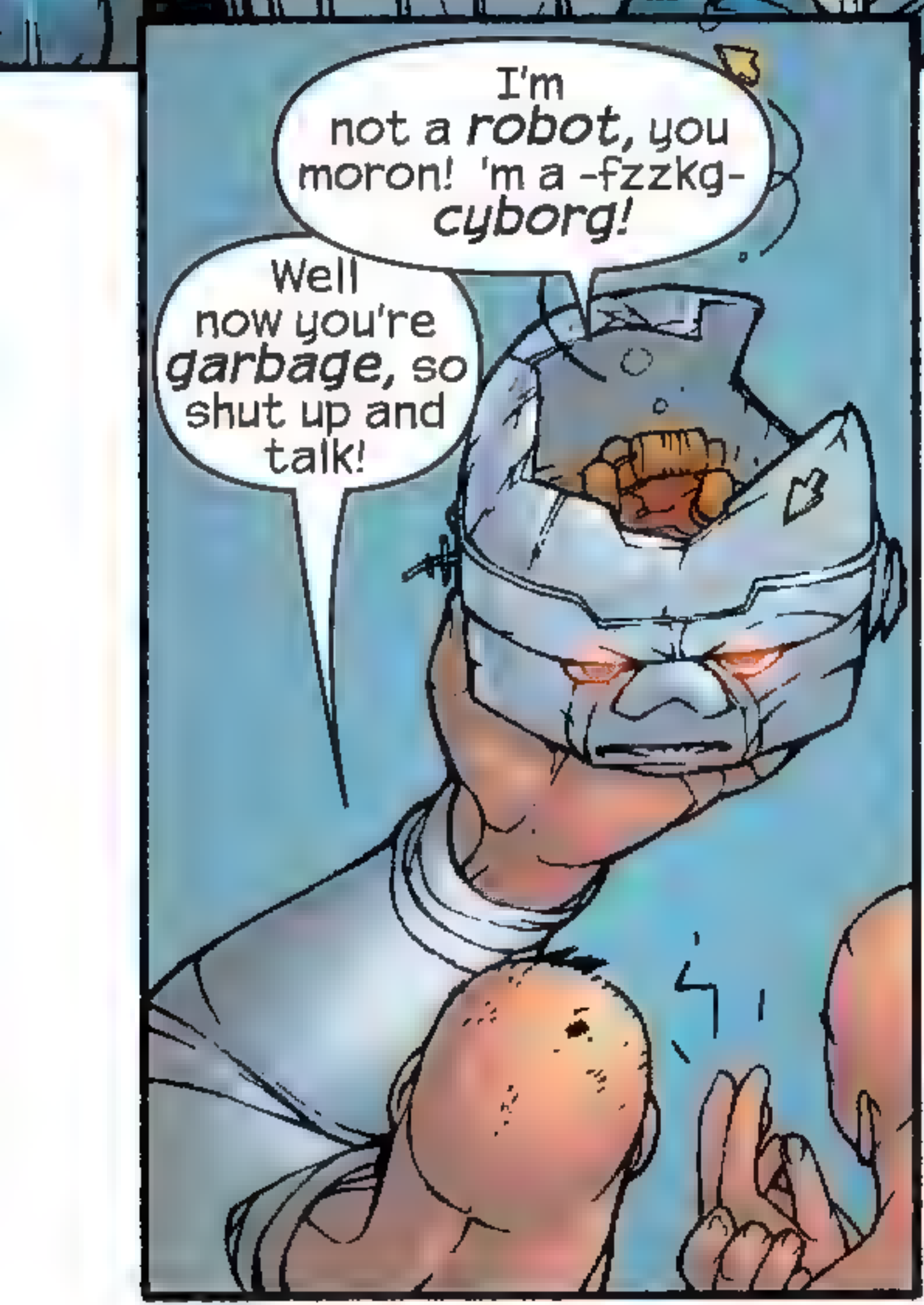


No need to thank me, kid. Least I could do after the pork rind thing.

Okay, Herschel, where's Bev holding the girl?

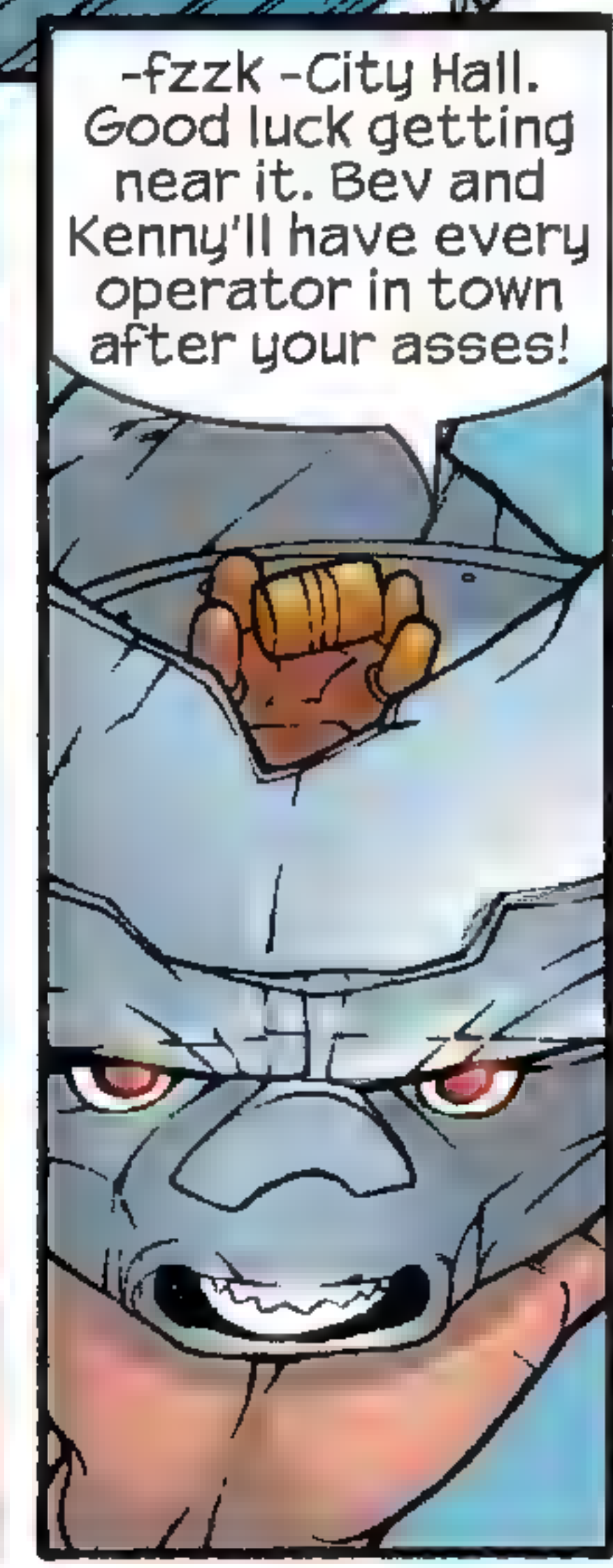
KRUNCH

Yeeowch! Herschel? The killer robot's name is Herschel?

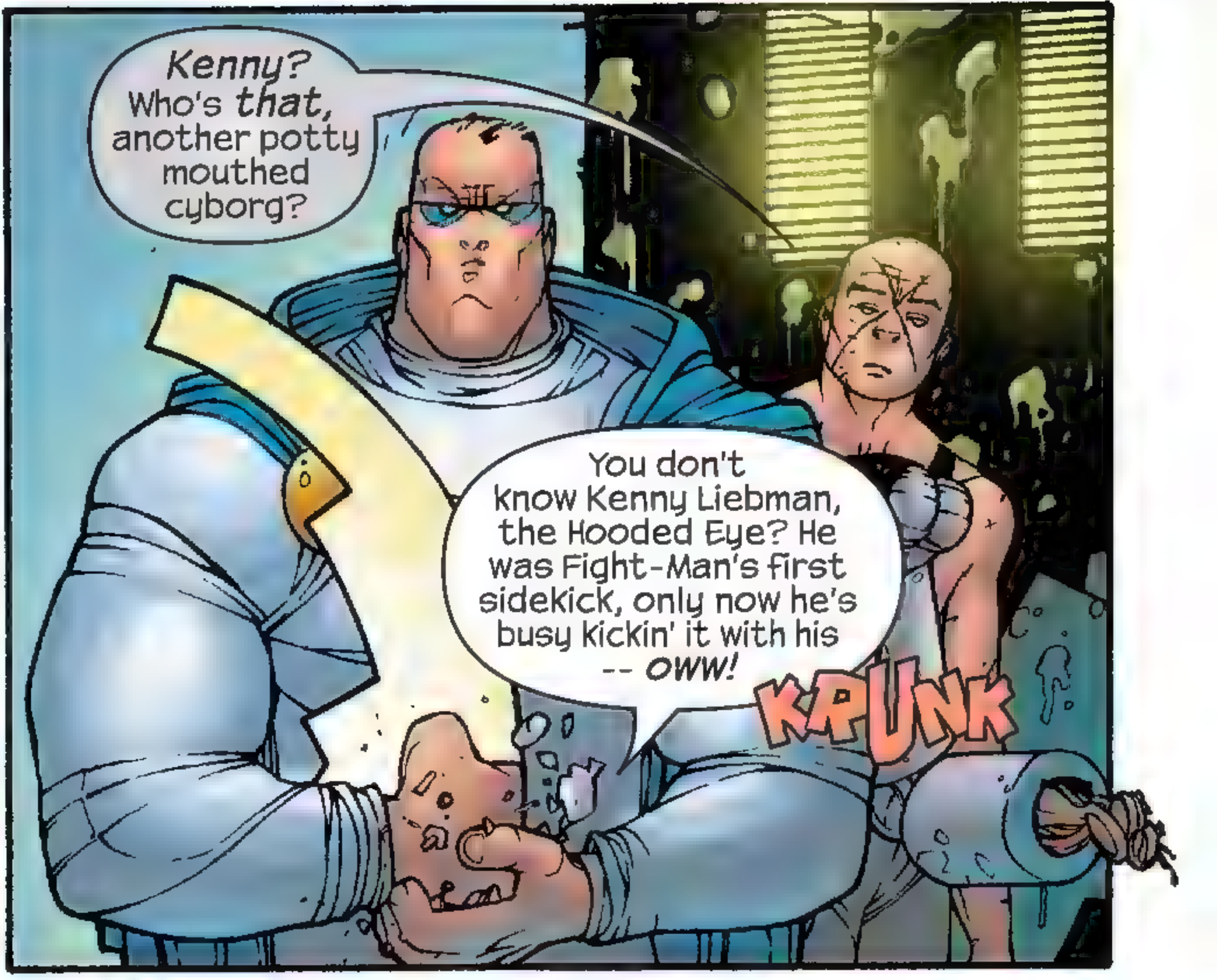


I'm not a robot, you moron! 'm a -fzzkg-cyborg!

Well now you're garbage, so shut up and talk!



-fzzk -City Hall. Good luck getting near it. Bev and Kenny'll have every operator in town after your asses!



Kenny? Who's that, another potty mouthed cyborg?

You don't know Kenny Liebman, the Hooded Eye? He was Fight-Man's first sidekick, only now he's busy kickin' it with his -- OWW!

KPUNK



%@\$!?!
FLIP!

Remember, Alex-- Robots lie like women.

Leviticus 5:11



I already got two of Herschel's heads in my collection, y'know.

Anyway, we gotta get you suited up for the big fight.

Uhh, Frank? Where are we going? All your stuff's in the house.

Beer run. I'll be quick.

Eye evades prosecution!

Me

I don't know, Alex. It makes you look like a villain.

Sure you don't want to wear Fight-Boy's costume? Tyrone was pretty tall for his age when Babe Ruthless slit his throat.

Sorry, man, tights ain't my style. 'Sides, there's still *blood* on them.

What's that for?

It's my plan to infiltrate the villain's secret base! See, I put this on, and then I take you in as my "prisoner", and then we go inside and we win!

I saw it on the A-Team. It'll only take an hour.

Whoa, whoa! You're talkin' subterfuge, right? Sissy ninja sneakin' around in pajamas crap? Pffft! Why don't we redecorate their hideout and slap on some Judy Garland while we're at it?

Okay, but let's rescue Sandi first. *Then* we can pick out curtains. How do you feel about organza--?

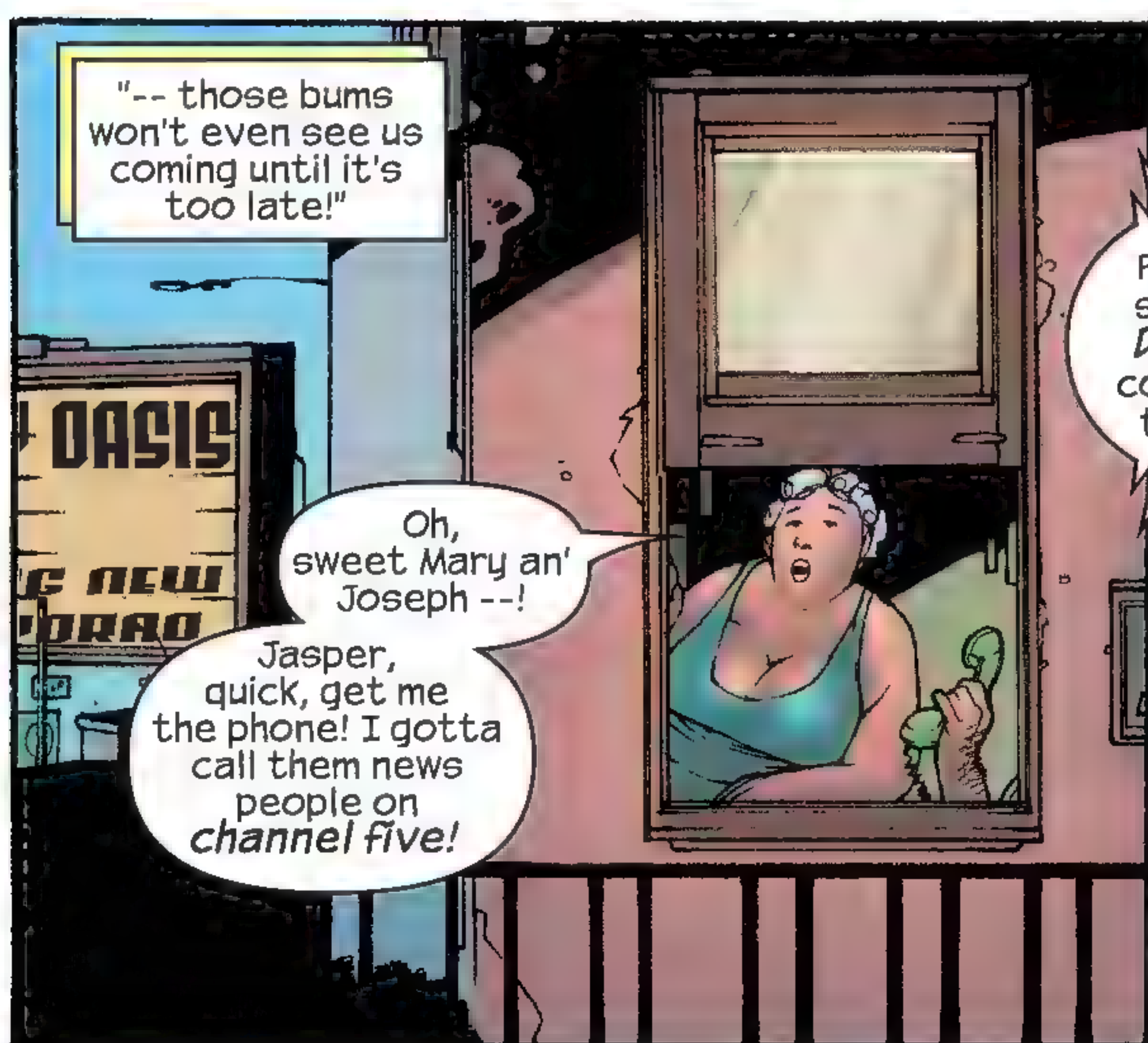
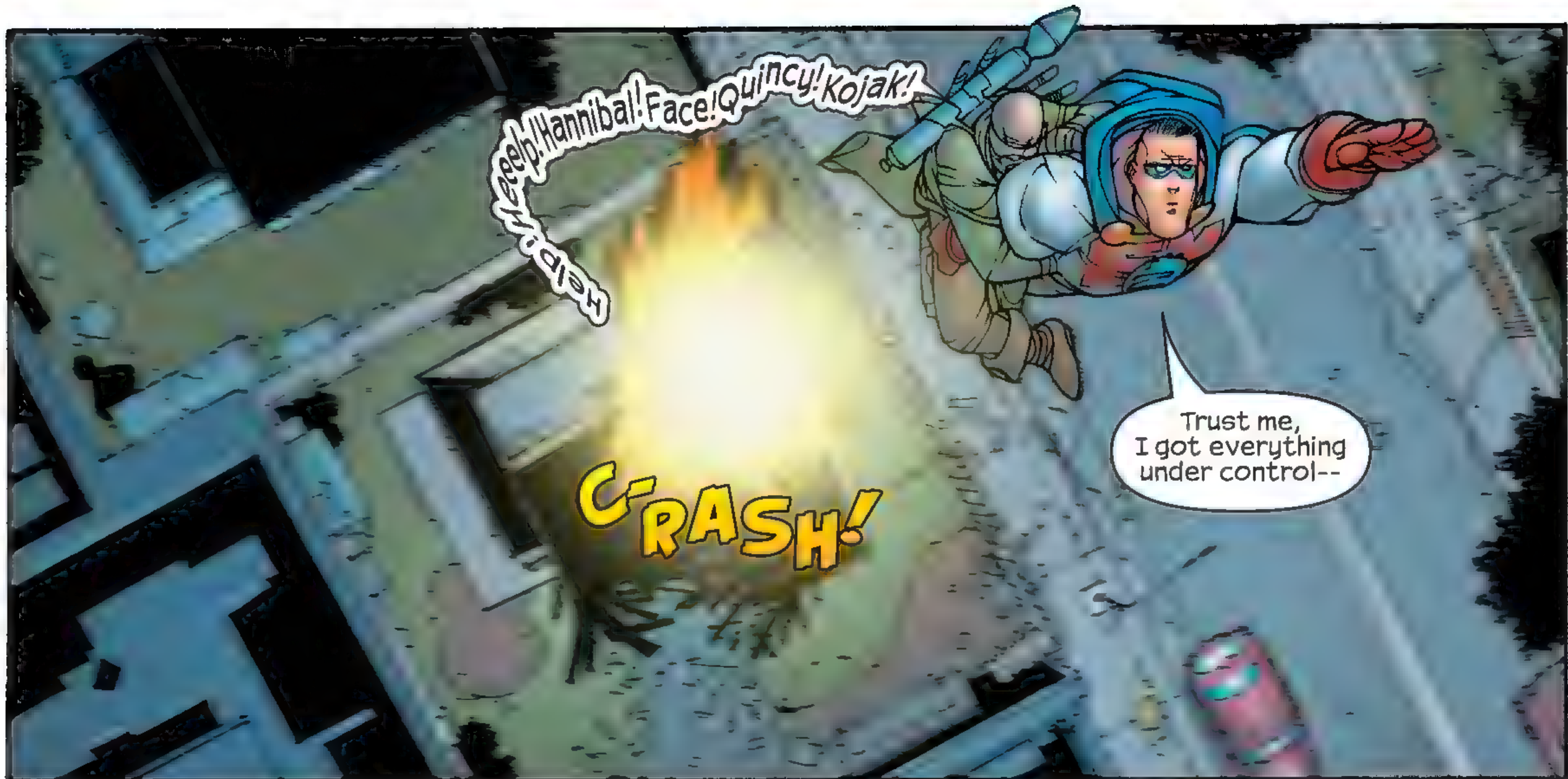
No, no, no! Listen! We blitz 'em! Hit 'em fast and hit 'em hard!

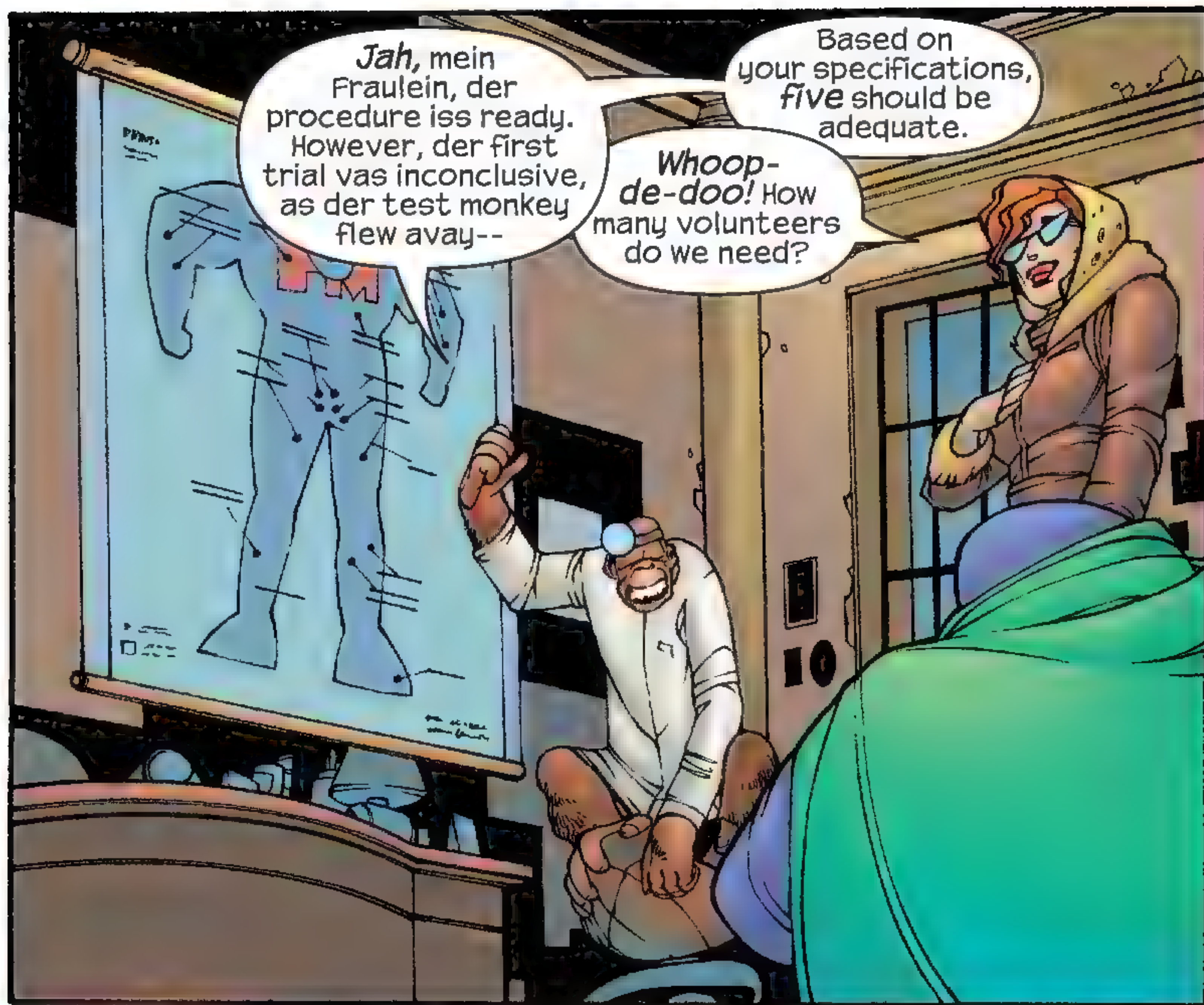
POW POW POW!

Look, normally the Dresden approach would flood my erectile tissue something fierce, but if I ever hope to see Sandi in a Japanese schoolgirl's outfit I--

Hey! Unhand me, you brute!

Relax, kid!





Jah, mein Fraulein, der procedure iss ready. However, der first trial vas inconclusive, as der test monkey flew away--

Based on your specifications, **five** should be adequate.

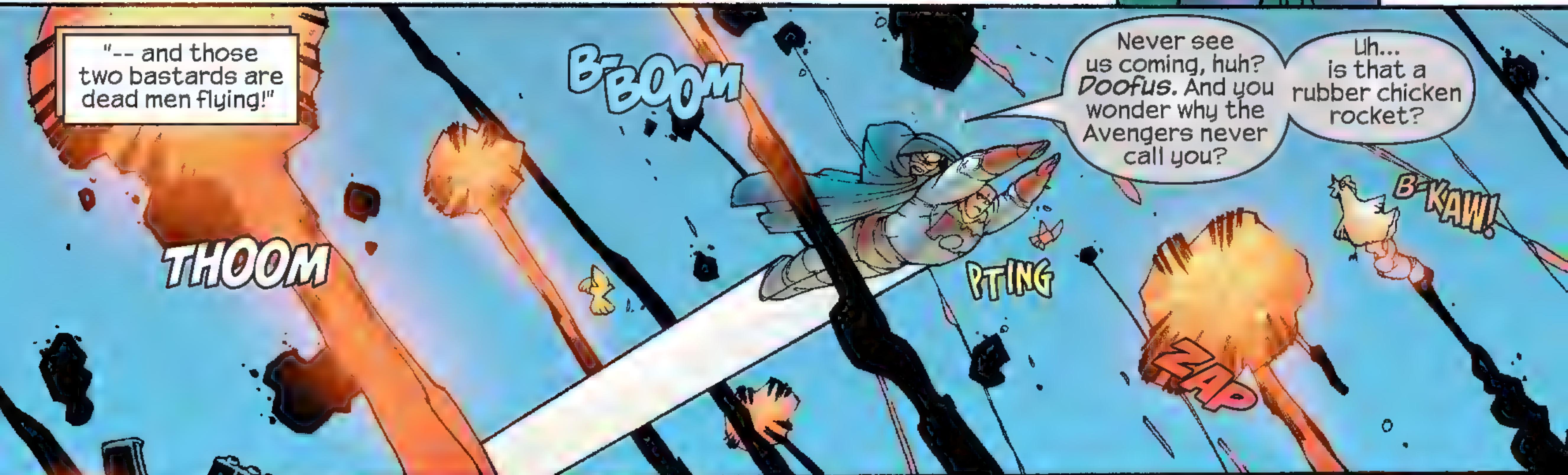
Whoop-de-doo! How many volunteers do we need?



You heard the lady, doc.

Round up five of our biggest and not so brightest.

Oh, Kenny, you **darling!** You know what this means, don't you?! I'm the luckiest girl alive--



"-- and those two bastards are dead men flying!"

B-BOOM

Never see us coming, huh? **Doofus.** And you wonder why the Avengers never call you?

Uh... is that a rubber chicken rocket?

B-KAW!

PTING

KAP



Look at that, X! Fifty acres of scum and villainy, just **waiting** to be plowed! The Plaid Bug, The All-New All-Hate Squad, Crimeasaurus Rex--

Yes. We must kill many with stupid names.

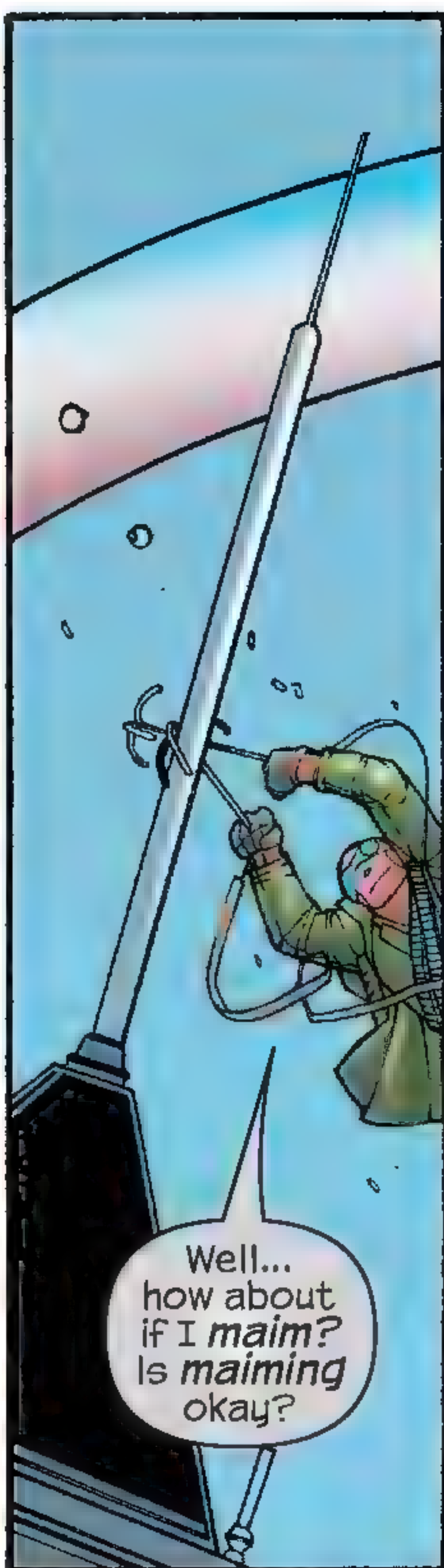
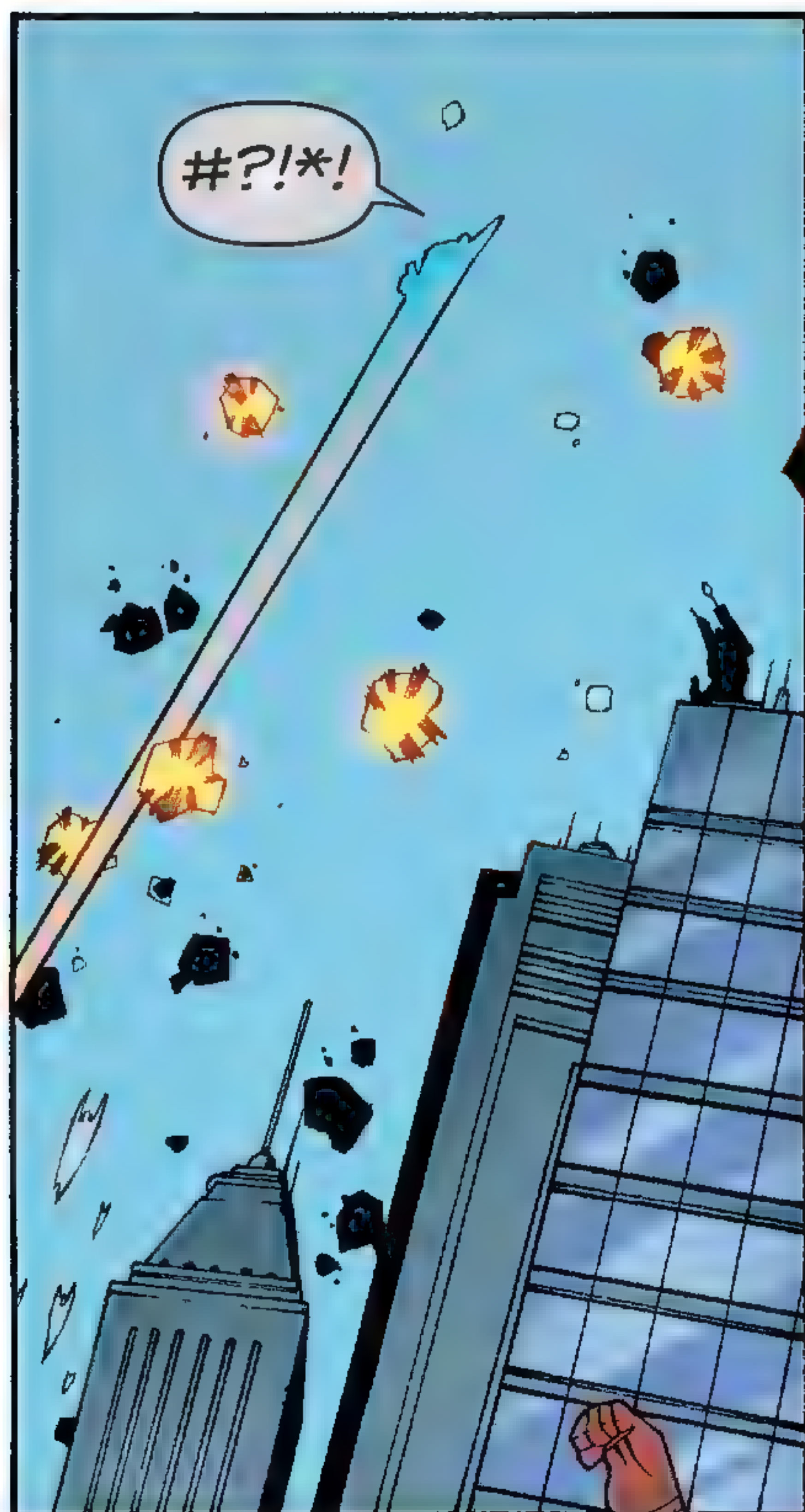
Whoa, time out! No killing, partner!



What?! How can you say such a thing with all this attempted murder going on around us!

C'mon, Frank, **all** God's chillun loves killin'! It's the national pastime!

I **told** you, I got a super-hero code against killing! And I uphold it very **violently!**



23RD STREET

Hey, Frank!
Let me just shoot
one guy in the face!
Please?

No!

AGENT X

BLOWS!

EIGHT-MAN
SUCKS

18TH STREET

C'mon, Frank,
two in the eyes with
hollow points! He won't
feel a thing, I swear!

No!

12TH STREET

How about
if I just kill a
little fella? Y'know,
like an evil midget,
or a diabolical
fat kid?

I said no,
dammit! Go cripple
someone if it'll make
you happy!

I've been
crippling since
I got here! It's
lame!

9TH STREET

What about one of the monsters? I mean, c'mon, who'd report it? Hello, police? My monter's been shot dead.

Would you please just shut up and fight?!

8TH ST

7TH ST

6TH ST

Okay, I have to admit. This *is* kind of fun. I still want to shoot a guy in the face, though. Or a monster.

sigh~

LAST STOP.
CITY HALL.

Uhh, boss,
shouldn't we be
outside fighting? Our
side's losing pretty
badly out there--

I assure you, *Roman
Candle*, your presence
here is of utmost
importance to the
cause.

Within moments,
all of your combined
powers and abilities will
contribute to the
swift and utter defeat
of our enemies!

Cool. But
with all due respect,
sir, then why's
Ms. LaCoco here? I
mean, *she* ain't got no
powers--

Yeah, well,
obviously you've
never seen me work
my tongue over--

Bev, for
pity's sake,
not in front of
the villains!

Actually,
gentlemen,
Fraulein Beverly is
sort of der control
figger for der
experiment--

Oh, skip the
monkeycrap,
doc, and just
throw the \$!#e
switch!

Jawohl,
mein fuehrer!
Lonk liif Fraulein
Beverly--

"-- und death to
Fight-Mensch und
Agent Ecccchs!"

Yes! Finally!
I got the guy that's
been shooting chicken
rockets at us all
night!

Uhhff? Oh, yeah,
that guy. Slappy,
or something. I
hate that guy, hit
him again--









Sandi!
You're okay!

And damn,
girl, you're lookin'
hotter than a Nike
sweatshop!



Oh, hey,
Frank, this is
Sandi, the girl
I tried to kill
you with.

Charmed.
You didn't happen
to see my *wife* and
some creep in a
hood, did you?

Not
recently. I
would've *shot*
them if I did.



You should've *seen* it,
Alex! Just as they were about to
kill me there was this horrible sound
and everyone started spazzing
out. Luckily I had my firing range
earplugs with me.

I grabbed a
guy's gun and shot my
way out. I even killed
the Mayor! Pretty
cool, huh?

Shhh,
ixnay on the
illkay!



Hey, you
hear something
funny?

Actually, I
hear *everything*
funny, now--

Um, it
might be this
big tank thing
that's about
to--



Alex!
This is no time for
foreplay!

Aw, You're
no fun to be
blown up
with!

Hiya, Frankie!
Guess what? I got an
early birthday present
from **Kenny**.

Wanna know
what it was? I'll
give ya a little
hint--

Super.
Freakin'.
Powers.

And I owe
it all to you two.
Kenny, you've made
me the *happiest*
girl in the world.

And Doctor,
well, what can I
say? You've made me
the *most powerful*
girl in the world.

Gulp.

Which means
I don't need *either*
of you anymore.

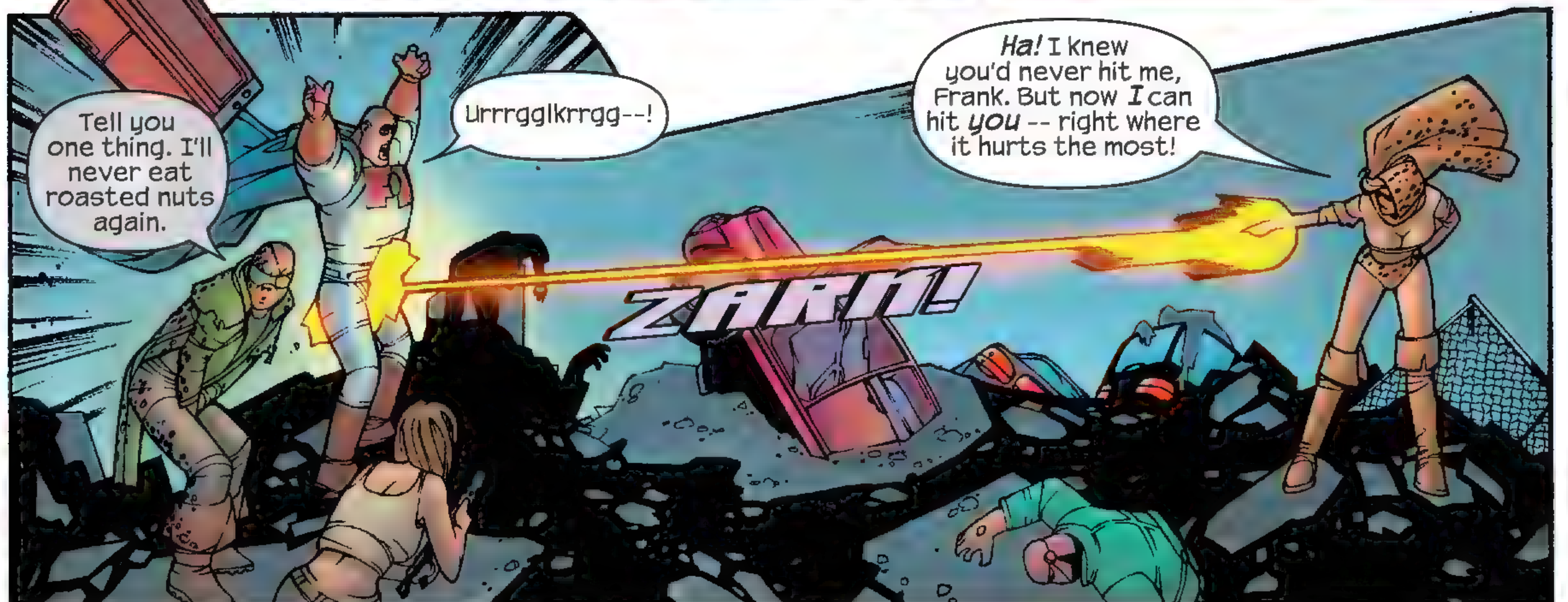
SZKKKRAK

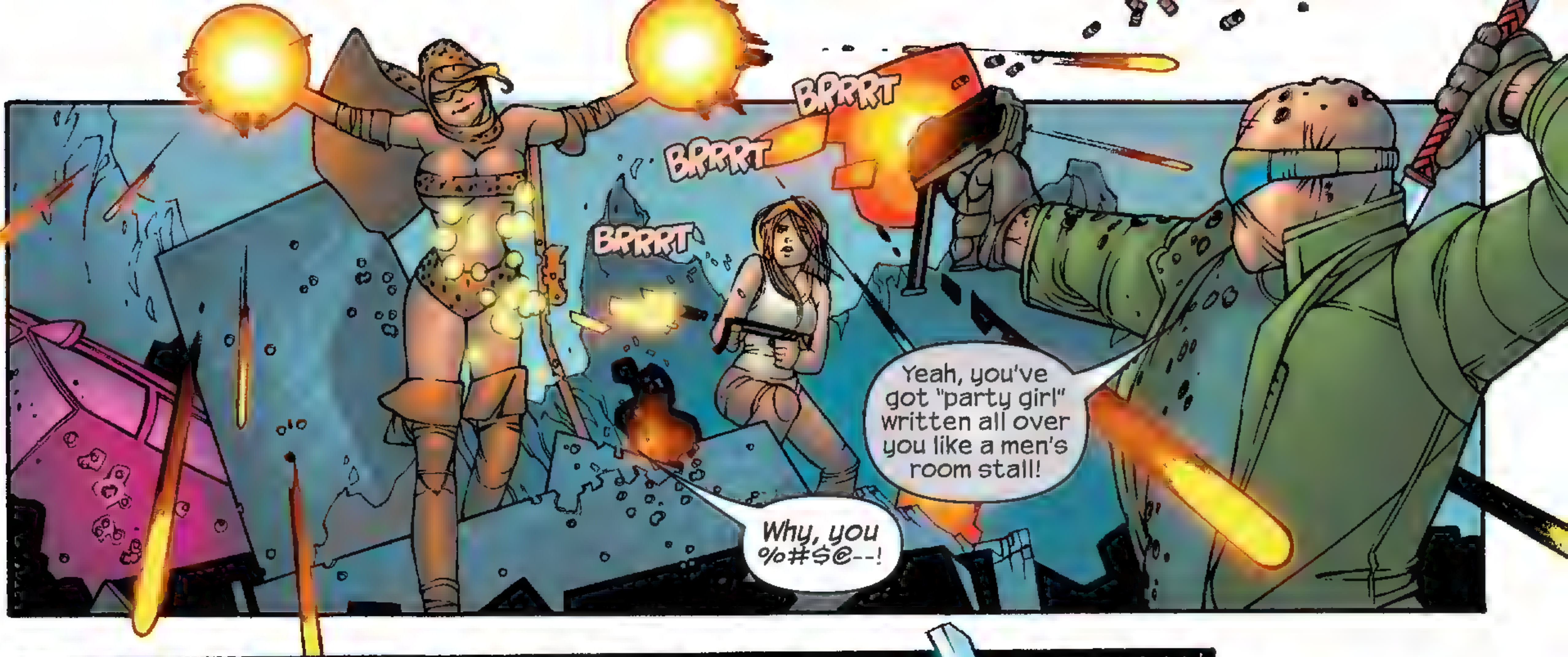
Oh,
Fraaank...

SZZZZLLL...

P-Please,
Bev, if this is about
the alimony, we can
work it out--

Say, is that the rank stink of burning monkey or did Fight-Man just take a mad wicked fear dump?







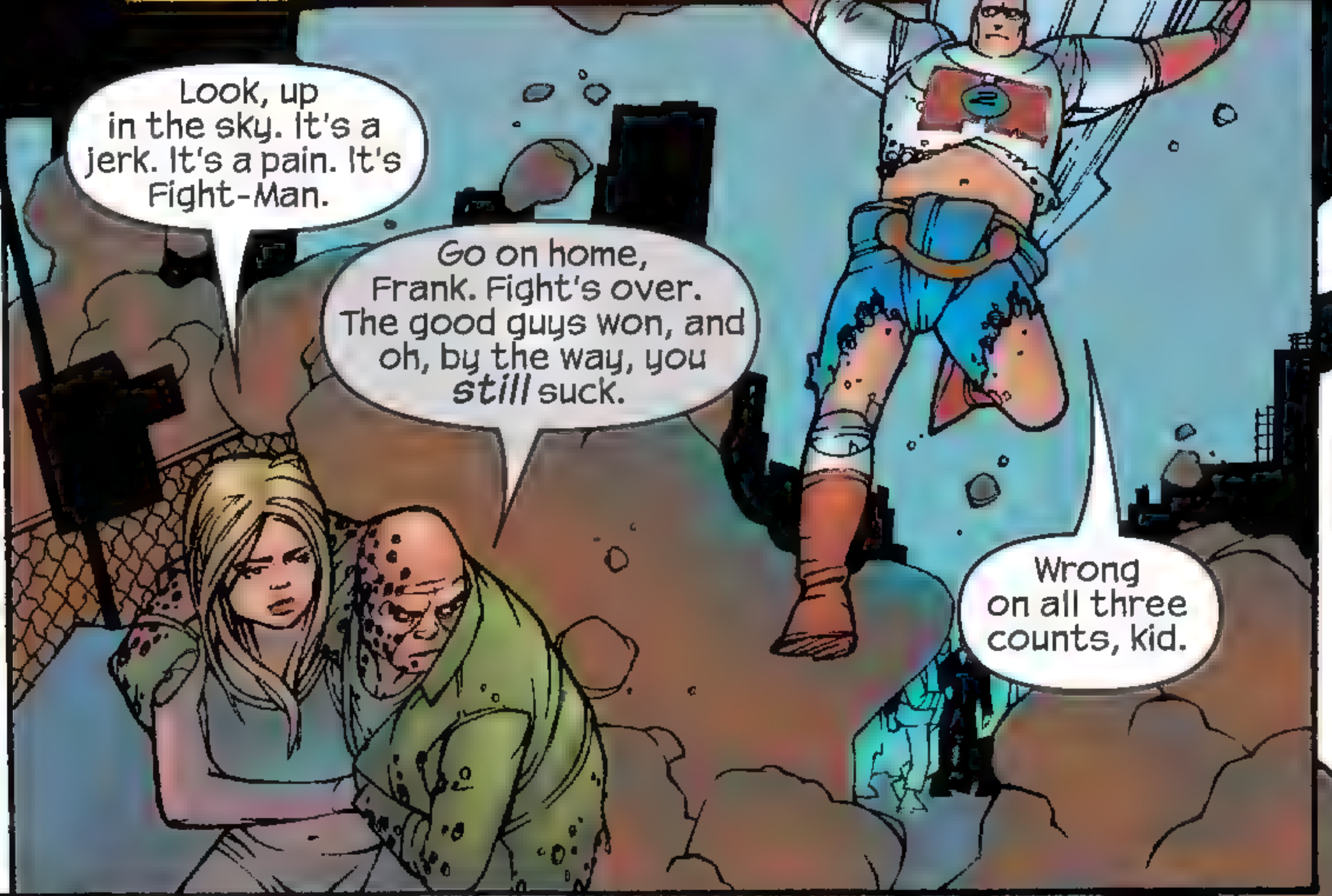
Oh, you've got to be kidding--!

Metalhead! You're fi--



Wow. Jim Thompson on a two-week bender wouldn't have written *that* ending.

Well, it's certainly *fitting*. Bev always did like big, noisy climaxes.



Look, up in the sky. It's a jerk. It's a pain. It's Fight-Man.

Go on home, Frank. Fight's over. The good guys won, and oh, by the way, you *still* suck.

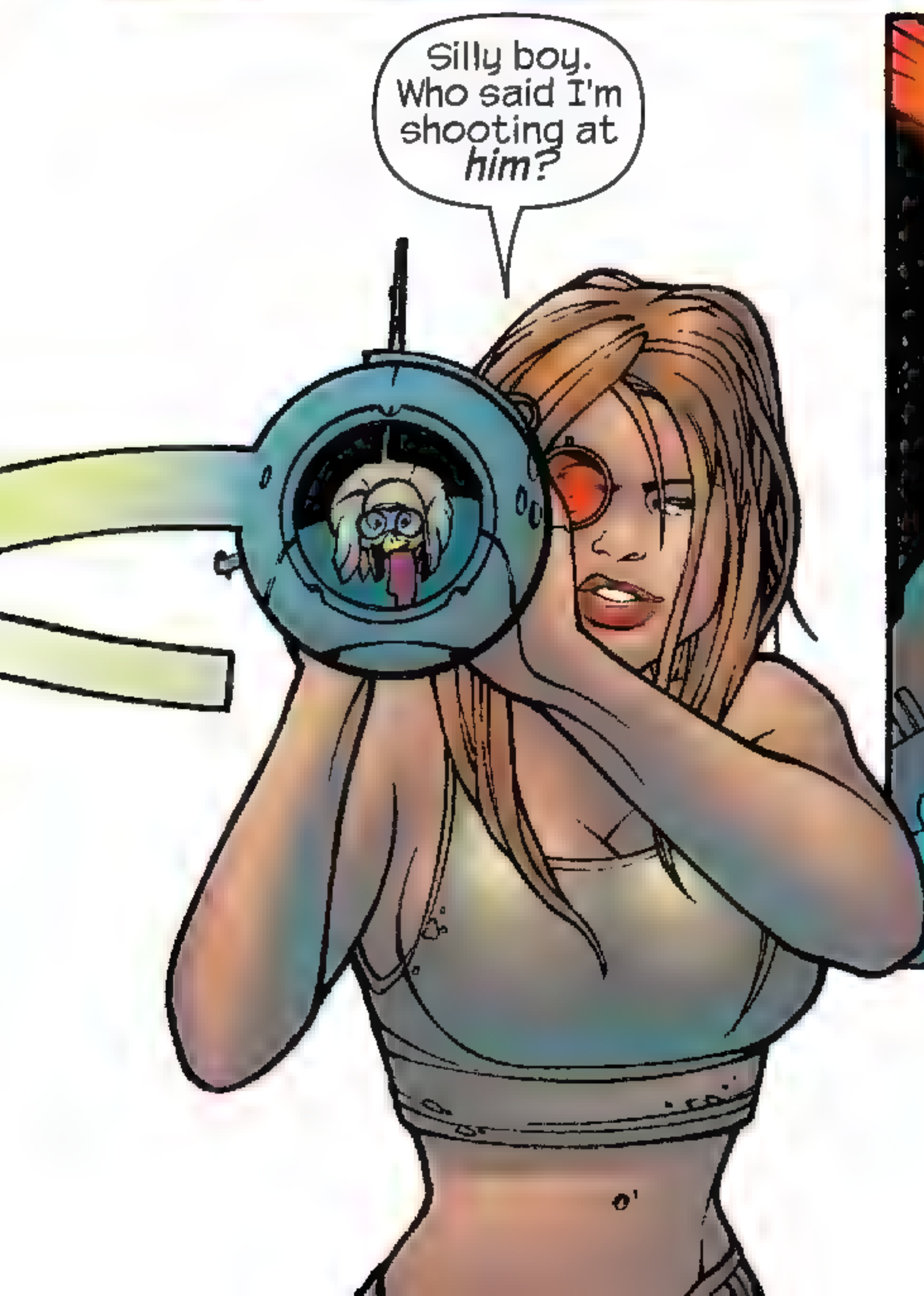
Wrong on all three counts, kid.



What's *that* supposed to mean?

You didn't really think I was gonna let you two get away with trying to *kill* me, did you?

I *like* you, Alex. But you're a *professional assassin*, a bad guy. And I figure the more *bad guys* I bring to justice, the better shot I got with the parole board.





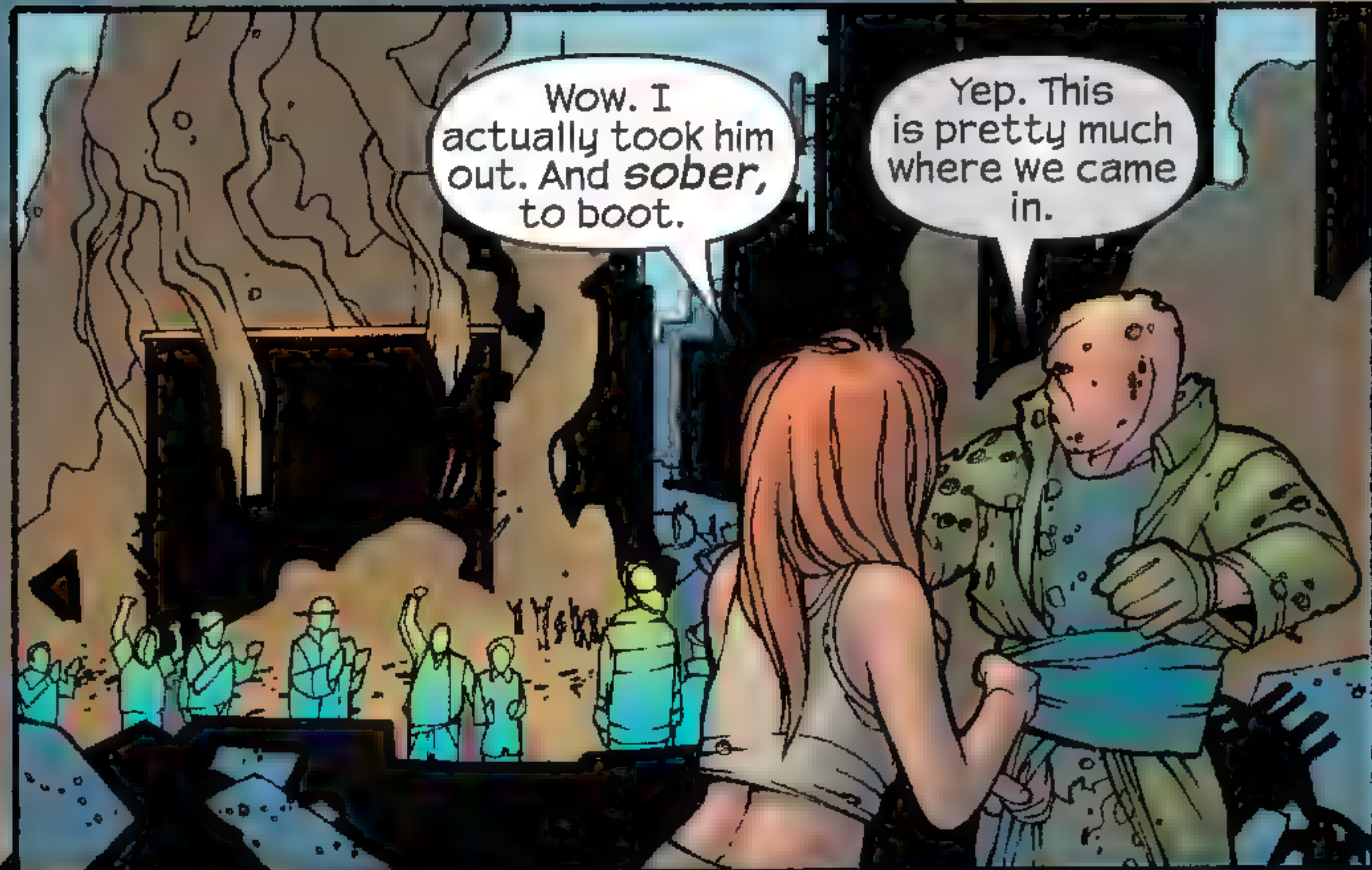
...not the building trick! Who told you about the building trick?!



You lousy *cheaters*! You think you beat me, huh? You think you beat *Fight-Man*?! Well, you didn't beat *Fight-Man*! This stupid \$#%@ building beat *Fight-Man*!



But not for long! I'll be back! you punks haven't heard the last of--



Wow. I actually took him out. And *sober*, to boot.

Yep. This is pretty much where we came in.



Some first date, huh?

Well, I'll say this for you, Alex--



-- you certainly know how to show a girl a good time.

Nuff said!

MARVEL

12

WAY
HOTZ
UDON

AGENTS X





TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST, AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENCY X

"OUT WITH A BANG"

DANIEL WAY
WRITER

KYLE HOTZ
ARTIST

UDON'S
ANGELO TSANG
COLORIST

VIRTUAL
CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERER

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ANDREW LIS &
MARC SUMERAK
EDITORS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

○

PREVIOUSLY

○

ALEX HAYDEN'S INCOHERENT RAMBLING DU JOUR

So, I'm thinking of throwing in the towel on this whole AGENCY X thing.

I mean, sure, it was a good idea when it started--don't get me wrong! A group of the world's highest caliber mercenaries, willing to take any job for the right price? Pure genius if you ask me! But have you tried to run a squad of killers-for-hire when half your staff quits in the first week? Let's just say it isn't great for morale or for business.

Now, with Outlaw out of the picture for good and Taskmaster only hanging around when it's convenient for him, I've gotta think that the Agency just isn't gonna fly.

○

There are only two of us left on staff: me and Sandi--and although I love her to death, she just isn't ready to hit the field on her own yet (as I recently witnessed).

So that's it, right? Close the doors, sell the super-cool amusement park headquarters and move on with the merc-life solo-style! That's what all of the voices in my head are telling me. But some glutton-for-punishment part of me just isn't ready to let go of my dreams so easily...no matter how fever-induced those dreams may be!

You'd think that a guy with the super-human ability to rapidly heal from any wound would be able to patch up a bruised ego a bit better, eh?

Ah, well...

○

○





BWOOM!



Stan Lee PRESENTS:

OUT WITH A BANG!



At first I
thought this was
an *ambulance*...

Then I smelled the
two-cycle oil.



Wow...
wasn't *that* gross!
Clean-up in aisle
four, right?

I'm sure
I've...used that
one...before...



Probably. You're
a tough act to follow,
man--I gotta *hand* it
to you.



That
was a
joke.

Ha...ha.
Thanks for...
pointing it
out...



Oh, man...we are
totally *great* together!
Too bad we couldn't team
up...but hey, maybe next
time, right?

And I hope
you don't have
any hard feelings
about this whole
thing--I mean, I'm
sure you
understand. With
this much *money*
at stake, you
gotta take every
advantage you
can, right?

What're
you...talkin'
about?



You
mean...
you don't
know?



Oh, I get it...you're trying to *trick* me--keep me talking while you regenerate a limb and kill me in some horrendous fashion, right?

Nice try, but I know all about you and your little "my body regenerates itself" schtick.

I've done my homework--I know everything there is to know about you.



I know I can't *kill* you, but I figure I can take you out of the picture for a few days so I can...well, *you know*.

Hey--this reminds me of a joke: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs floating in the river?

"Bob".
Everybody... knows that one.



Oh, *yeah*, Mister *smarty-pants*? You wanna step on my *cool one-liners*?

Well, I bet "*everybody*" doesn't know where that *cute little girlfriend* of yours *Sandi* lives, now *do* they?



I do, though.

But did I blow her up *with* you? *No!* I did the *classy* thing and waited until you were *alone* before I detonated that *crappy amusement park* that you call an *office*!



See? That's what's called "professional courtesy"!

Call it whatever you want, nerd--you just signed your own *toe-tag*.

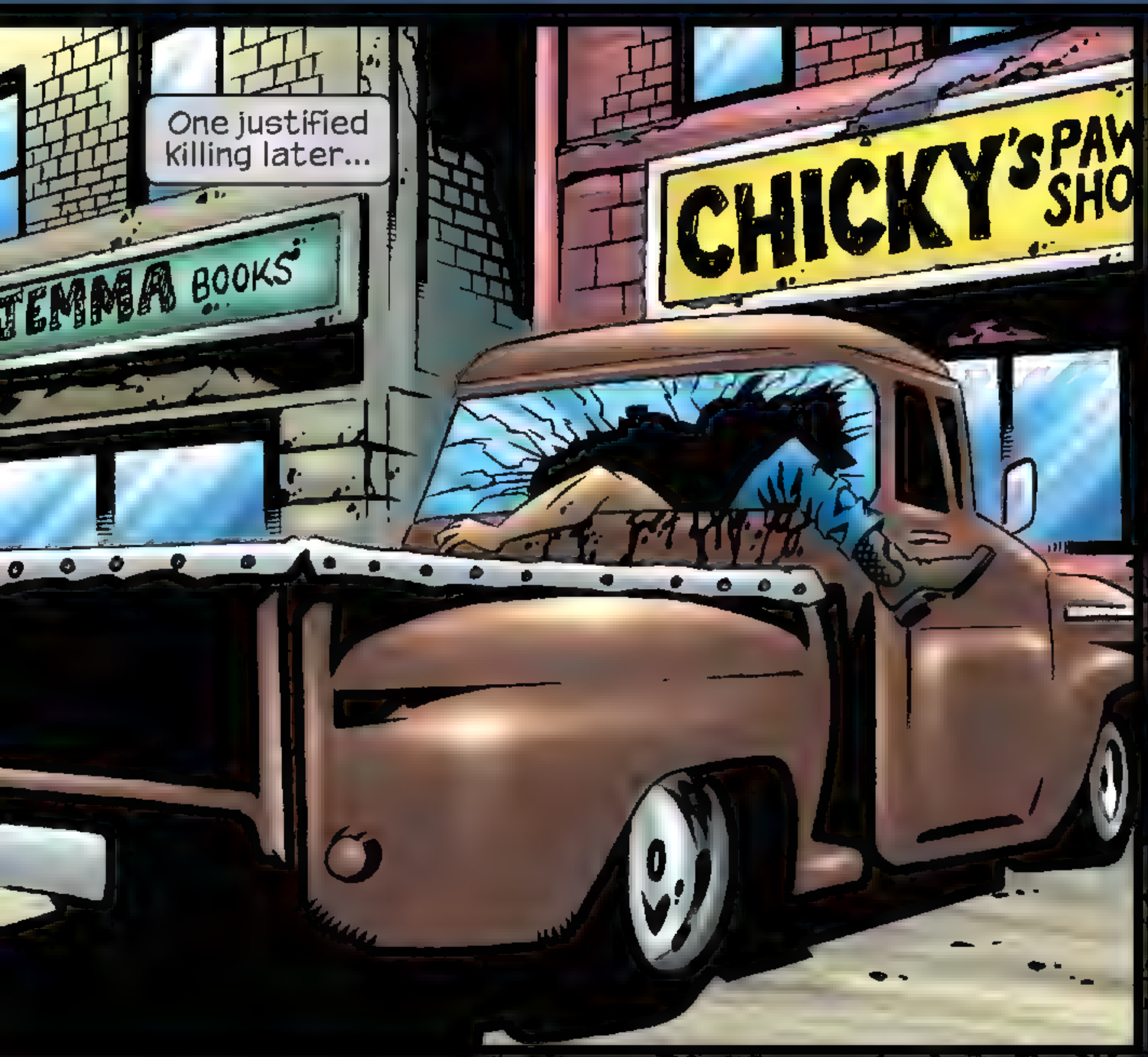
Nobody threatens Sandi.

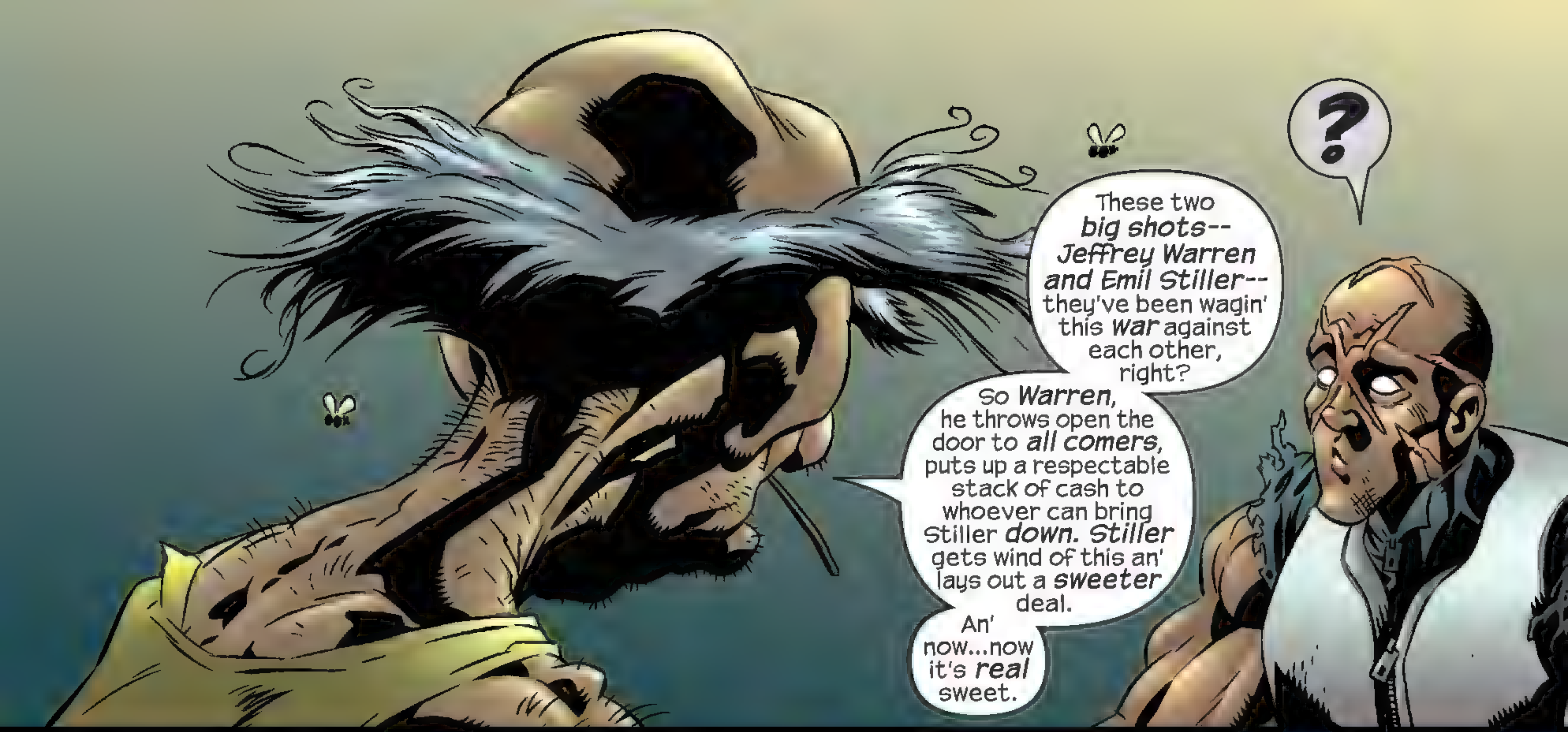




Here's a joke for you:
What do you call a guy
with no arms and no legs
trying to hitch a ride?







These two **big shots**--
Jeffrey Warren
and **Emil Stiller**--
they've been wagin'
this **war** against
each other,
right?

So **Warren**,
he throws open the
door to **all comers**,
puts up a respectable
stack of cash to
whoever can bring
Stiller down. **Stiller**
gets wind of this an'
lays out a **sweeter**
deal.

An'
now...now
it's **real**
sweet.



Is it a **mob** thing?
Because I don't **do**
mob work.

Not
even.

Warren
and Stiller are
television
executives.

Wild,
huh?



You're
right...I **should**
get in on this.

Damn straight--and now's
the time to do it. See, this job
started out at fifty-thousand,
right? Since then, they've been
outbidding each other.
Everyone's been waiting to
see how high it gets, but with
all this outside talent
comin' in...**somebody's**
gonna collect.



Somebody like that little
puke that blew up my super-
cool amusement park.

Exactly.
You gonna go
for it?



Ten-four, good
buddy. Hollywood,
here I come.

And I'm
gonna teach
that little **punk**
a **lesson** while
I'm at it.



Hey... weren't you *taller* the last time you were in here?

Last time I was in here, I had *feet*.



You need some feet? Check *this* out...



I get drunken vets in here all the time pawnin' these things--might be able to find a *matched pair* for ya...

Uhh... don't worry about it, Chicky.

Wow, this thing weighs a *ton*...



Yeah, that's one of the *old* ones. The new ones are a lot better, a lot lighter. They're *hollow*, see?

You don't say...



Let me see that thing.

Hey--you wouldn't happen to have a *hack-saw*, would you?



Sure...you need anything else--like some of the *good stuff*? I got a good price on *plastic explosive* this week...



Nah...I've got some stashed. Thanks for asking, though.

You said these two guys were *outbidding* each other...who's got the highest bid right now?



Stiller must be a lot better at *embezzling* than the other guy, 'cause *he's* the one putting up a *mil-five*. I think *Warren* is still only offering a million.

"Only a million".

Yeah. So, word on the street is that *Stiller's* the guy to work for, huh?



Yup.

You sure you don't need anything? I got a line on an *anti-aircraft missile* you might like...



Sounds like fun, Chicky, but it doesn't really fit the bill. Maybe *next* time.

There is something I *do* need, though...



What... *that*?



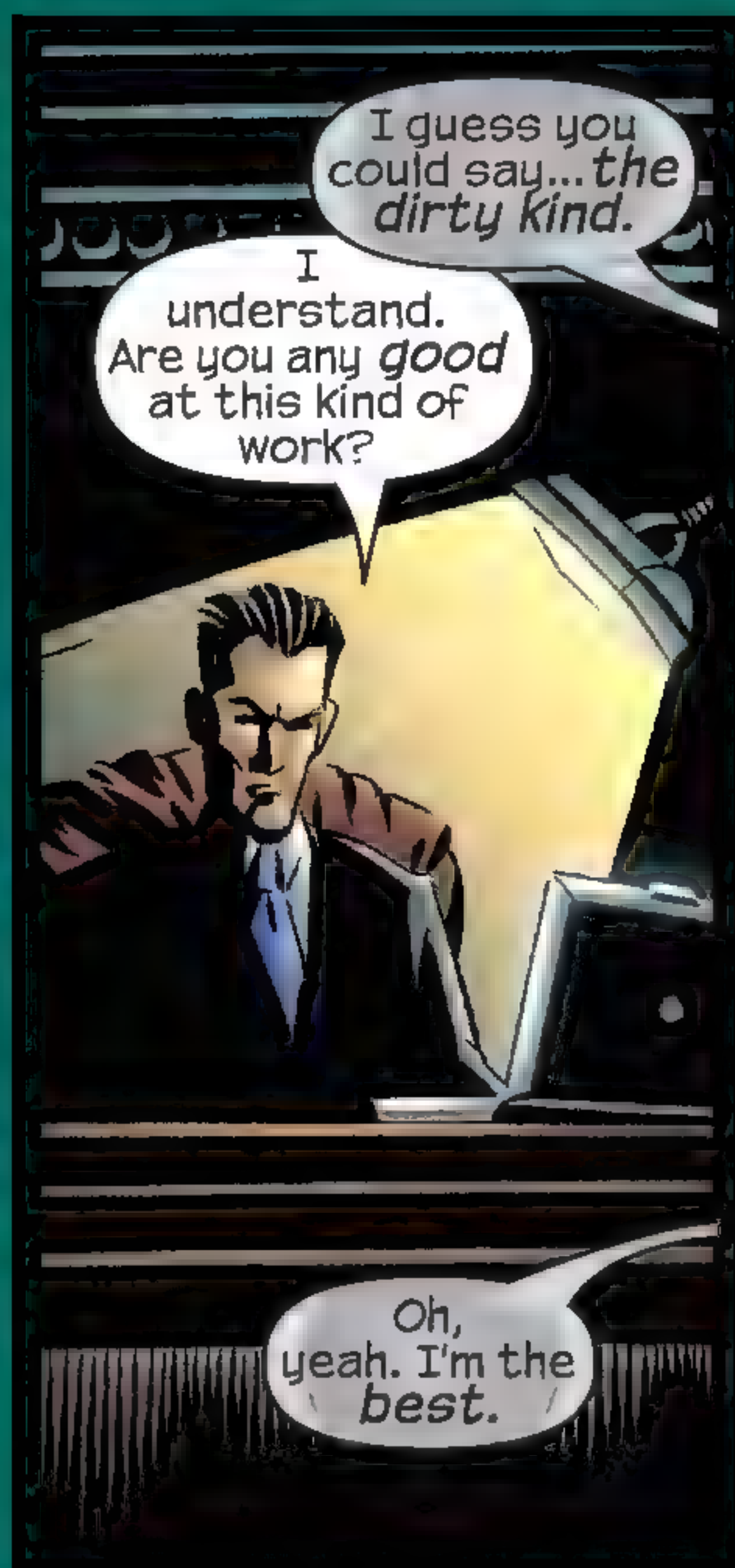
Just like good comedy, murder-for-hire is all about *timing*.

He's unarmed, sir.

Thank you, Butch.



So...I understand you're looking for work. What kind of work did you have in mind?



I guess you could say...*the dirty kind*.

I understand. Are you any *good* at this kind of work?

Oh, yeah. I'm the *best*.



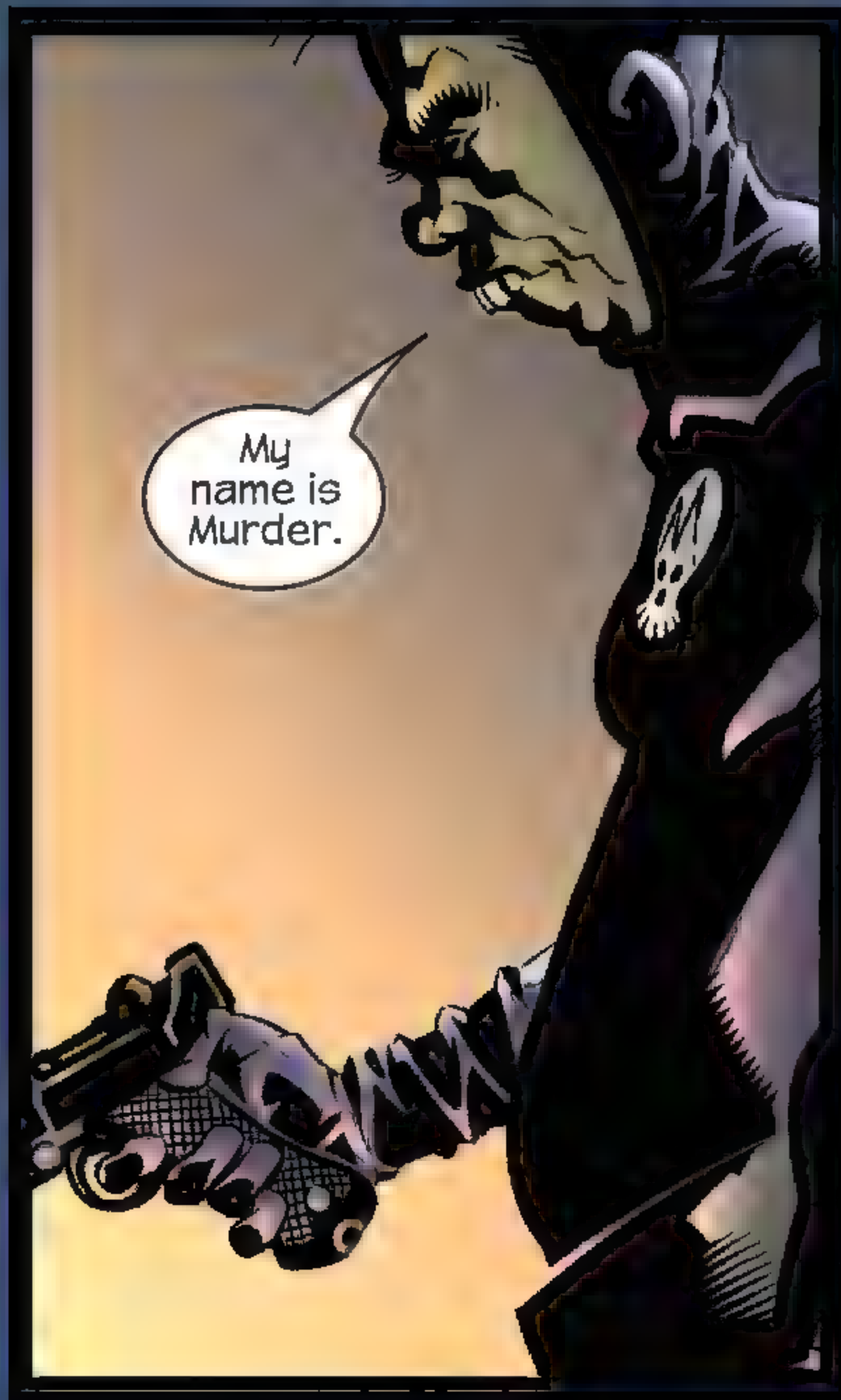
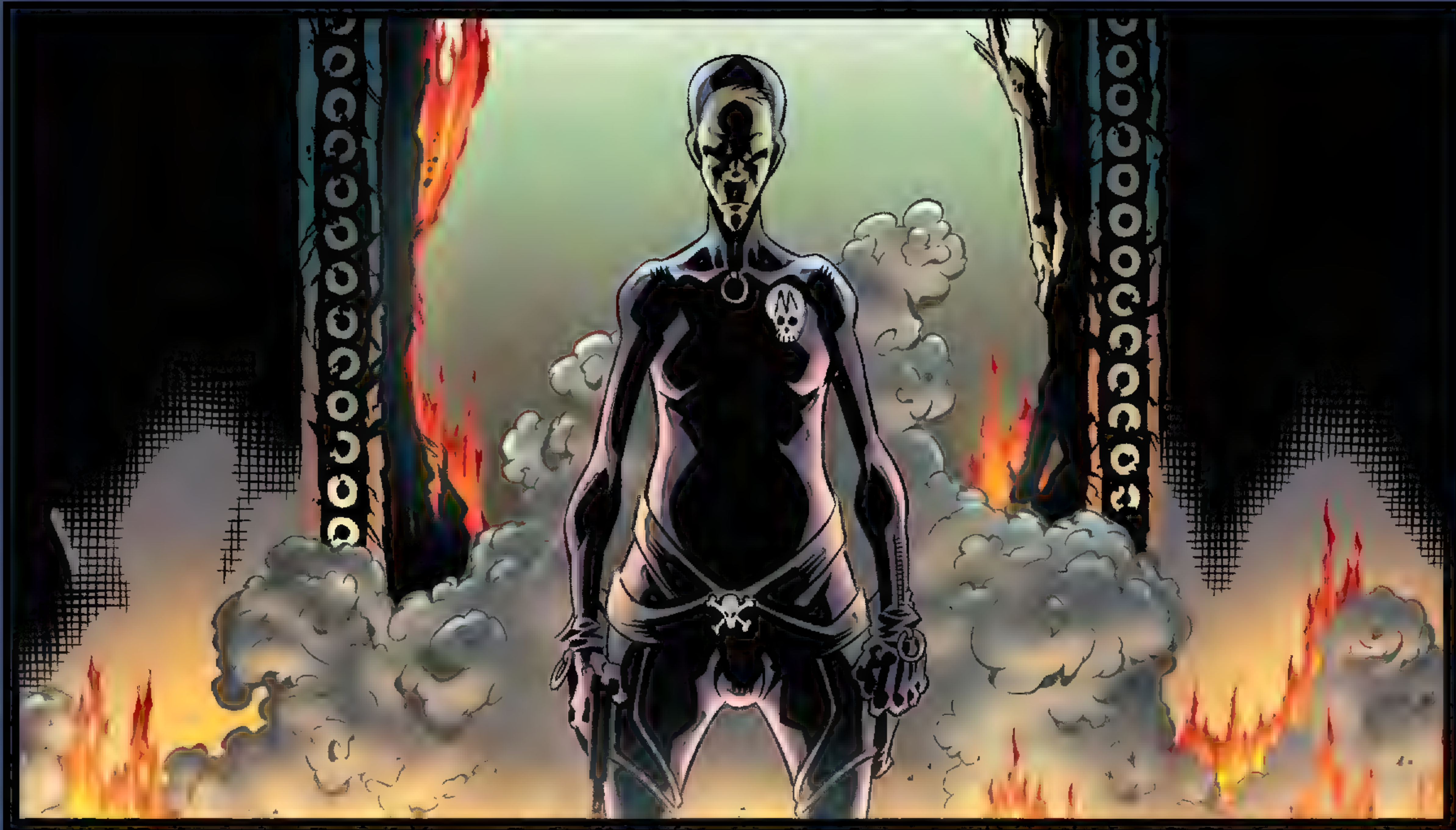
I *see*. Now... why should I take you *seriously*?

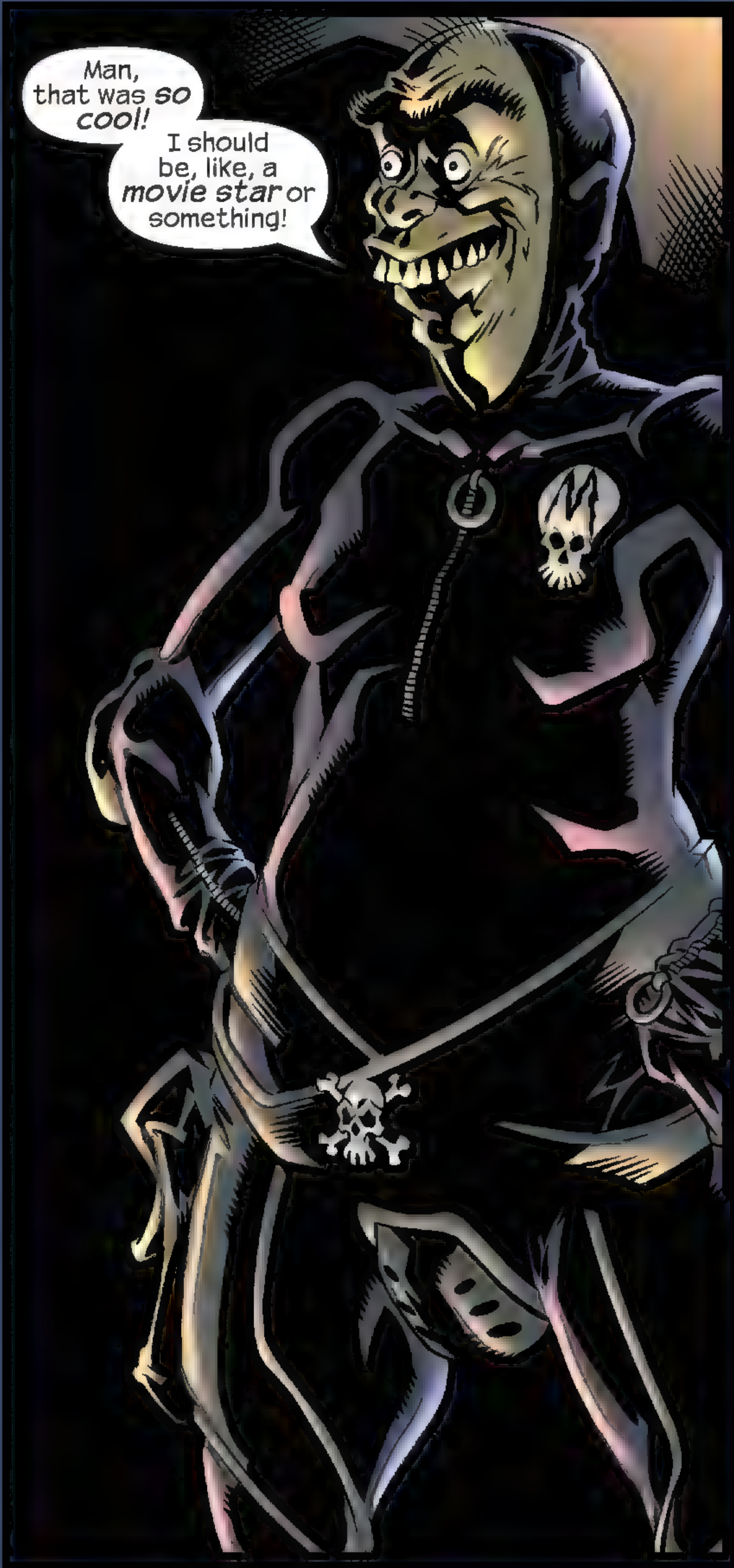
I mean, for all I know, you're just some clown off the street.



Good point.

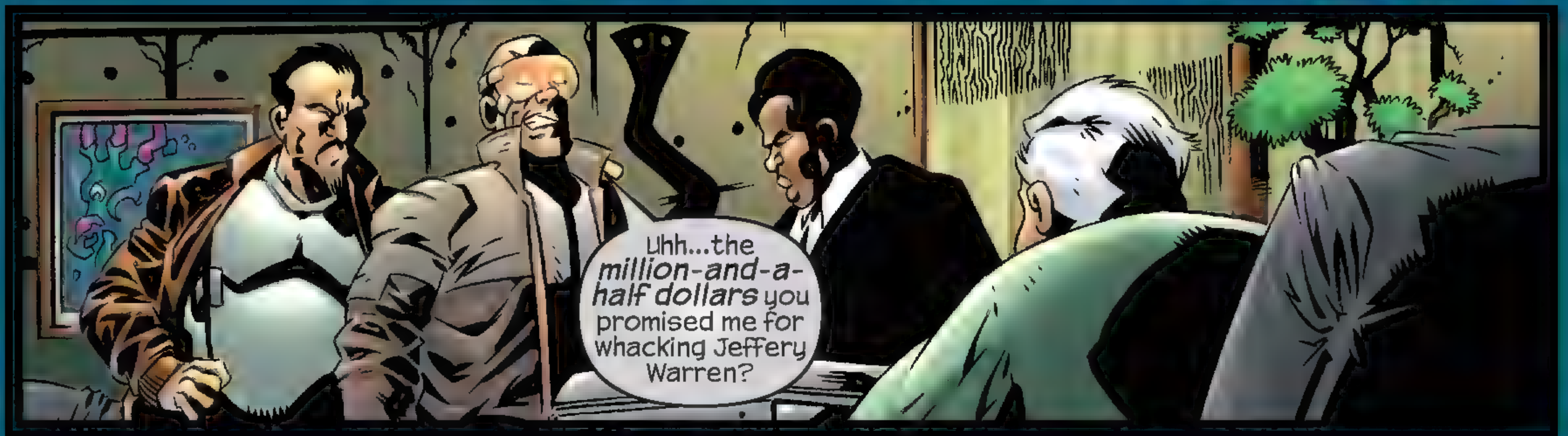






BWOOMM!



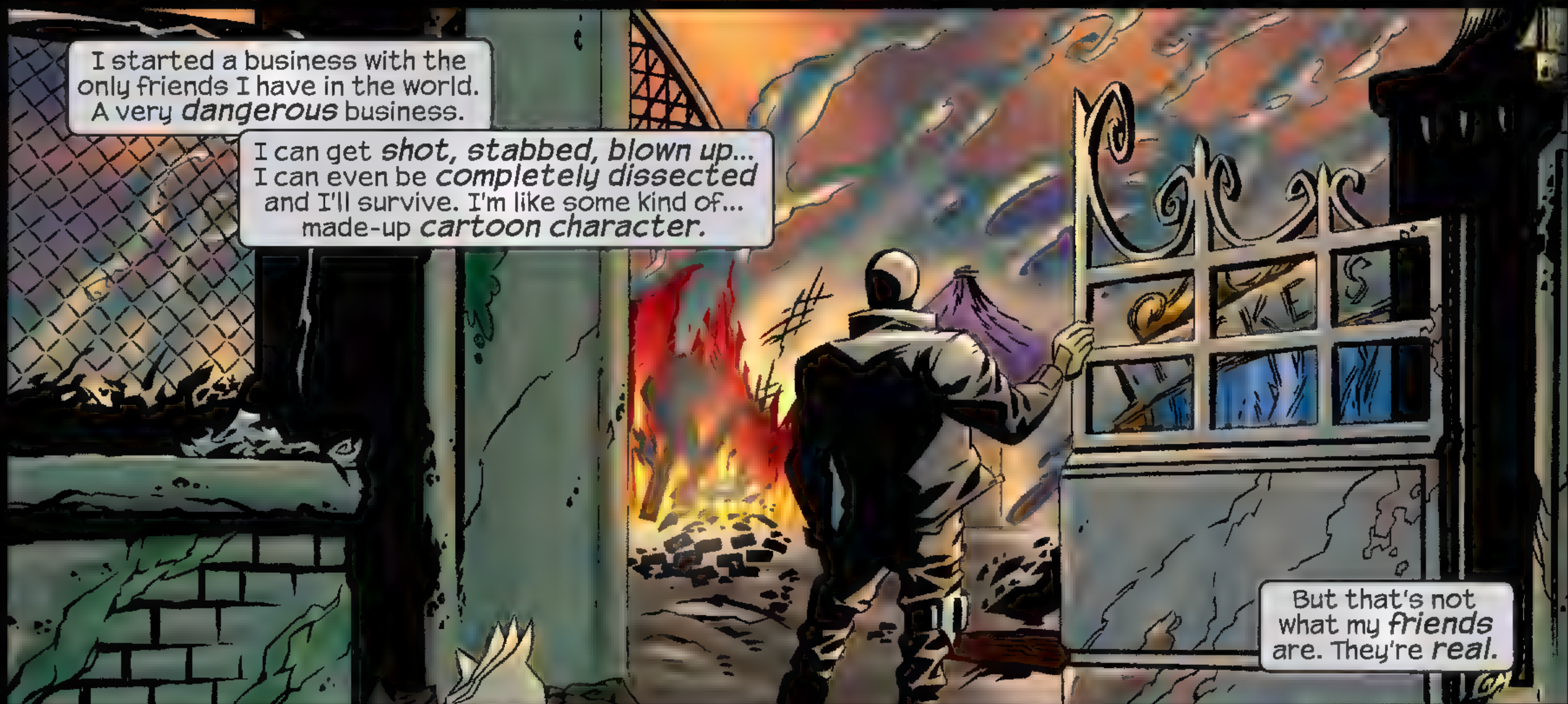




KSSHH!

AAAAA

Nice
panties, by
the way!



I started a business with the only friends I have in the world. A very *dangerous* business.

I can get *shot, stabbed, blown up...* I can even be *completely dissected* and I'll survive. I'm like some kind of... made-up *cartoon character*.

But that's not what my *friends* are. They're *real*.



And they deserve better.



This is Sandi... leave a message
~Beep~



click!



I'll be the first to admit it... sometimes, I don't make very good decisions.



But then again,
sometimes I *do*.

NOT
THE END

**AGENT X RETURNS IN AUGUST, AND HE'S BRINGING SOME FRIENDS:
GAIL SIMONE, UDON AND... DEADPOOL?!?
BE HERE FOR THE COMEBACK OF THE CENTURY!**

MARVEL

13

SIMONE
LEE
UDON

AGENTS

**DEADPOOL
WALKIN'
PART 1**



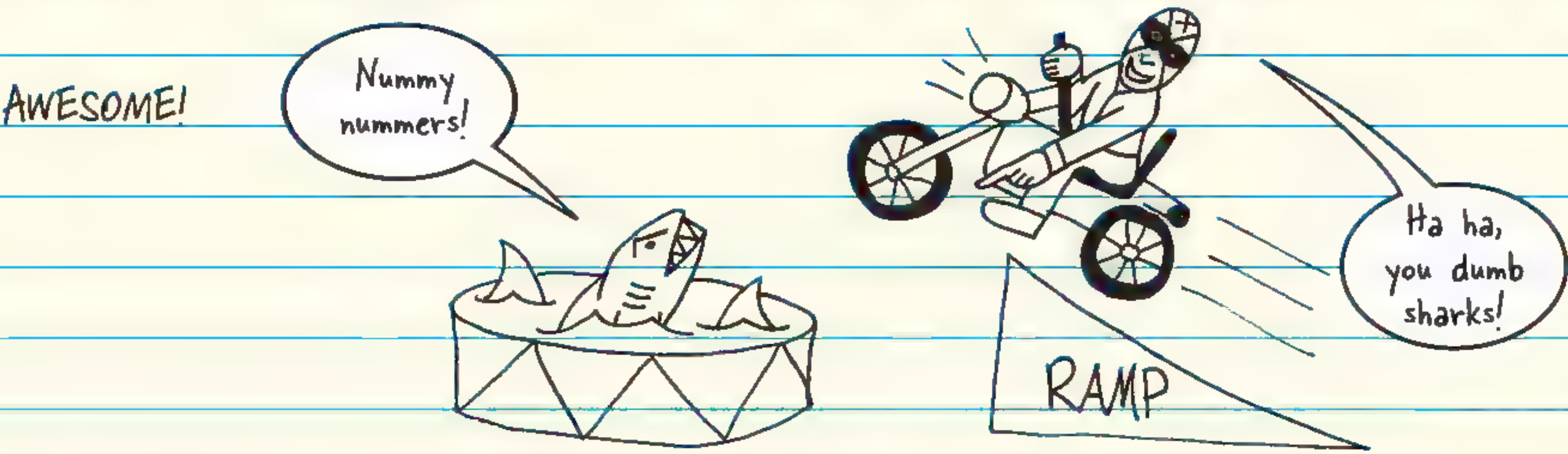
**WE
ARE
BACK!**

ALEX HAYDEN'S WEBLOG OF AWESOME THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS

Decided to join 21st Century and do a blog, to share recipes and life stories with others in hopes of communicating better with world around me in wonderful plan to expose true self to people of all nations and look for pictures of naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos. Am not yet allowed to use computer. REFUSE TO ABANDON PLAN!

THINGS I RECOMMEND: 1802, head shots, self-inflicted noogies, R. Philbin

WOW! Had great dream! Woke up and best pal Richie was telling me not to do crazy stunt to save Arnold's. Then Leather and Pinky Tuscadero starting slow dancing and I was shameful. Potsie started to sing, so I shot him. Pushed Joanie off cliff. Was again shameful. Must get dream interpretation book, possibly just hate Potsie.



RECOMMENDED THINGS: Naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos, Ex-Potsie

Life has been weird. First, showed up, with no memory, on Sandi's doorstep. People say, "You are Deadpool," who was previous nutjob merc, killed by German nutjob merc Black Swan. I say, "No, I'm not." Debating skills rusty.

Had huge feud with Japanese nutjob crime cartel, led by nutjob Higashi. Just when I got THAT situation covered (or so I thinked), had sudden, torrid moment with best friend. NOT POTSIIE. Sandi, fool! I'd shoot you if you existed!

I know Outlaw, previous love monkey, has gone back home to Texas, probably for good, but still feel weird and guilty, until I think of Sandi in that one outfit with the red shirt and the boots, and she smells real nice and know what? As dumb as this sounds, I'm afraid to lose her, which I will when she looks around and remembers who she is and what I am. Miss Outlaw, too. Feel greedy.

Also, someone blew up half my amusement park, and I realize I can't keep putting Sandi in danger. So I'm closing our merc offices, AGENCY X, for good. It's only the end of everything we tried to build. I haven't told her yet. Feeling a different kind of shameful. Pretty sure amnesia scabbed-up losers aren't supposed to be happy, anyway.

Sandi's friend, nutjob merc Taskmaster, has always wanted me out of the picture. Maybe he's right. Maybe I AM bad luck.

Took Personality Test.



You are MODOK.

Your head is enormous and your butt is teensy

You are charismatic and generous

You like Potsie

You shoot people

You are a major dork

Three hundred nautical miles from the eastern seaboard, the Portuguese bulk cargo ship, the *Golfinho*; a low-end freighter carrying high-end imported engine parts--

--and sometimes, for a fee, unlisted passengers.

They should have stuck with the engine parts.

Ei!
Americano!
Por que
você é tão
rude?



My friend say,
why are you so
unfriendly?

I do not
think he like you,
America.



Esse
Americano
é tão rude!
Esse é nosso
barco.

Now he say,
first you do not
speak to us, and
then you refuse
to drink with
us. It is insult.
Insulting.

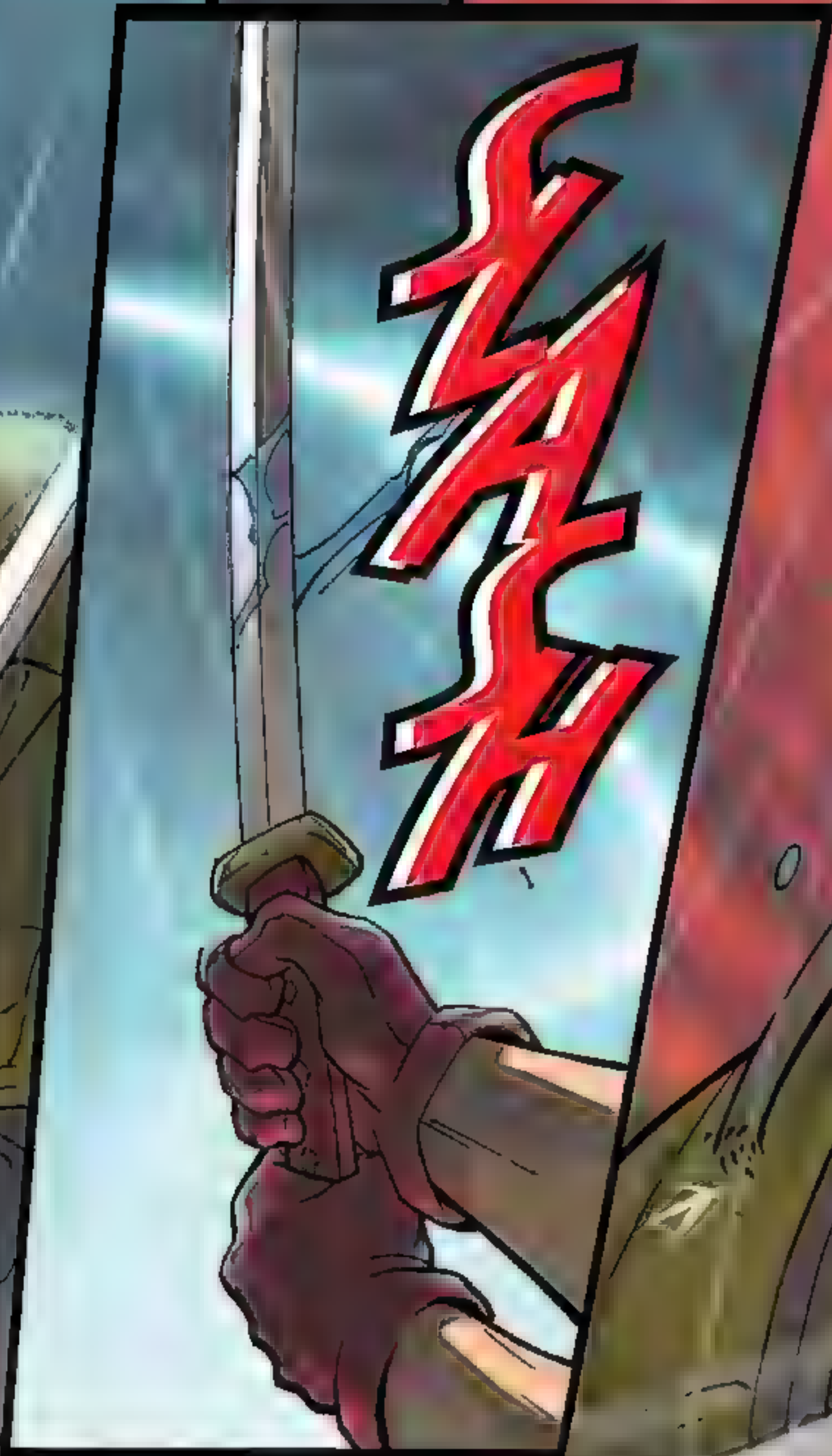
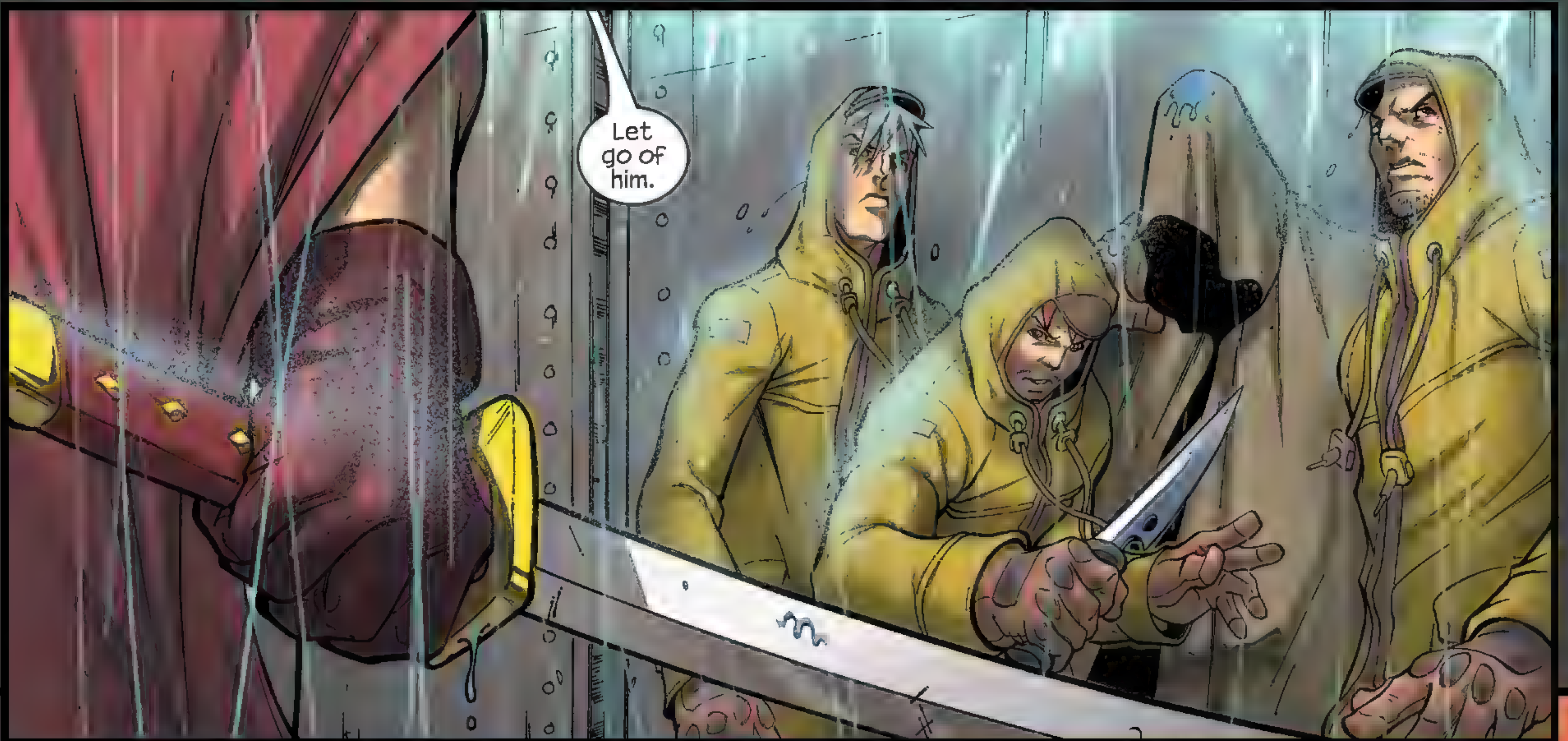
Have a
drink, America.
One drink with us
as friends.



Will you
talk to us *now*,
new friend?



Perhaps
your mouth is
too small?
I
will fixing
that.





The small
unfortunate things
on the ship's floor in
front of you are the
toes of your left foot
and the fingers of
your right hand.

Please
don't make me
cripple you
further.

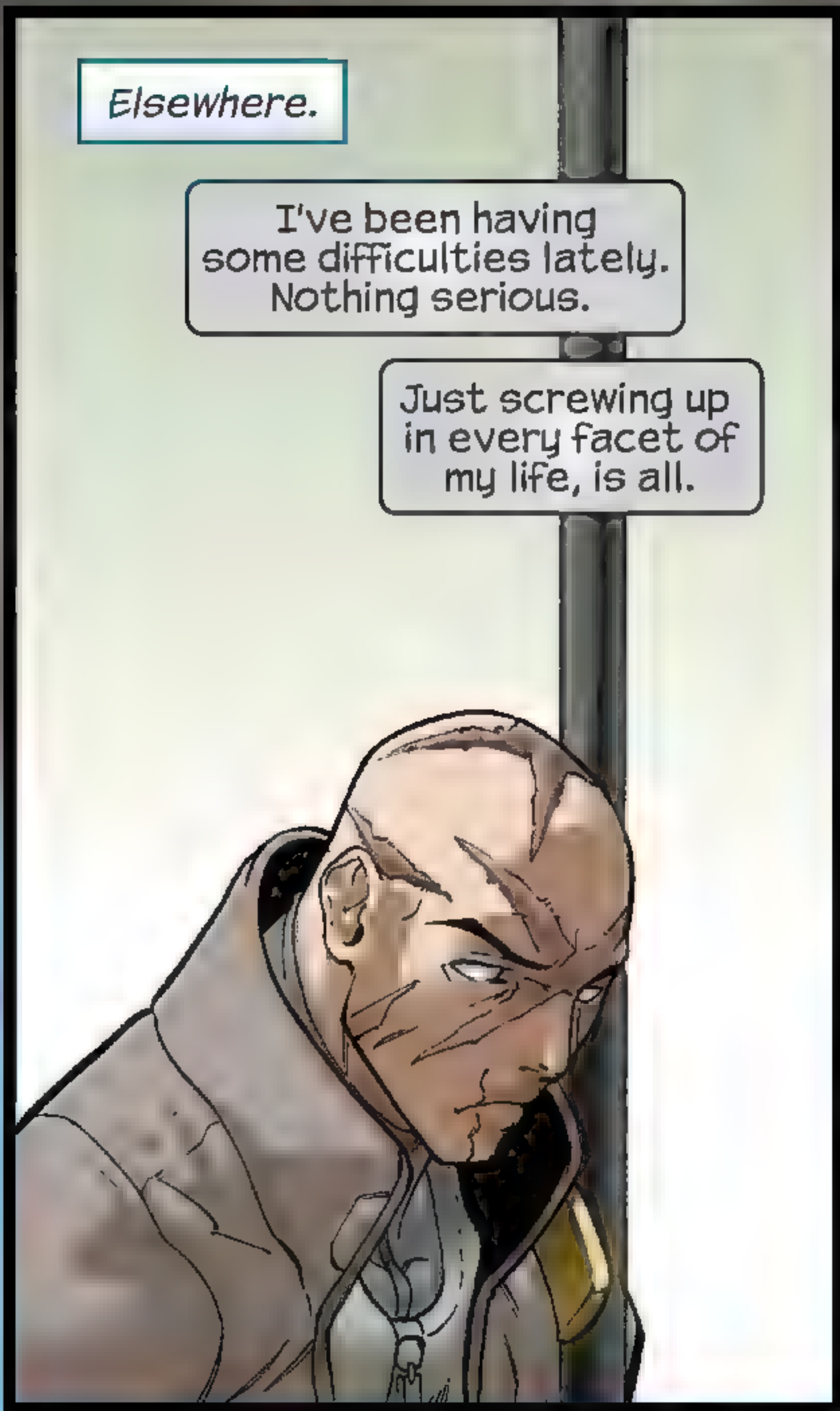


I should
have killed them
all. They may have
dreary notions of
revenge in their
reptile brains.

But I seem
to have grown a
conscience.



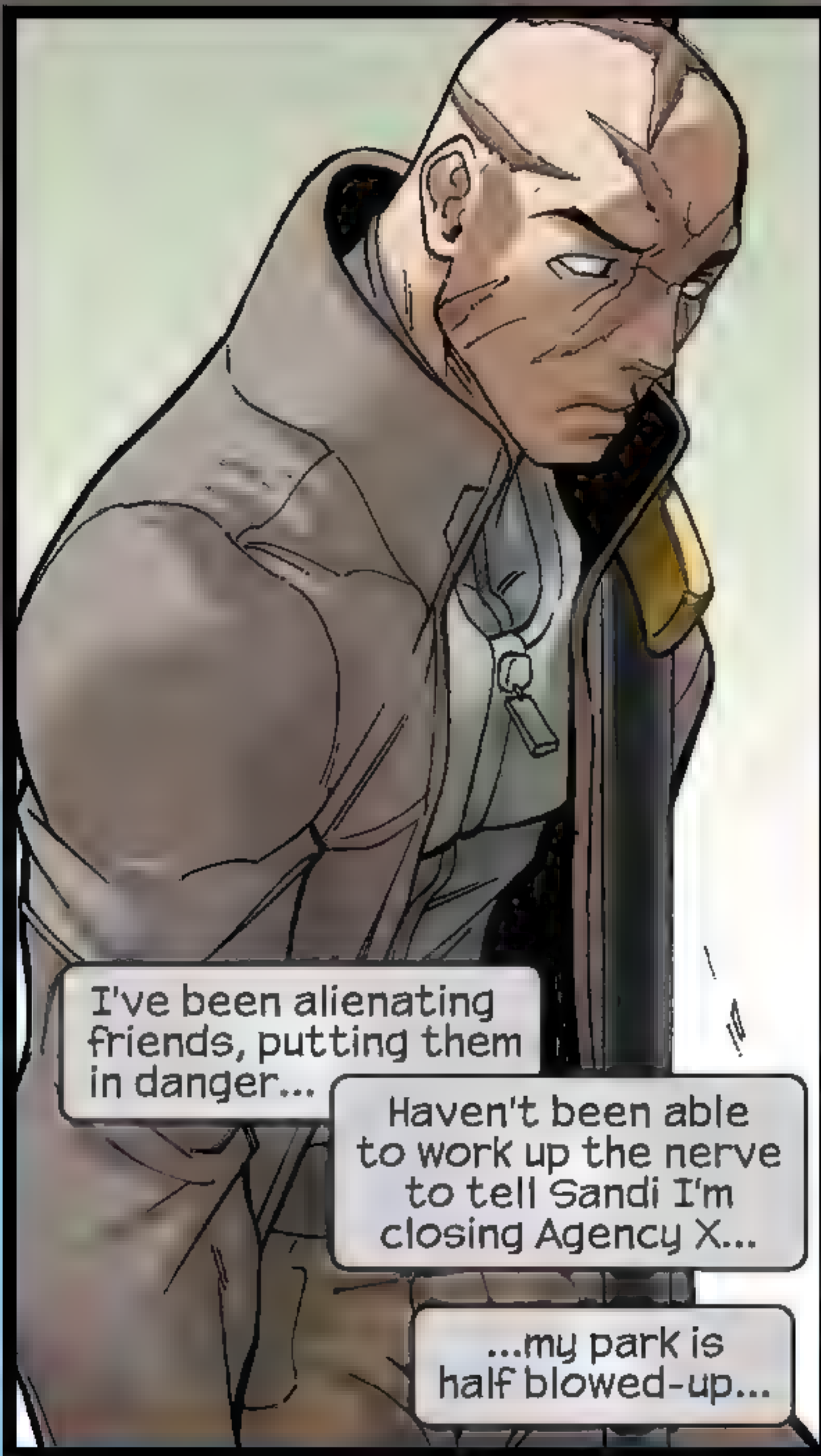
How
inconvenient.



Elsewhere.

I've been having some difficulties lately. Nothing serious.

Just screwing up in every facet of my life, is all.



I've been alienating friends, putting them in danger...

Haven't been able to work up the nerve to tell Sandi I'm closing Agency X...

...my park is half blown-up...



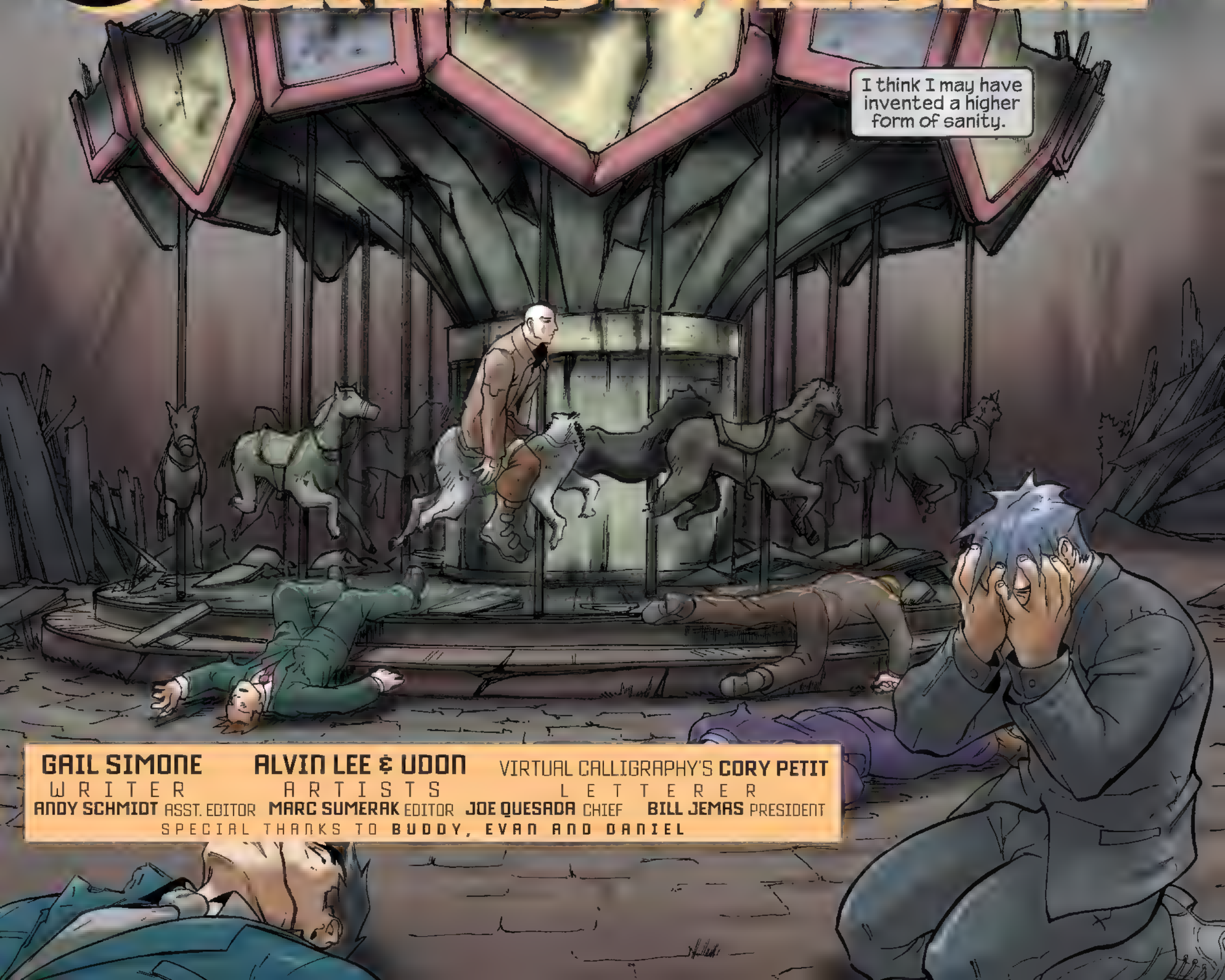
...and worst of all--

**SCRITCHA
SCRITCHA
SCRITCHA**

--I got jock itch real bad from these stupid pants.

DEADPOOL WALKIN'

PART ONE OUR LIVES IN FRACTURE



I think I may have invented a higher form of sanity.

GAIL SIMONE

WRITER

ALVIN LEE & UDON

ARTISTS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT

LETTERER

ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR

MARC SUMERAK EDITOR

JOE QUESADA CHIEF

BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

SPECIAL THANKS TO BUDDY, EVAN AND DANIEL



What are *you* crying about?

Listen, you shouldn't be so hard on yourself. You guys came here to kill me and you *almost* succeeded.

Well, not really, but it was *still* a very good effort!

I always try to be a positive force in the universe.



Hint to newbie mercs: When you take jobs from mobsters, they invariably send around some goombahs to make sure you don't do any bragging later.

Please...I don't--I don't want to die.

Listen, little buddy--you think you got problems?



I'm the idiot who slept with his best friend, and is probably gonna lose the *two* most amazing women in the world over it, *plus* I've been sleeping on the frickin' *Tilt-A-Whirl* for three nights and now I smell like four-year-old *puke*, and *not in a good way*.

So don't come to me with your "Oh, I'm so sad, I'm going to die, whine whine bitch complain poor little *me*" act.



Way I see the world right now, I'm probably doing you a *favor*.

Only his porn vendor would miss him.



Come on, man, look me in the eyes.



Ah, hell.

Just get outta here. Tell your boss I'm charging my standard hit rate for each guy he sent here.

I seem to have grown a conscience. How *inconvenient*.



Do me a favor, Alex, and put some aloe on that sucking chest wound of yours, would you?

Sandi's got us both a gig.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

Oh, look. It's my former trainer and current Spice Girls fanboy, the Taskmaster.

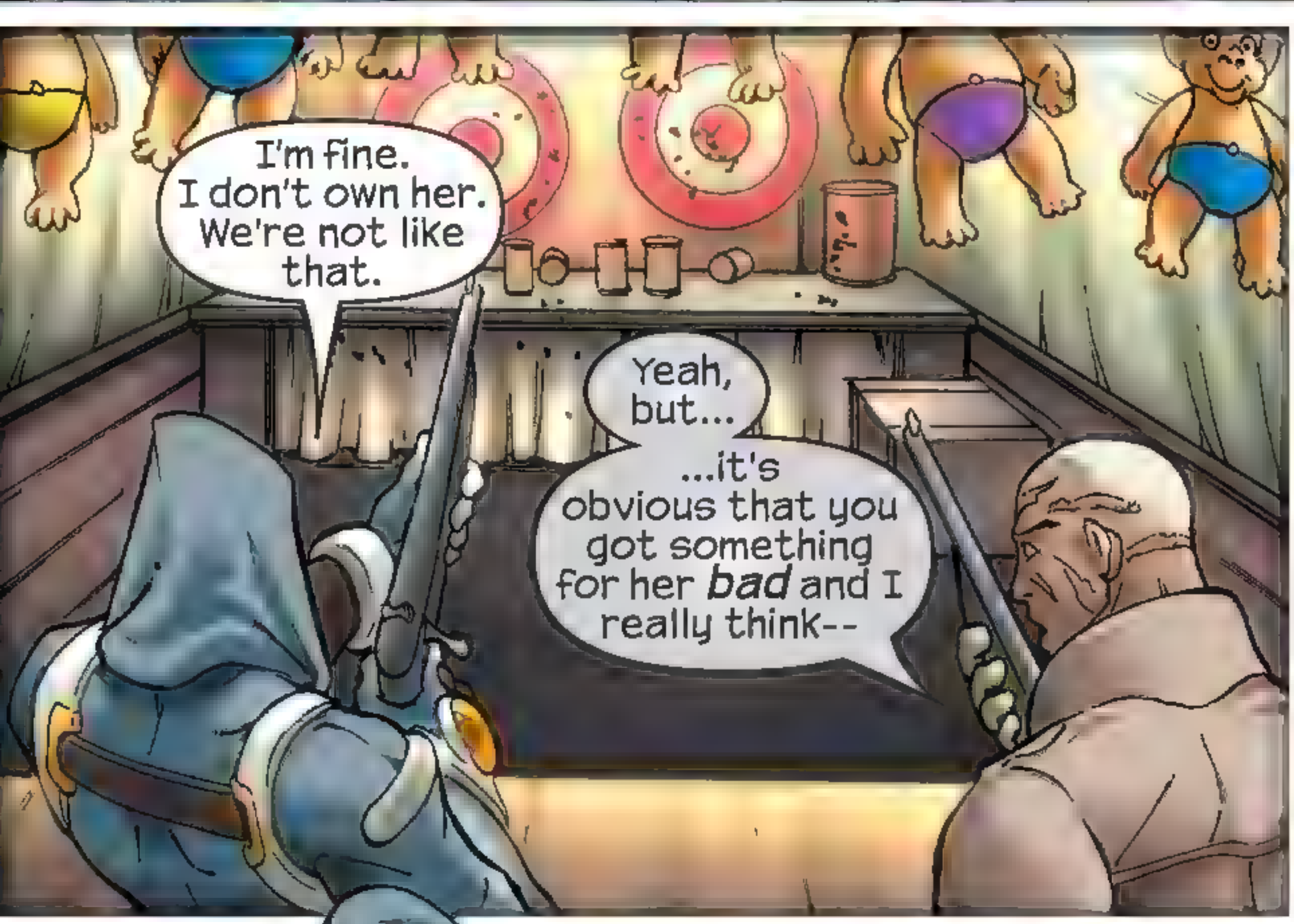


How long have you been here?

And thanks for the *help*, by the way.

Long enough to hear what you did to Sandi.

And you're okay with that?



I'm fine. I don't own her. We're not like that.

Yeah, but...

...it's obvious that you got something for her *bad* and I really think--



I said I'm fine.

You are *centimeters* away from putting a permanent boot-mark in my man-essence.

I don't think either of us truly wants that.



Sandi says the gig's low green, but we need to do it for other reasons.

Troll?

Thank you, no.

I like Trolls. They look like freak sideshow babies with Don King hair.

I *think* these are trolls anyway. They might be hobbits. I don't keep up.

Soon...

No.
N. O.

This is *not* happening.
I will *not* be a chauffeur...

...especially not for *this* guy.

It's disturbing to my man-essence!

The hot babe is Sandi, the only real friend I've ever had. We haven't talked much since our recent "night together"--hope this isn't some sorta whacked-out revenge...

No disrespect *intended*, Mr. Hayden.

First, this is a *job*, Alex.

Second, you and Tony aren't just drivers--you're *bodyguards*. And this is a way to put the Four Winds feud behind us *forever*.

If I'd told Sandi I was closing the Agency, like I'd meant to, then I would have been *spared* this.

It's to your benefit as well, Mr. Hayden. Tonight, the families of the Four Winds gather together in a meeting that is ostensibly social, but in which appearance is everything.

You and your associates showing your willingness to work with us says you're no longer an enemy.

Yeah? And what do *you* get out of it, Higashi?

A few months ago, we were all fighting for our lives against this guy's mob. Now we have an uneasy truce.

What *is* it about weird bald freaks with guns that they all seem to fall in love with Sandi?

When one has rivals, Mr. Hayden, it is *always* of value to show that you're in a position of strength.

Man, I love when you start with the Tony Robbins B.S.

I feel like actualizing my potential on his face--

Guess I'll drive then. Nice sunny day for it, anyway.

I'd prefer if Mr. Hayden drives us, please.

I like my crime bosses a little less *sweet*, thank you very much.



You *sure* you're okay with this?

Shut up.

ZZT



Okay, I get why Taskmaster and I are here...

But why Sandi? Why tonight?

I'm not jealous. I'm *not*.

Okay, a bit.



When one has *rivals*, Mr. Hayden.

I'm really starting to *loathe* this job.

I'm more of an exploit-the-workers type.



Alex, are you going to be professional about this, or not?

I'm driving. See? I'm driving.

I'm calm and collected.

If his hand moves two inches north, I'm biting a chunk out of this steering wheel.

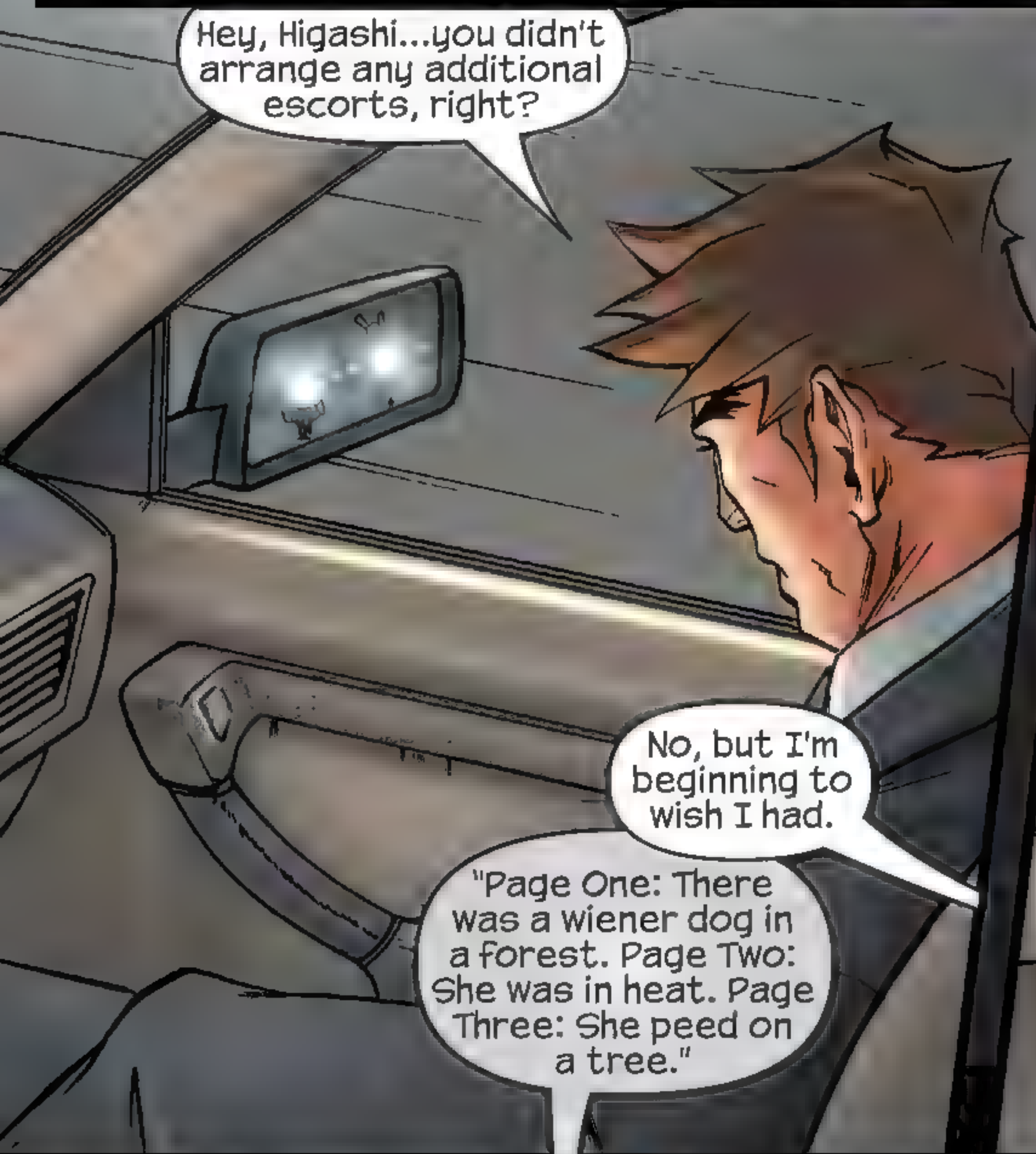
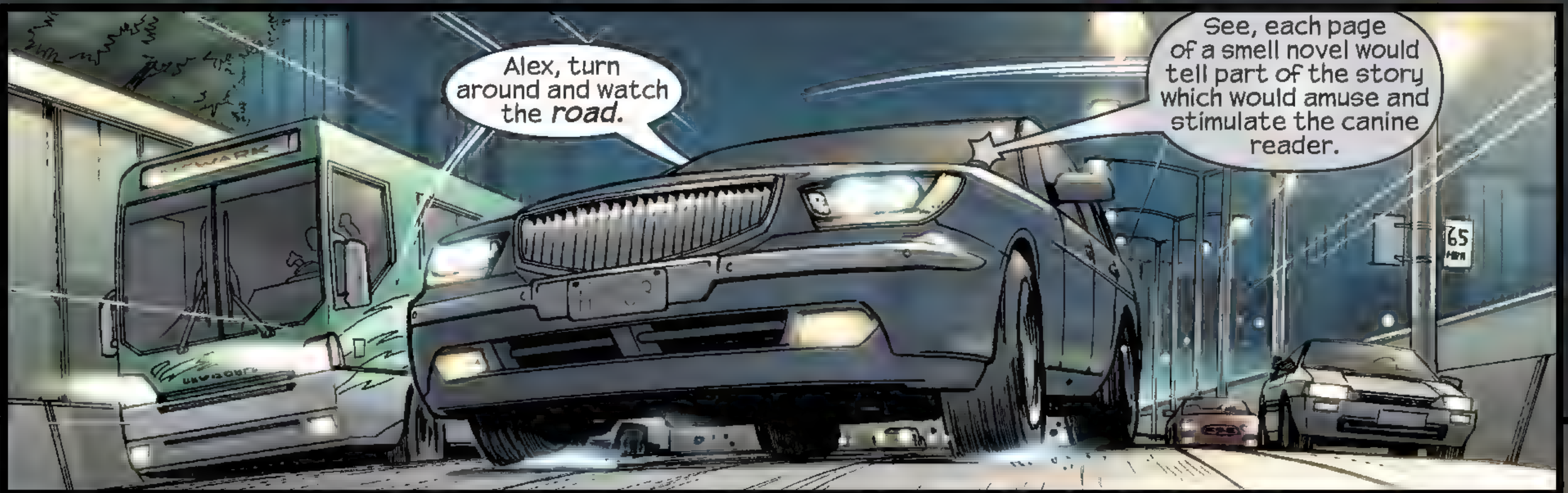
Let's take our minds off of all this territory-marking. Who likes singalongs?

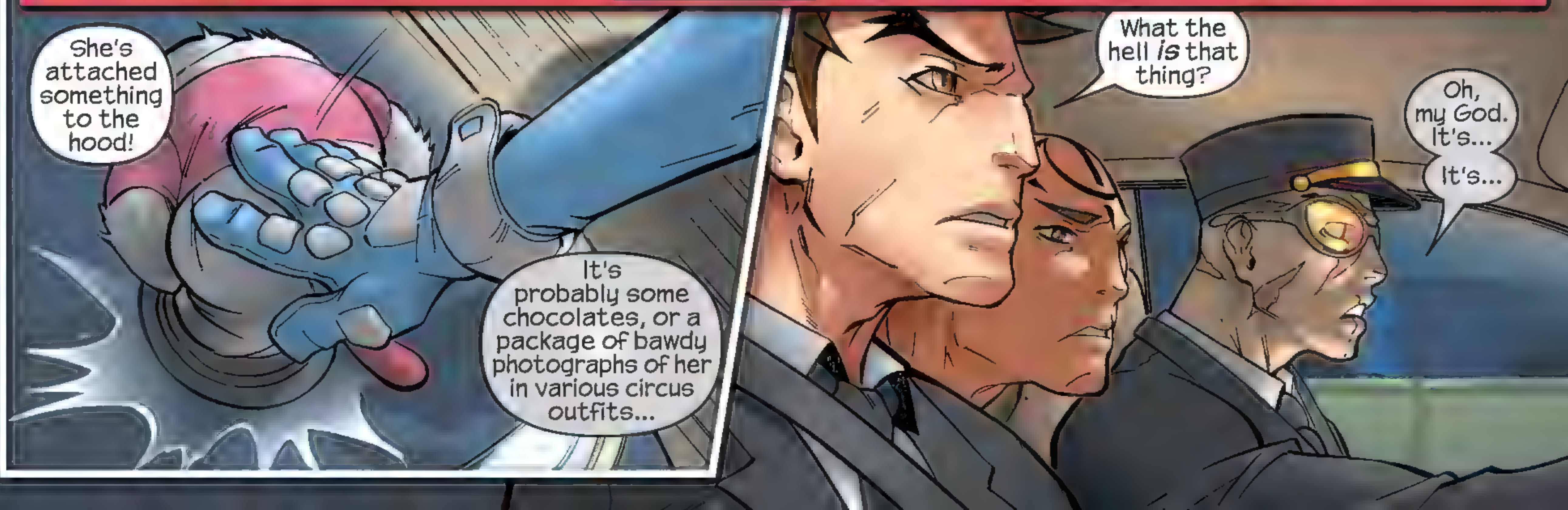
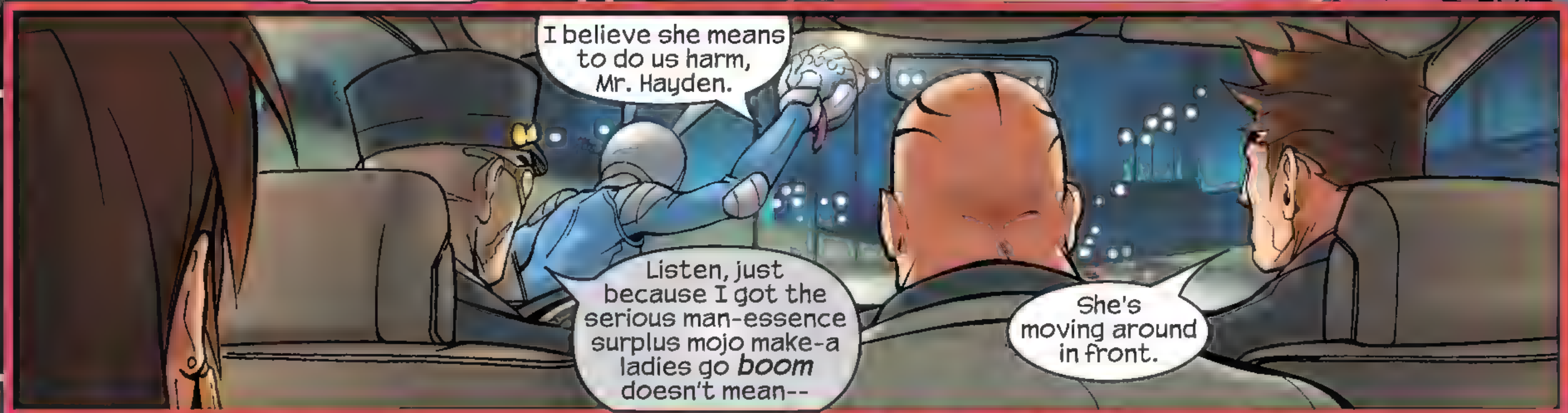
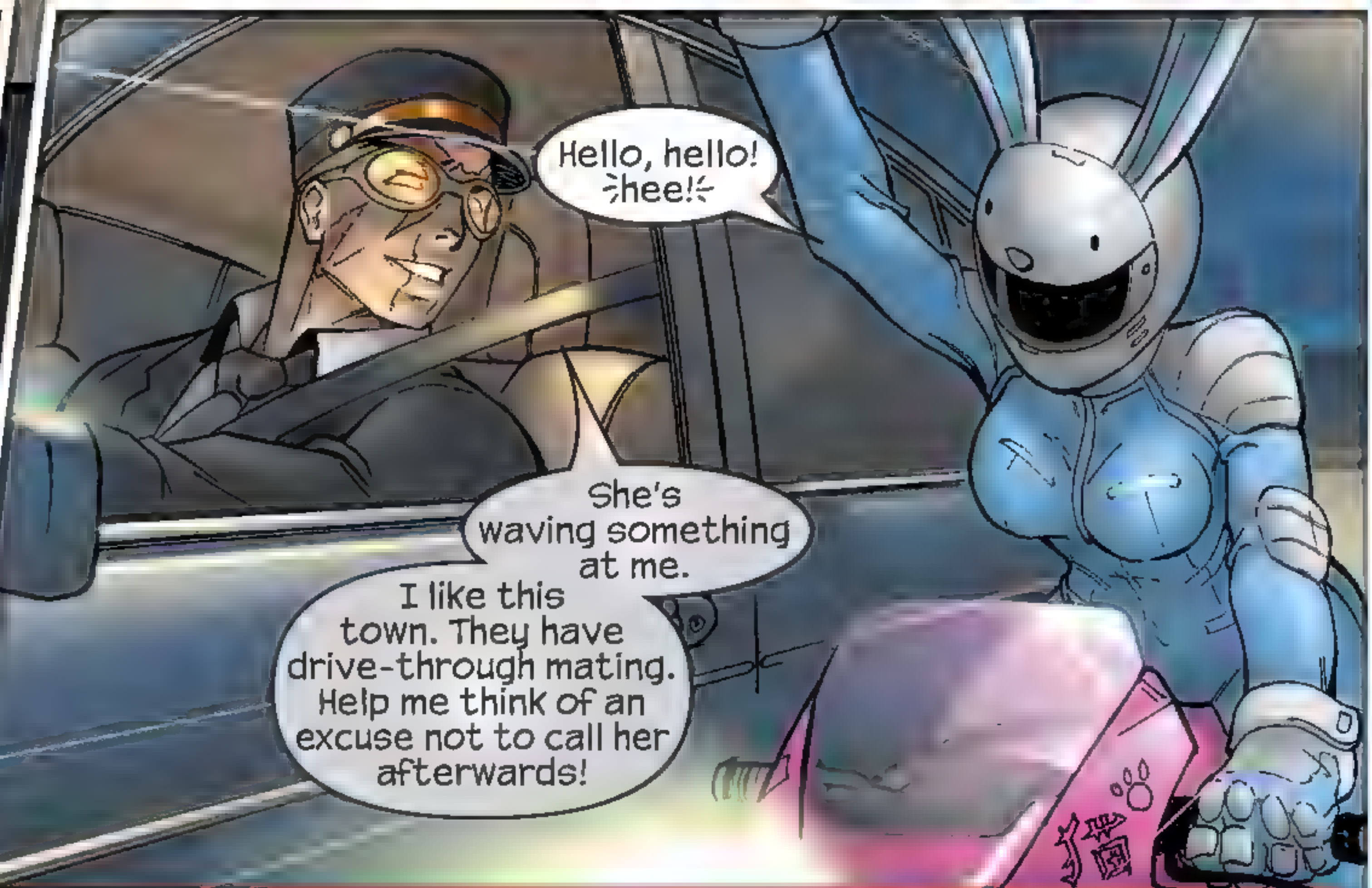
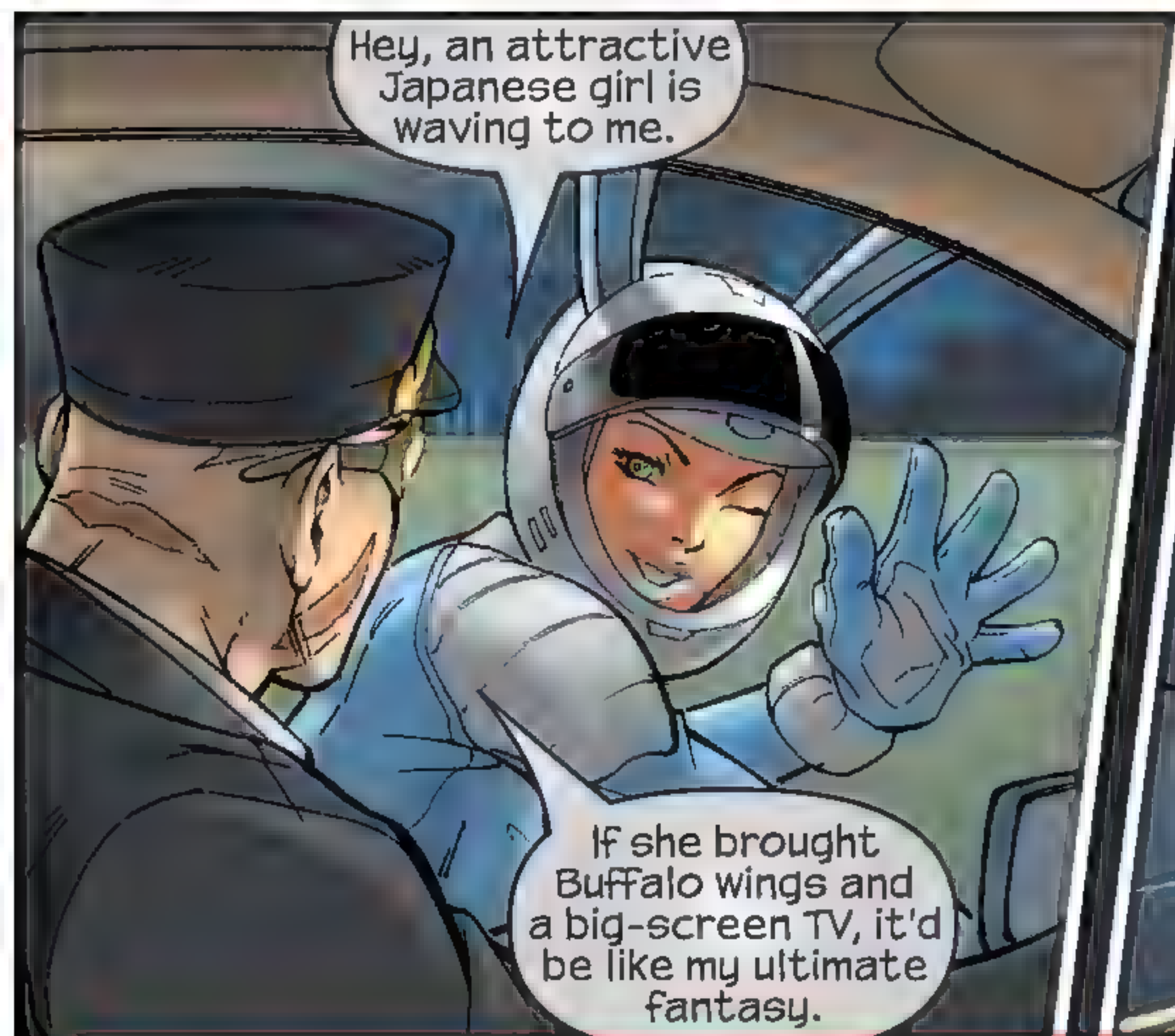
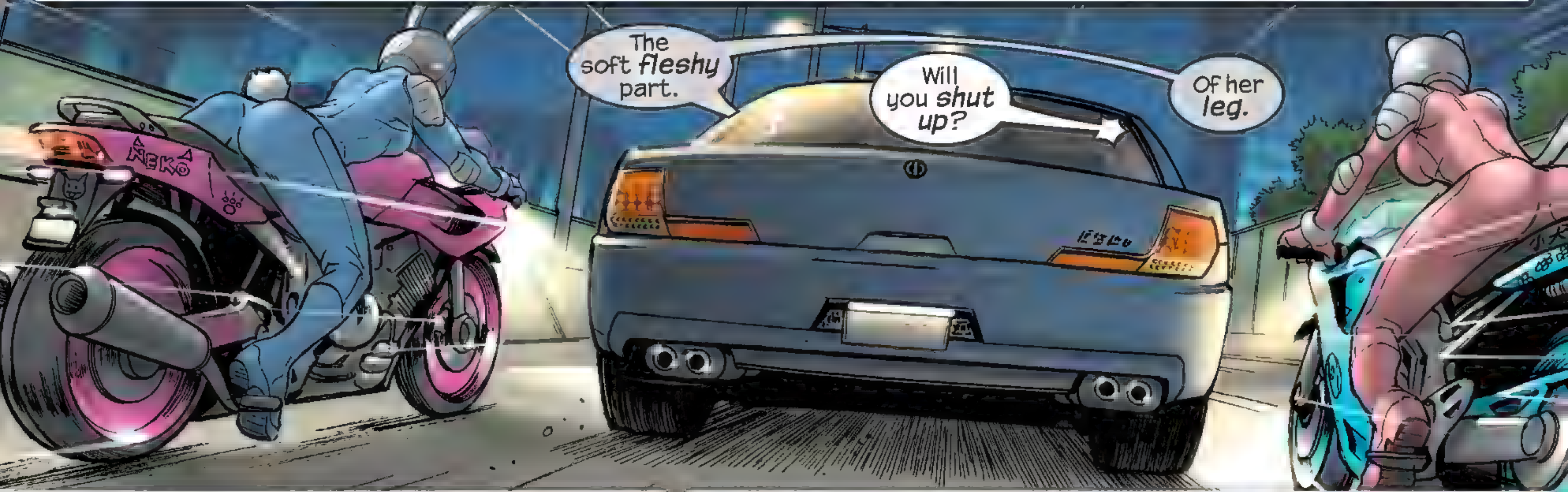
There...was a merc who had a gun and Blammo was its name-o!

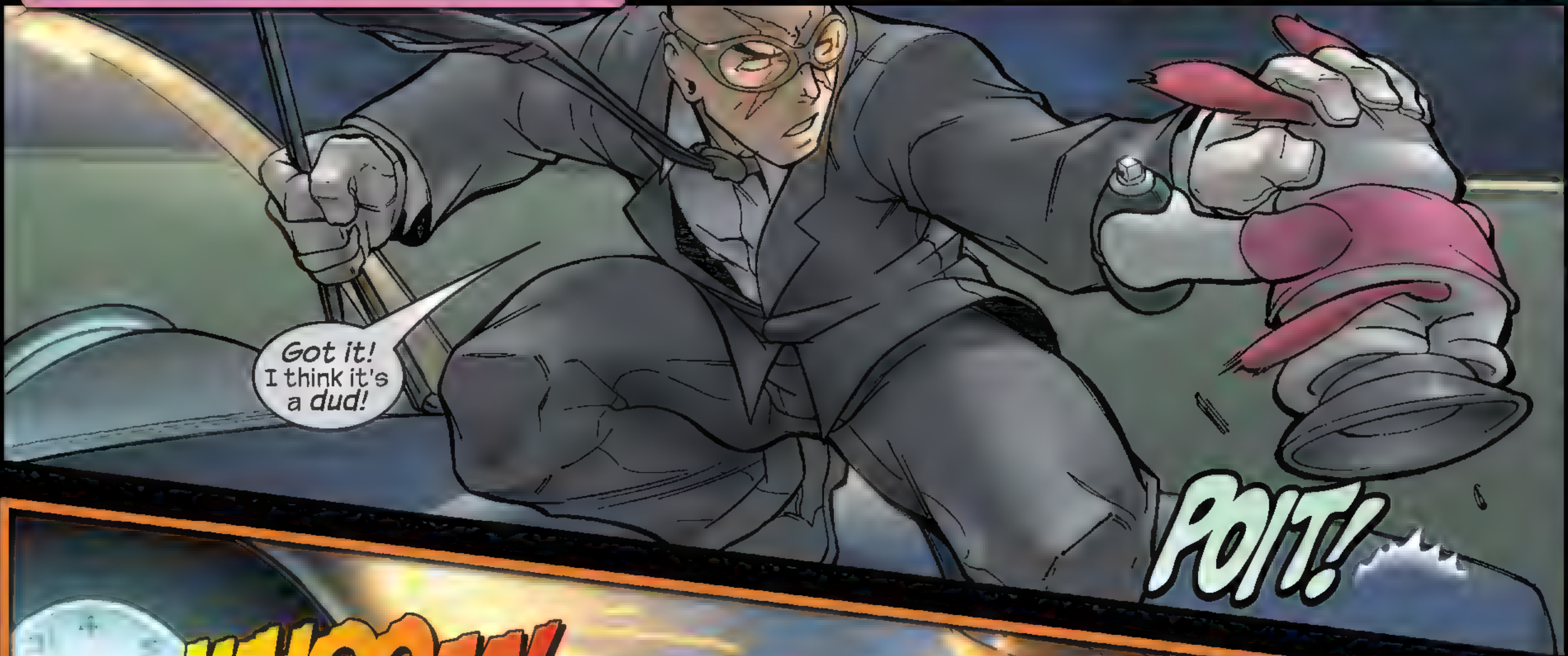
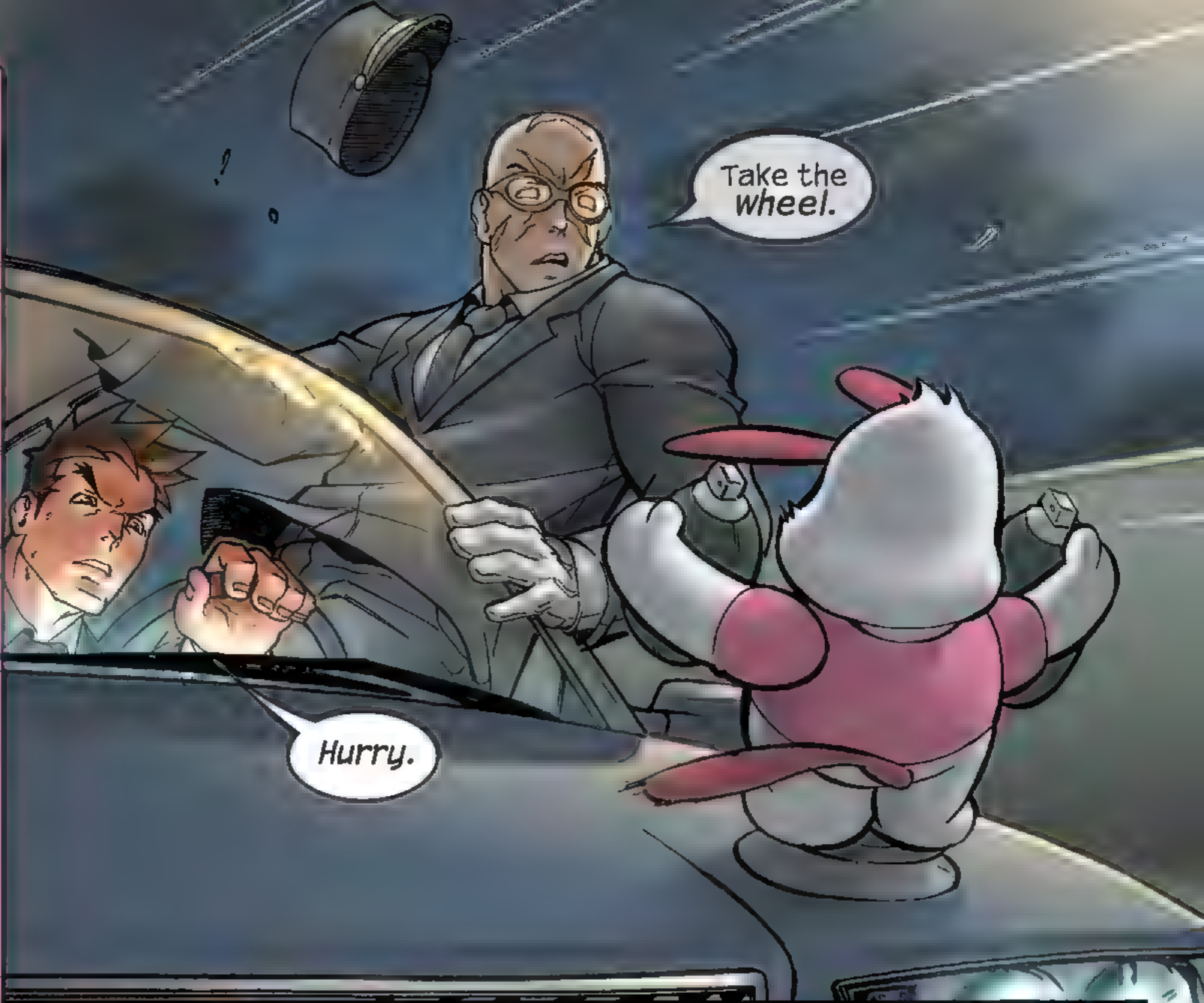


Aim!-A-M-M-O!
Shoot!-A-M-M-O!
Death!-A-M-M-O!
And Blammo was its name-o!

Hope they have s'mores at this shindig.



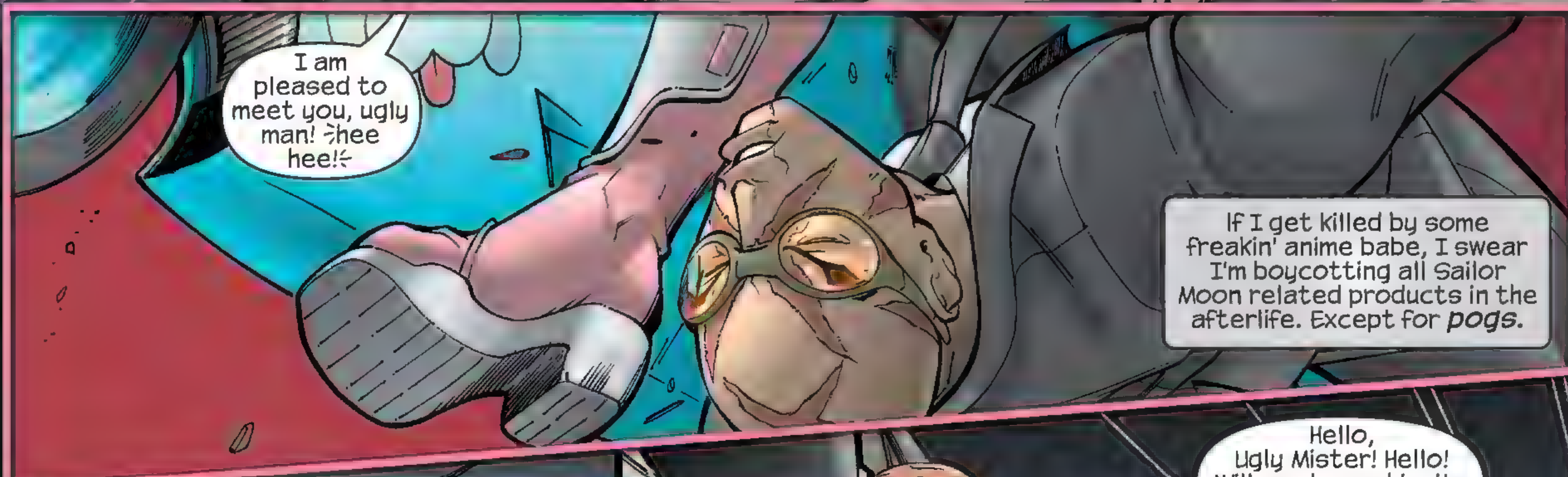






Hello, mister!
>giggle!<

Uh...



I am pleased to meet you, ugly man! >hee hee!<

If I get killed by some freakin' anime babe, I swear I'm boycotting all Sailor Moon related products in the afterlife. Except for *pogs*.



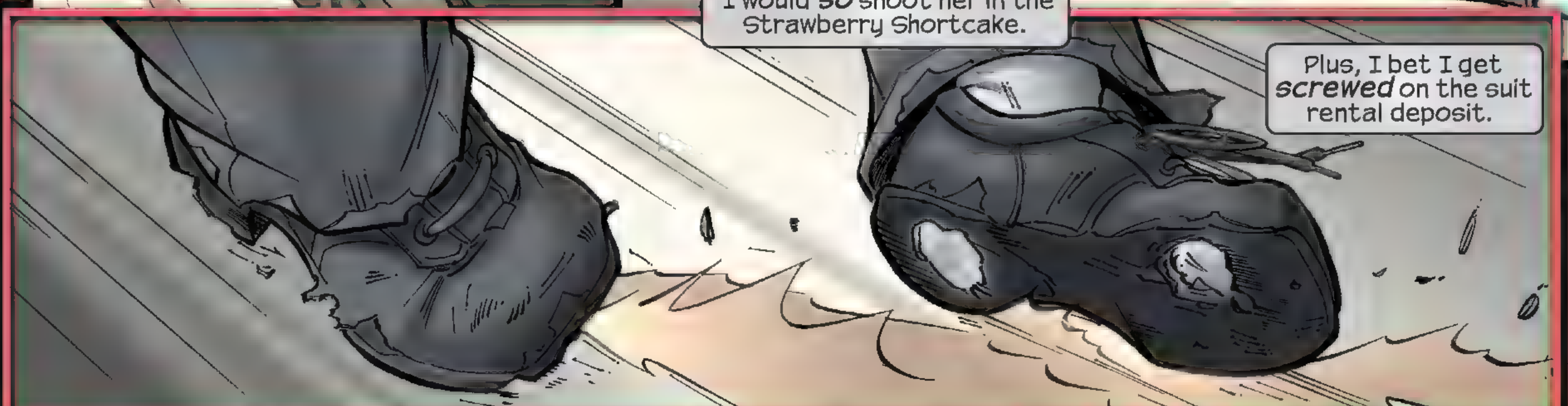
Hang on!

You think?



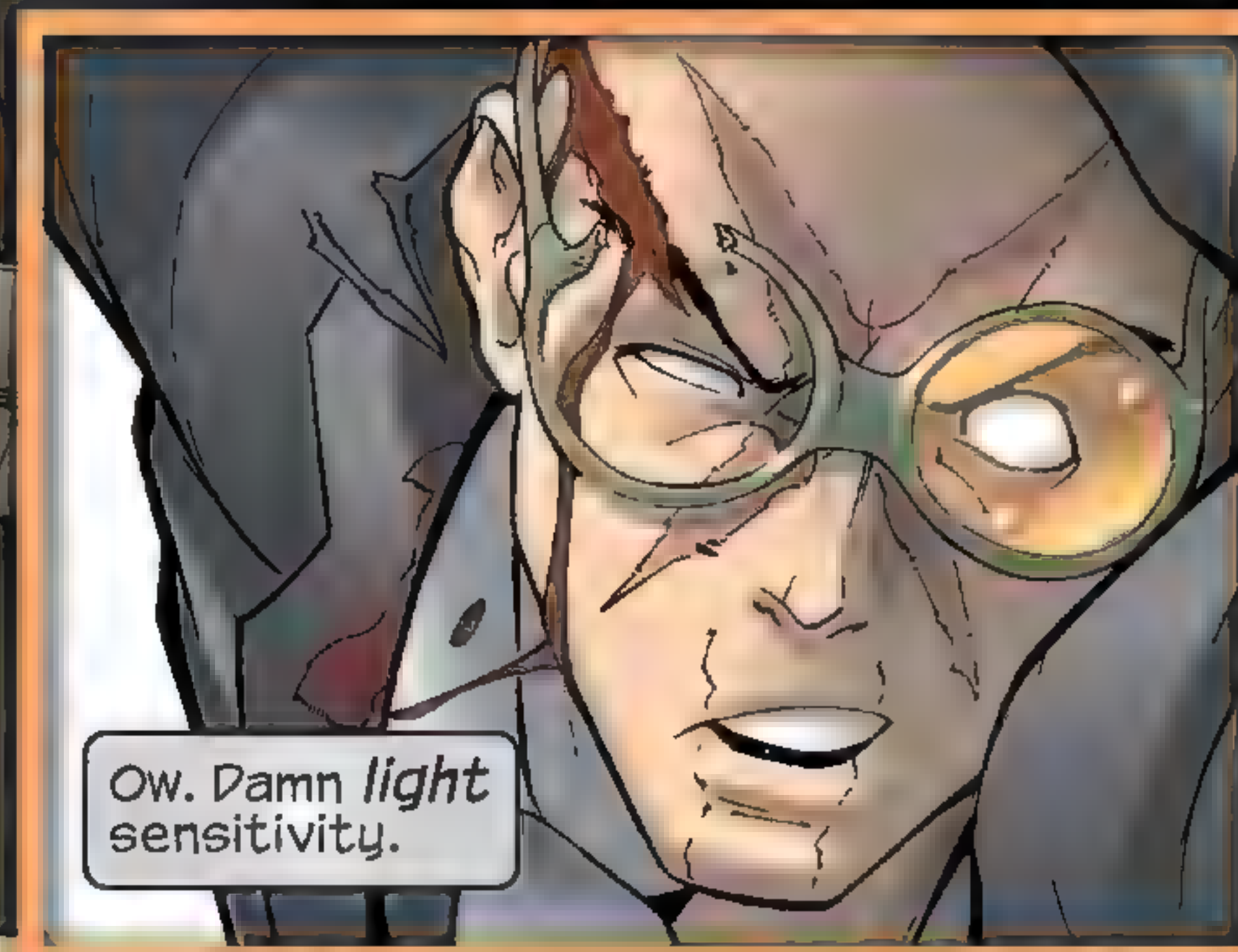
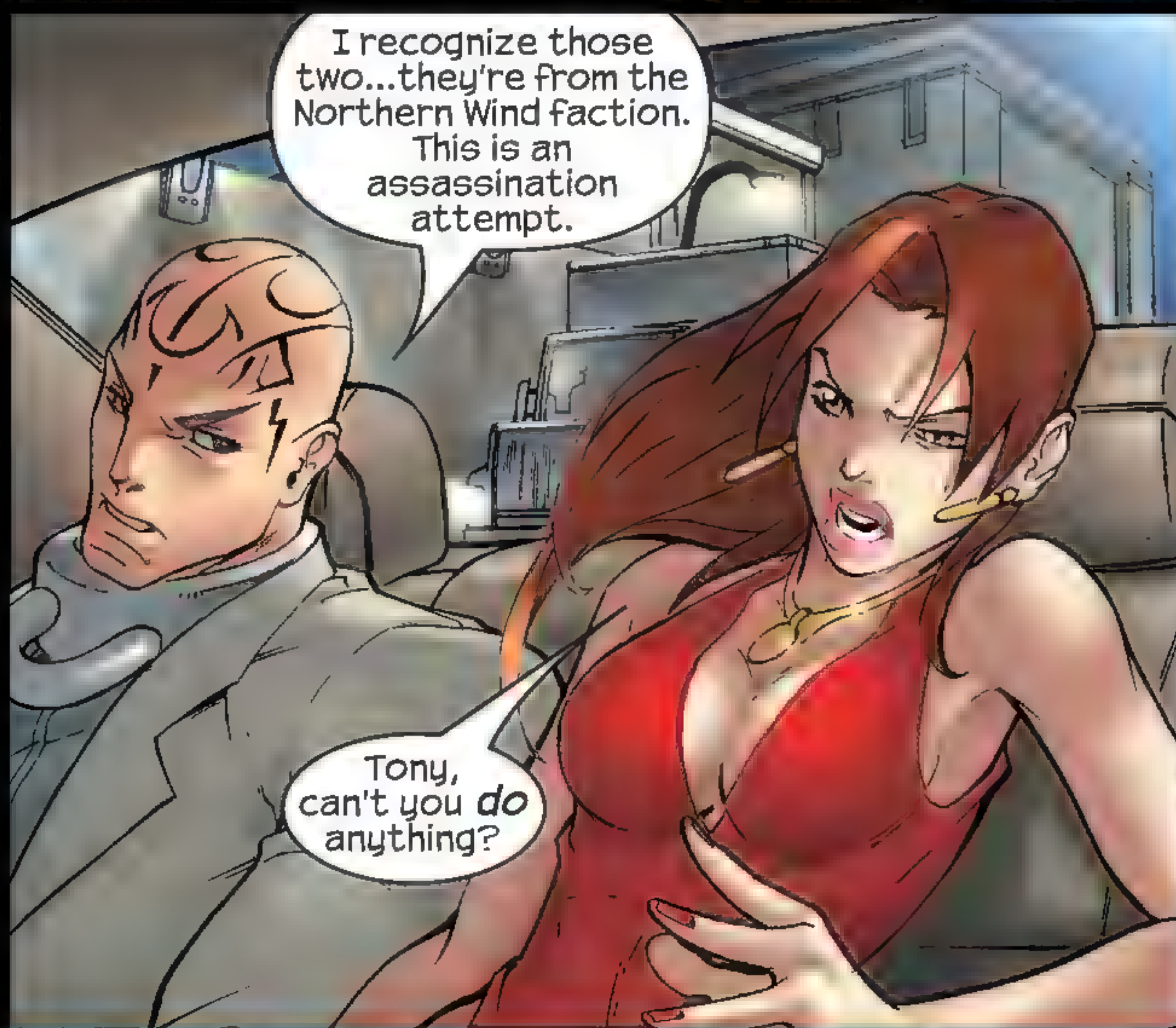
Hello, Ugly Mister! Hello! Will you be my hippity hoppity bunnyfriend? >hee hee!<

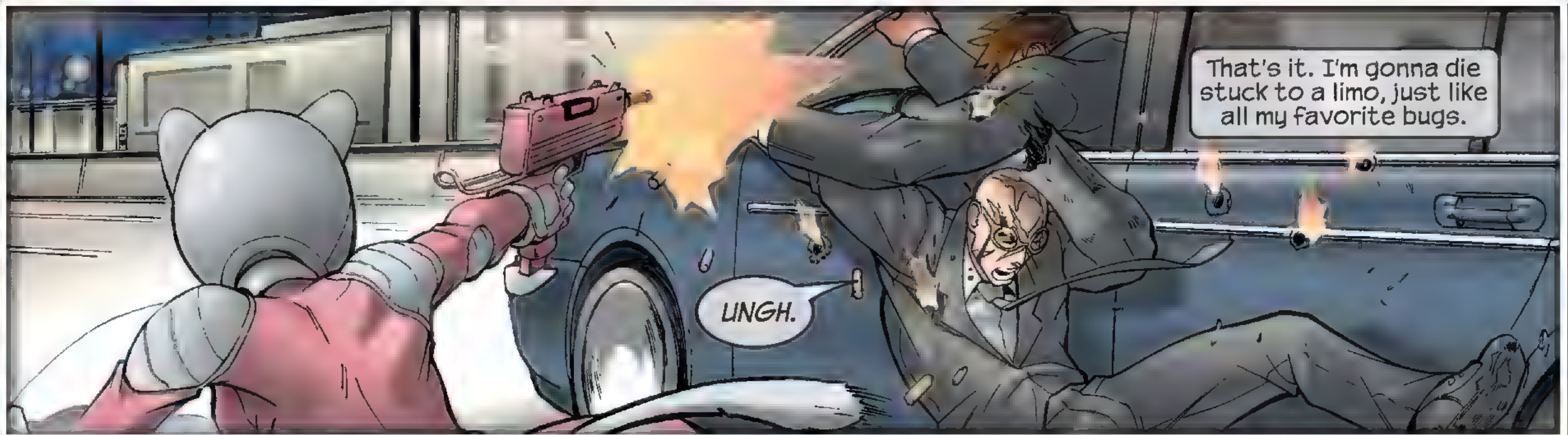
Death rides a cute pale horse!

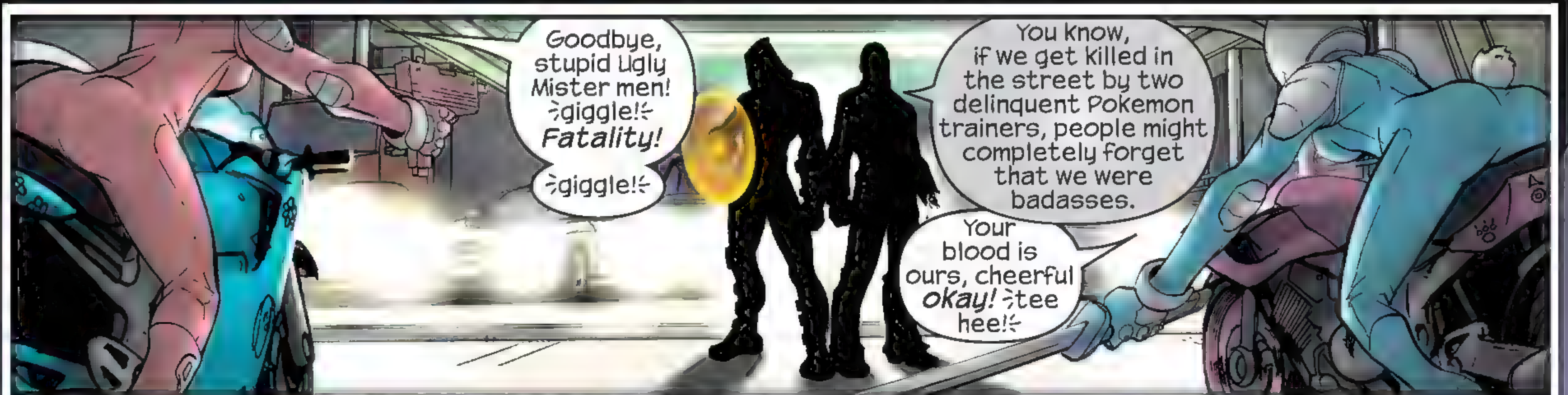
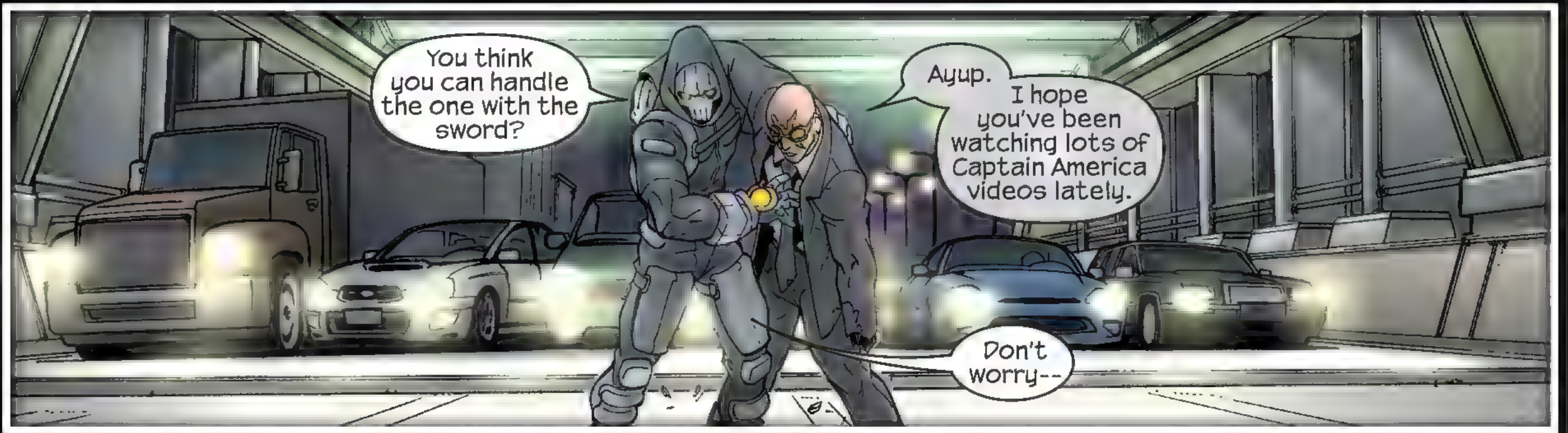


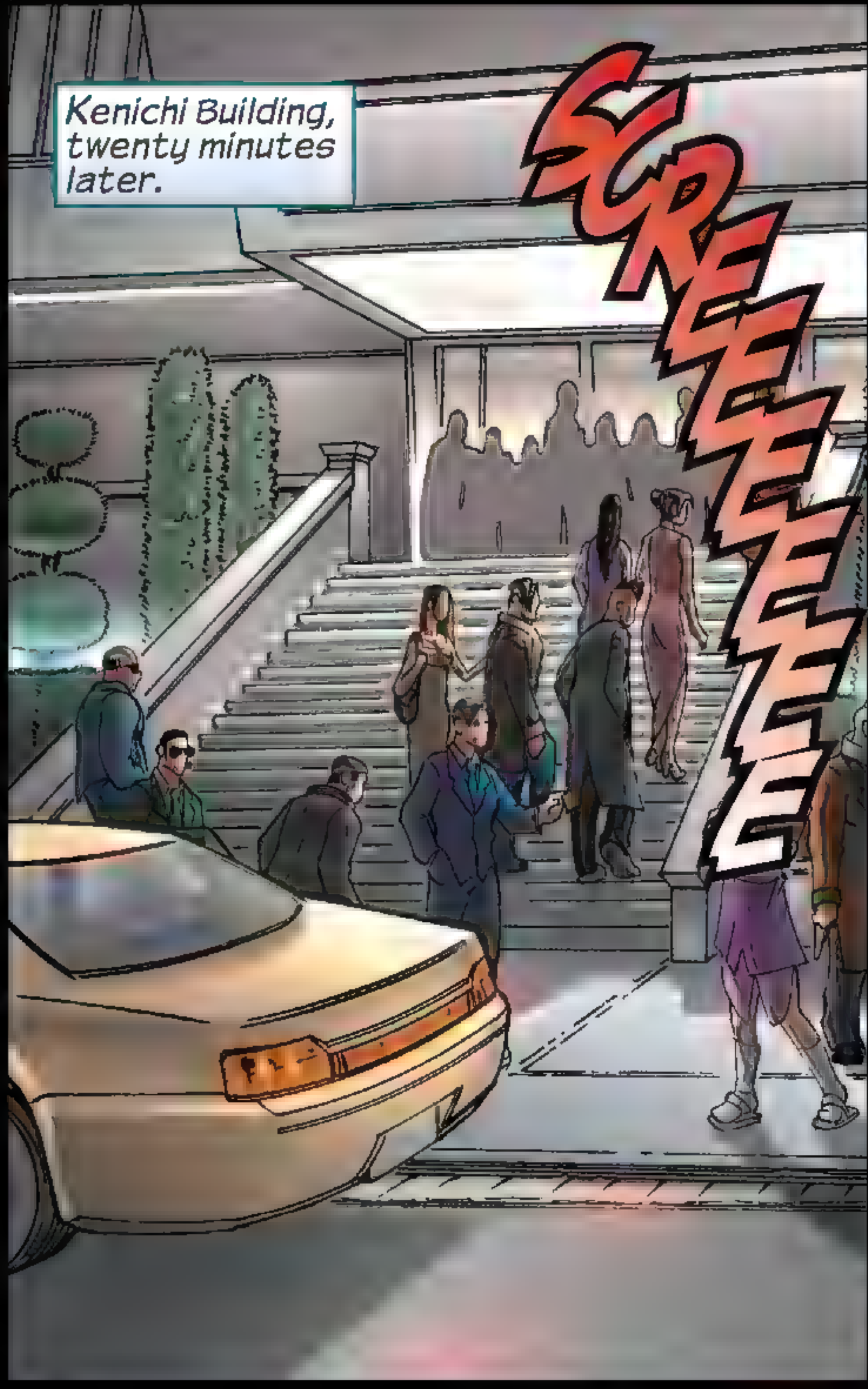
If I had just *one* more hand, I would *SO* shoot her in the Strawberry Shortcake.

Plus, I bet I get *screwed* on the suit rental deposit.



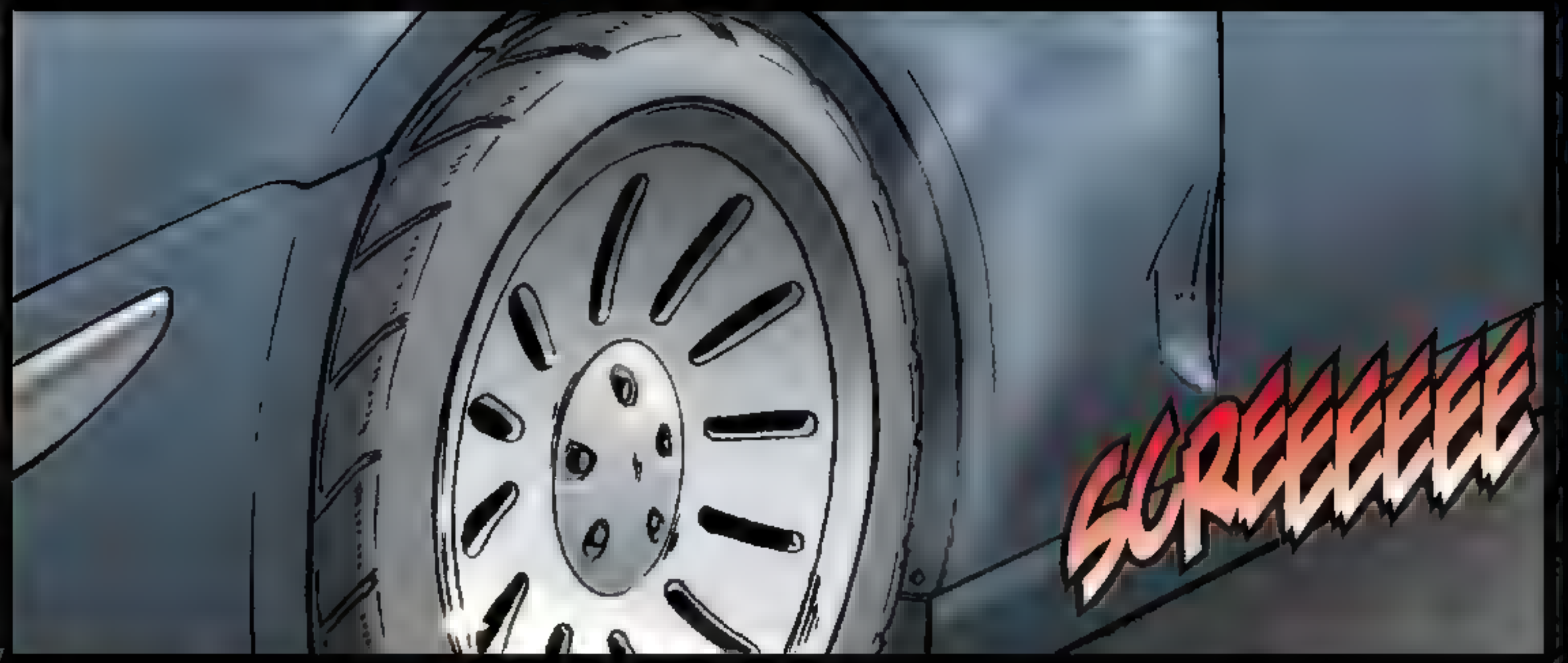




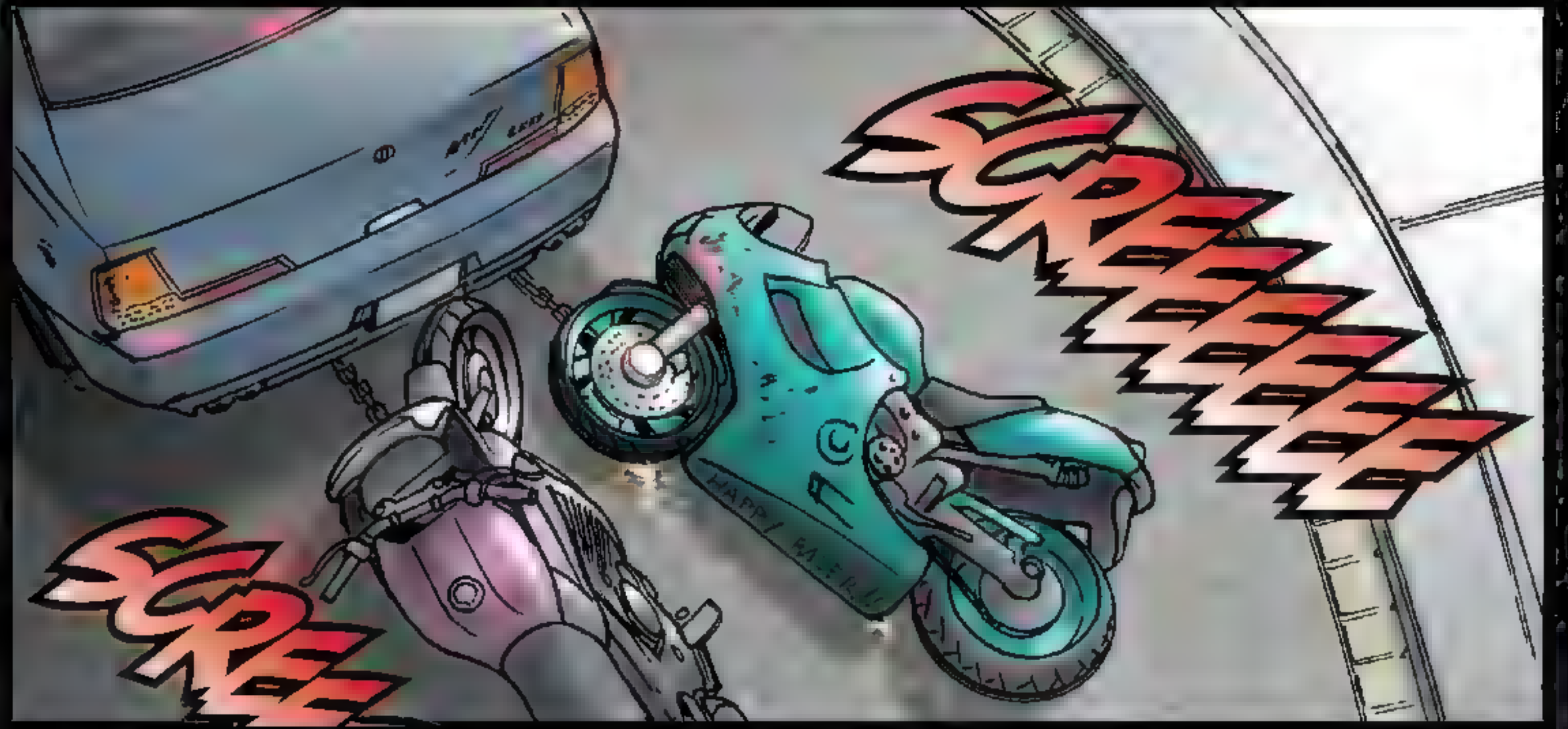


Kenichi Building,
twenty minutes
later.

SCREEEEEE



SCREEEEEE



SCREE

SCREEEEEE



Hey, are we
late? You guys
saved us some pizza
rolls and Ding Dongs,
right?

Kita,
my friend.
I believe
I have some
property of
yours--



--these two
motorcycles...



...and the two
assassins you sent to
kill me, tied up in this
car's trunk.

My *arm* is
multiple fracture!
~hee hee!~

I am breathing
with *extreme* difficulty!
Punctured lung is not
happy funtime agony!
~giggle!~



Post-party, pre-slumber,
at Sandi's apartment...

You *do*
realize you
both acted like
complete and
unprofessional
idiots
tonight?

grumble
grumble
mutter

I frankly
think my idiocy
was *extremely*
professional.

I'm so tired I could sleep
with a *horse*, or however
that expression goes.

Look, we can't
continue working
as any kind of team
if we're suddenly
all back in junior
high.

Sandi,
about
that...

Come on
in, and let's
talk this
out.

Hold it.
Someone's
messed with
the door.

Hello,
Miss Brandenburg.

Forgive me
for the intrusion,
please.

*The
Black Swan!*



You blink, I fire, Swan.

I ain't kidding.



Wait, what am I missing? Who is this creep?



This is the guy we all thought was dead. The guy who killed Wade Wilson--Deadpool.

Don't try anything, Swan. I'll kill you twice, man.



Well. My reputation precedes me.

I have, however, brought a witness who may well vouch for my character.



Might I present the man I supposedly killed?

...Mr. Wilson?

What the hell?

But-- we thought Alex was--

You're alive!



He's alive!



NO--!



Alex,
what have you
done?!?

N E X T :
WHIPPINGS AND APOLOGIES

MARVEL

14

SIMONE
LEE
UDON

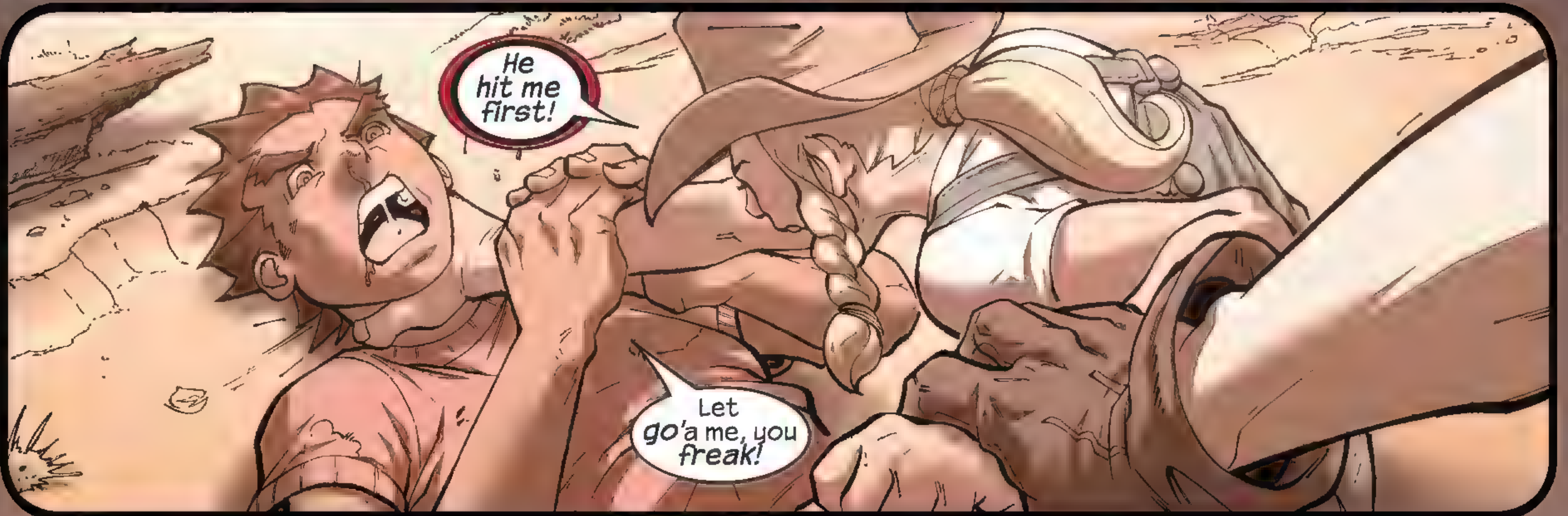
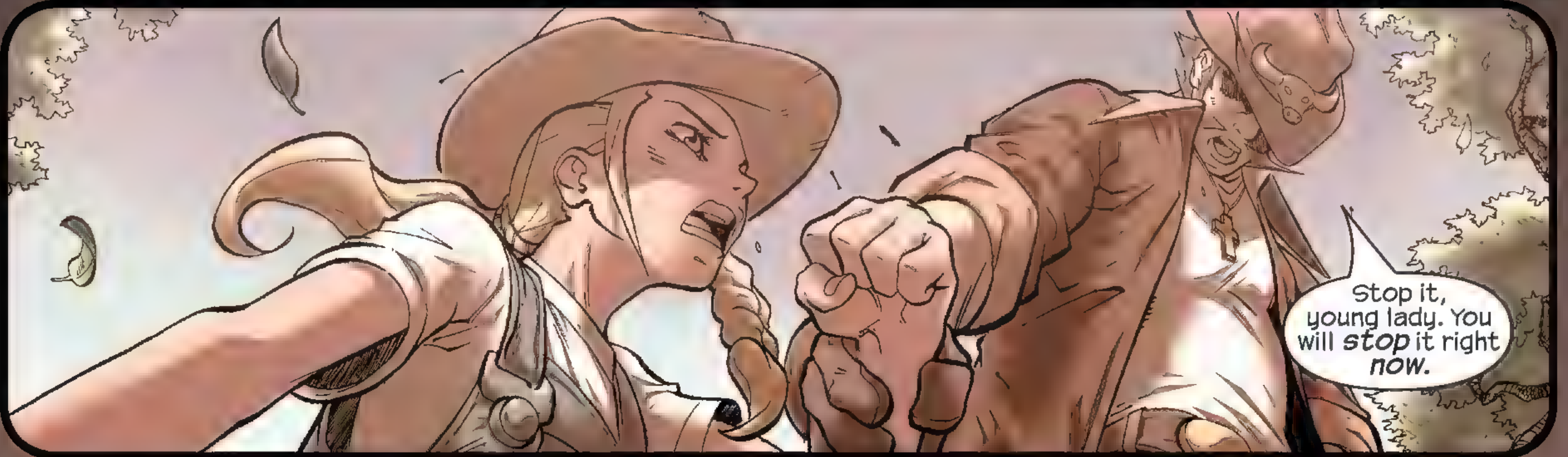
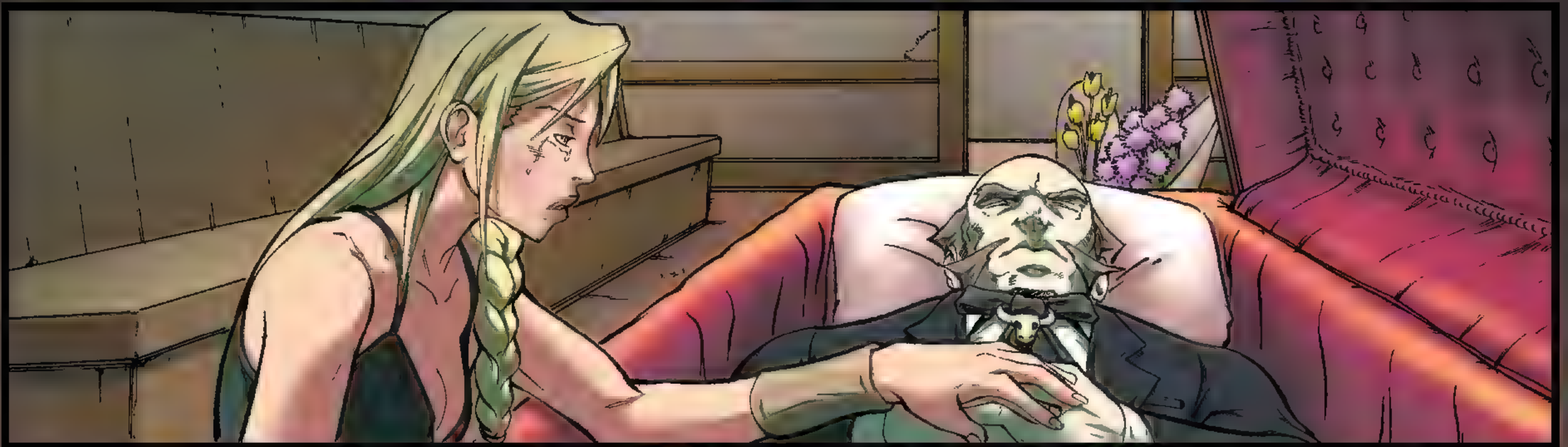
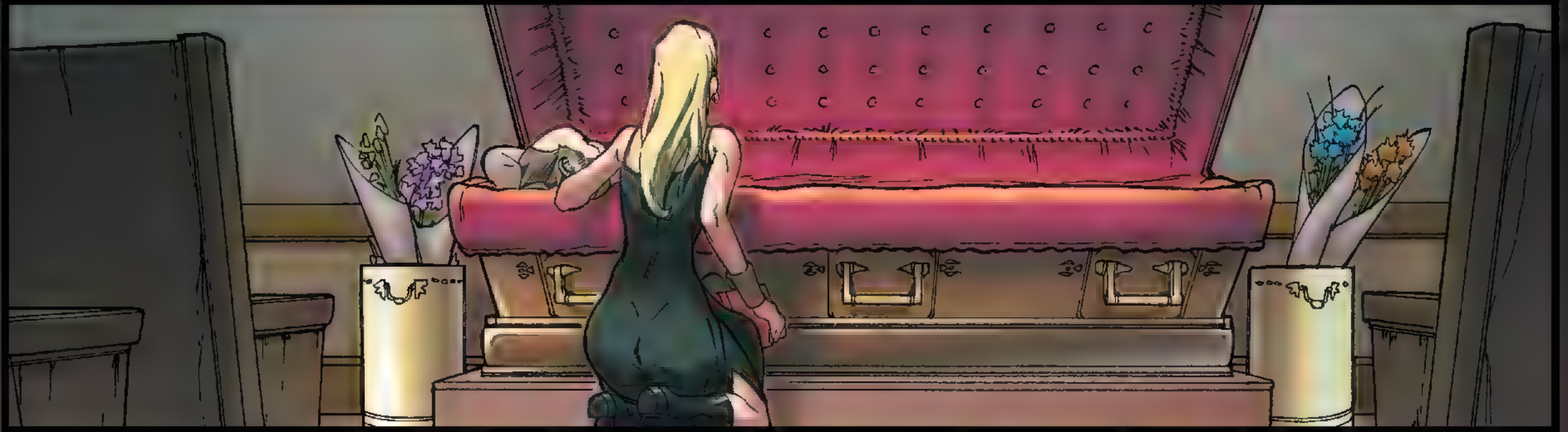
AGENTS

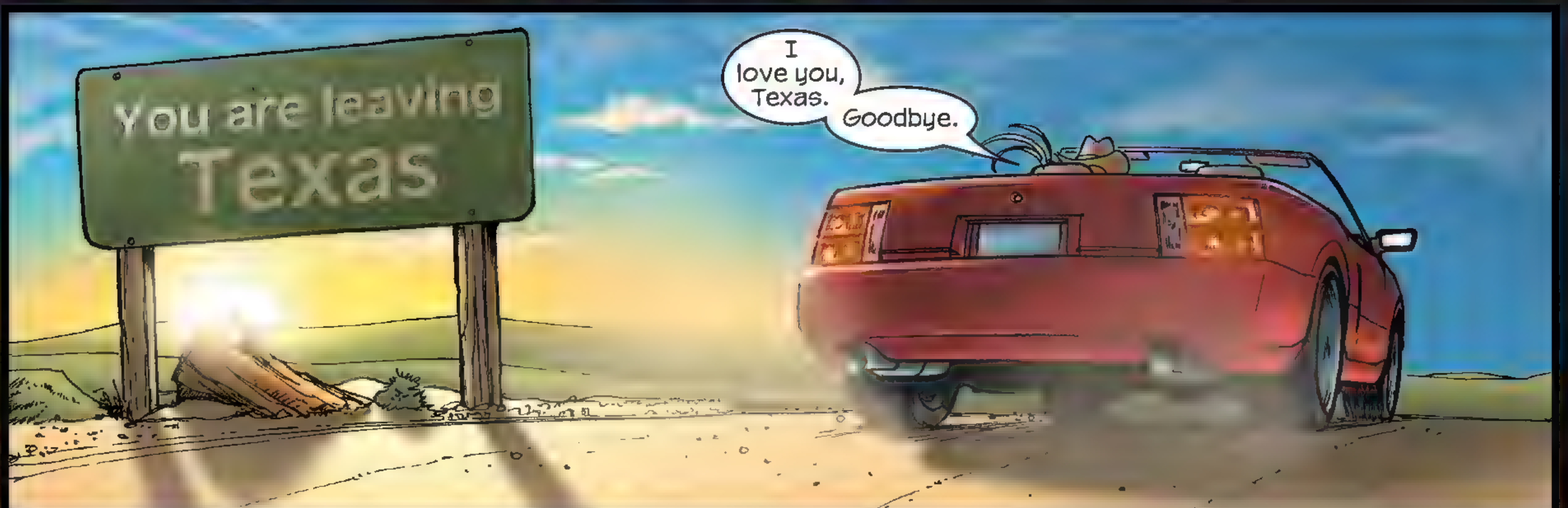
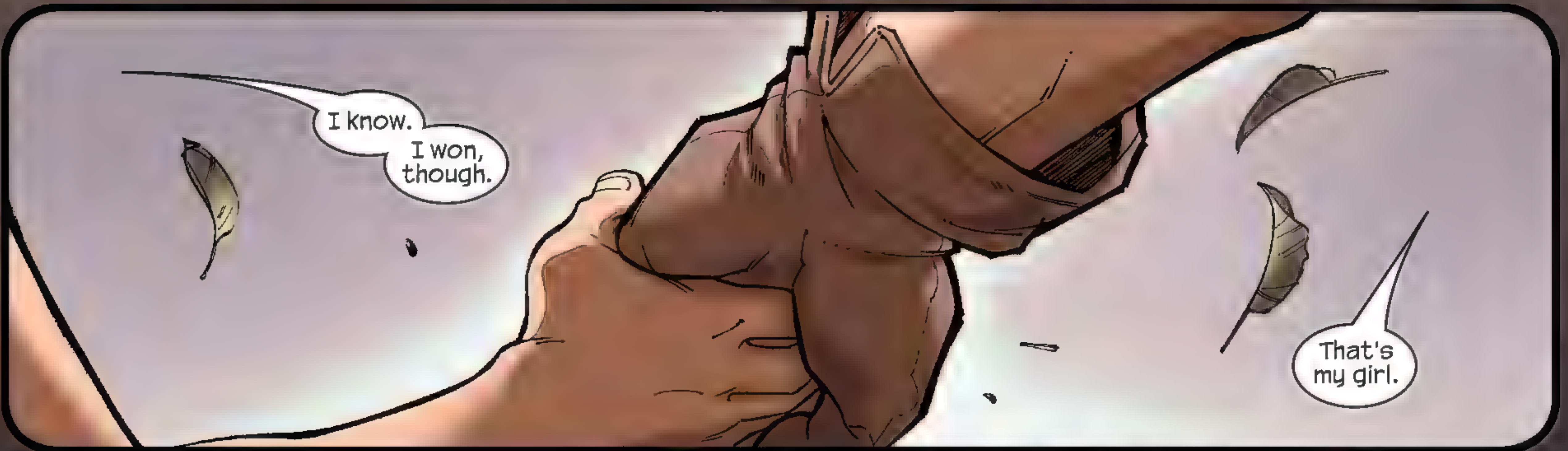
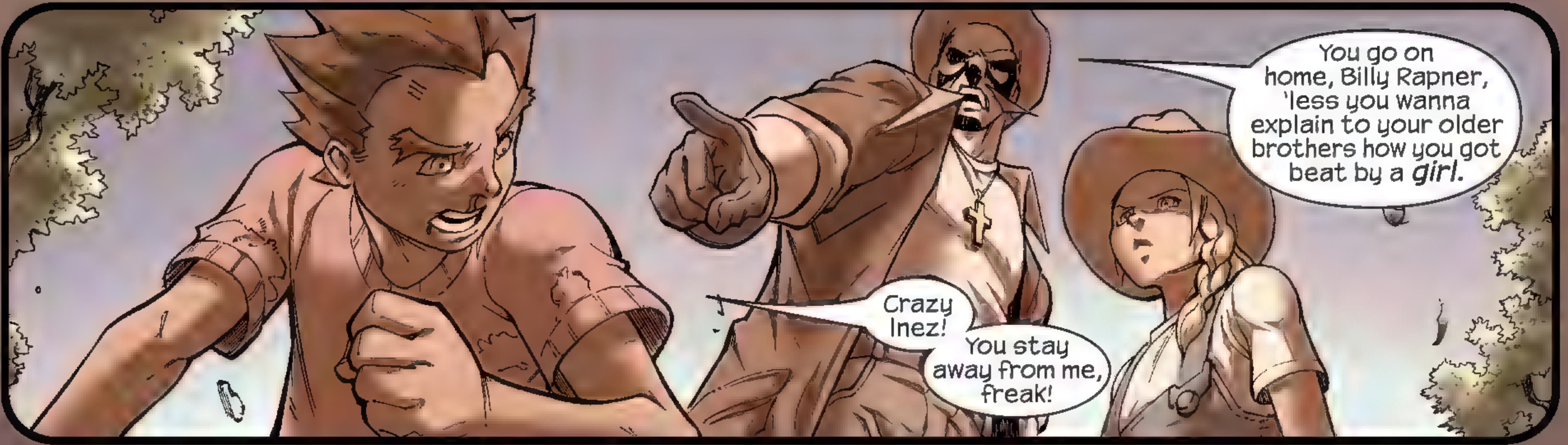
**DEADPOOL
WALKIN'
PART 2**



☐	ALEX HAYDEN'S CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-SCREW-UP JOURNAL OF FUN AND SCORING WITH HOT CHICKS PLUS I LOVE IT WHEN I AIM GOOD
☐	You are ALEX HAYDEN, America's most-beloved assassin and gun-for-hire. Chicks dig you, men fear you, you can eat a TUB of pudding and not gain an OUNCE. You don't know who you are or where you came from, and you're not really clear on state capitols, either.
	But life is GOOD. Sure, maybe you're not Wolverine, maybe you're not Spider-Man, maybe Hollywood producers don't answer your calls, maybe your action figure is just a modified Bullseye, maybe you have a variety of offensive and mysterious odors, but still, you don't see Captain America date girls like cowgirl-merc OUTLAW and business partner SANDI, right? You ask me, maybe the guy could use a little VIBRANIUM somewhere other than his SHIELD, am I right? Can I get an "amen"? DYN-O-MITE! High Five! Down Low! Your barn door is open! Ha ha ha, jokes are funny!
	Anyway, you, your loyal friend and recent dance partner SANDI and the hideously-dressed mercenary TASKMASTER are returning from this big Japanese gangster hoedown. You were nearly killed by a Sailor Moon look-alike, but now, you have this chief thug, HIGASHI, who owes you a favor, big time. Heh. I just got my own joke about the shield. HA! I wish I'd thought of that!
	SUDDENLY! Back at Sandi's apartment, when all you can think about is some hot lovin' and string cheese (note: remind self to wash, avoid infection), Taskmaster notices the door has been messed with. You open the door, and there's some weirdo doofus standing there, not saying a word.
	Do You:
☐	A) Welcome this weary traveler into your home, providing him with a variety of healthy snacks and unlimited use of your Sidekicks Gone Wild DVD collection, or...
	B) Shoot him right in the forehead.
	WRONG! It was "B!" You stink at this.
	Turns out the doofus you shot is Wade Wilson, a.k.a. DEADPOOL, the legendary merc that everyone figured YOU were, in reality. This made a lot of sense when you were drunk. You inexplicably hate the guy, and you're none too fond of the guy who brought him here either: the mind-manipulating assassin THE BLACK SWAN. How these guys survived getting blown up, and what they're doing here is a complete mystery.
	Do You:
☐	A) Administer medical attention to the guy with the massive head wound on the floor, or...
	B) More washing.
☐	WRONG!

The Rio Grande Valley,
Texas, just north of
the Mexican border.





Elsewhere.

No, no,
no--the *big*
roll. *That*
one.

This is
completely
revolting.

Ooh, I found
something.

Buncha fuss
over nothing.

Is this
something?

Ugh...your
cat.

He's
licking the...
ugh.

Bet there's probably something
great we're all missing on TV *right*
now. Naked people on cable, that
fat ugly smelly guy on Food Network...

If you have
extra pieces, it's
better to throw
them out than try
to jam them in,
I think.

Stupid
cat!

Hand me
the staple
gun.

PURRRRR
PURRRRRRRRR

But n0000000000.
Sandi and Tasky have *other*
priorities, I guess.

You've got
to hold...hold
that bit in. It's
oozy.

PURRRRR
PURRRRRRRRR

Stupid
cat!

I think this
is as good as
it's going to
get, Tony.

KA-CHOK
KA-CHOK
KA-CHOK

Naked people and fat smelly
ugly canapés aren't *good*
enough for them. And what's
worse, I know they're both mad
at *me*, which is *ridiculous*.

So I *shot* this
"Deadpool" guy in
the head a little.

People can be
so judgmental.

bllrgl.

PURRRRR!

DEADPOOL WALKIN' FOUL BRAIN STEW

PART
TWO

GAIL SIMONE
WRITER

ALVIN LEE & UDON
ARTISTS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERER

ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR MARC SUMERAK EDITOR JOE QUESADA CHIEF BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT



This is Taskmaster, Sandi's friend and my former trainer. The other guy calls himself the Black Swan.

You better be right about this, Swan.

It's easier for his system to regenerate if it doesn't have to create the parts from scratch.

His body knows what to do. These biscuits are appalling, by the way.

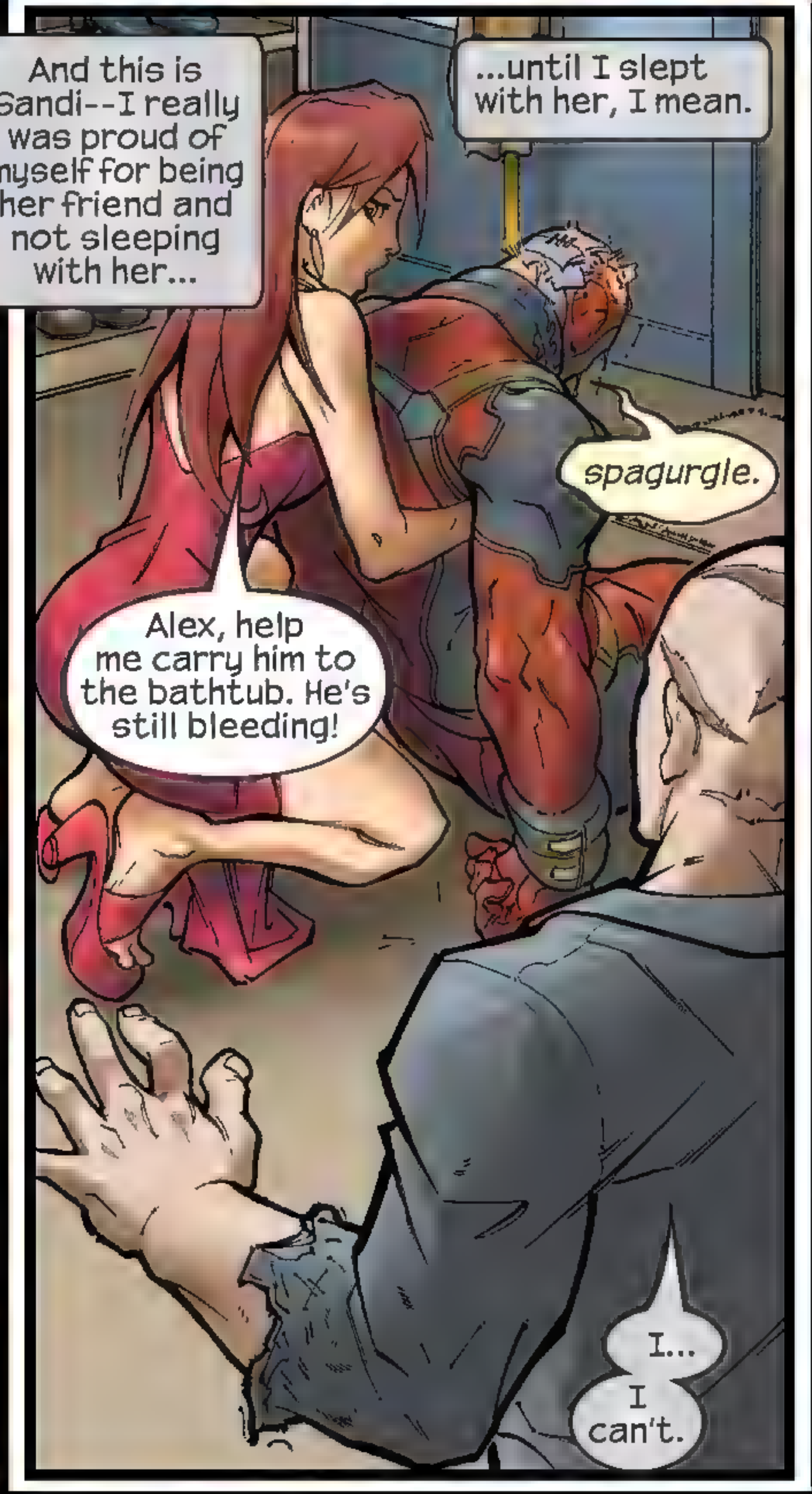


Tasky's all right--bit of a stabbing fetish. The other guy gives me the creeps. Supposed to have some badazz mental attack capabilities.

Those aren't biscuits, they're fruit and cake.

grrrrphn.

And if I get so much as a mild headache, I'm emptying my clips into the nearest German snob I see.



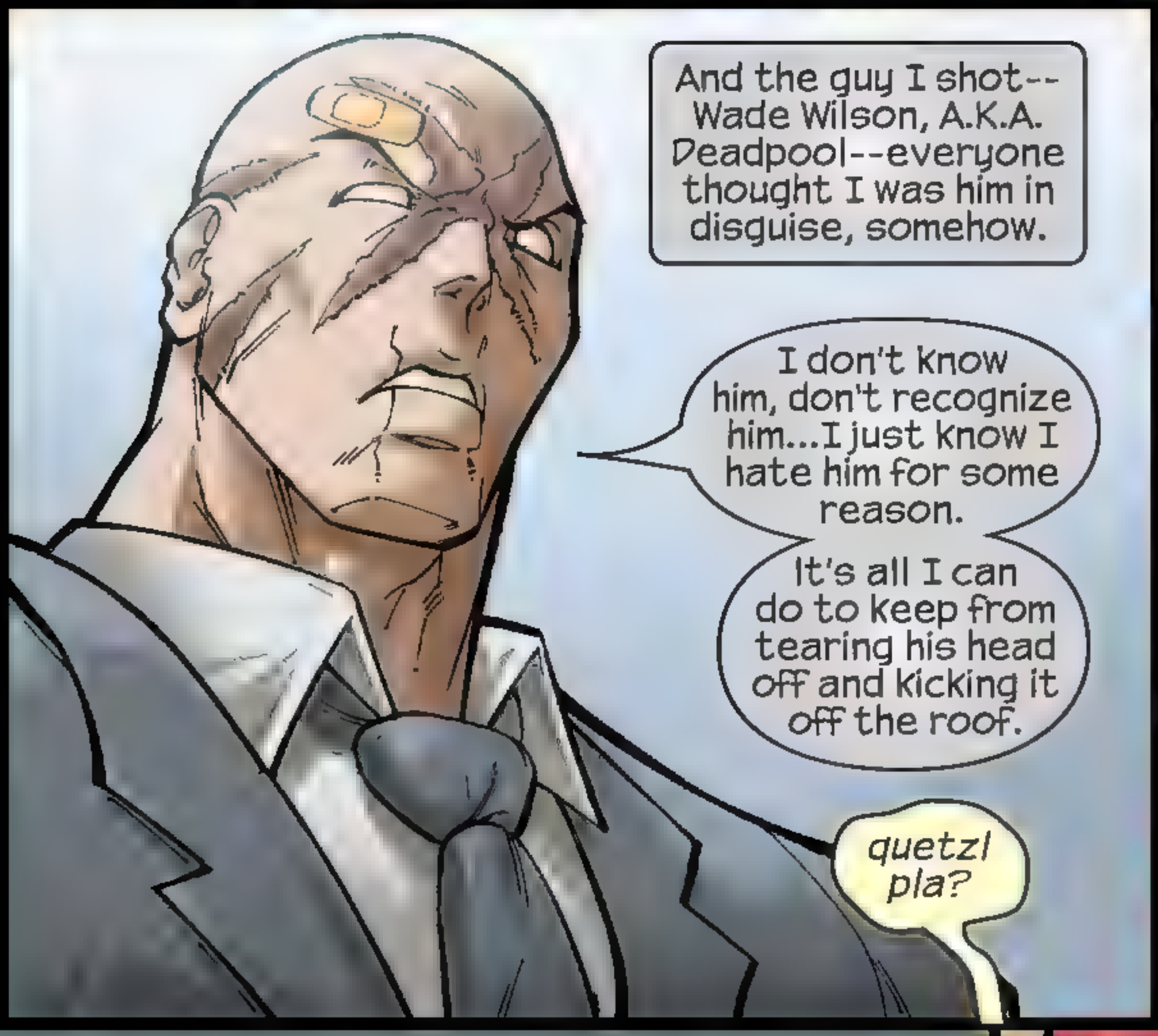
And this is Sandi--I really was proud of myself for being her friend and not sleeping with her...

...until I slept with her, I mean.

spagurgle.

Alex, help me carry him to the bathtub. He's still bleeding!

I...
I can't.



And the guy I shot-- Wade Wilson, A.K.A. Deadpool--everyone thought I was him in disguise, somehow.

I don't know him, don't recognize him...I just know I hate him for some reason.

It's all I can do to keep from tearing his head off and kicking it off the roof.

quetzl pla?



I swear it feels like this guy killed my brother.

And since I don't think I *have* a brother, that's just weird.

Alex, I have someone I really care about dying on my carpet and the man who killed him the *first* time insulting my Newtons.

I kinda need you to reach deep and pitch in, all right?



I dunno...just looking at him makes me want to nail his face to a *bus*.

Oof. Alex, please.

Yeah, the old face/bus nail gambit, that'd be smooth.



All right, let's let him rest. Maybe...

Gonna wash my hands first. Got a little brain juice on my glove.



Awww.

He looks kinda peaceful laying there like that.



WHAP



Alex, you coming?



Coming!

Ackkkk--brakkk.



Mr. Swan, maybe you'd be good enough to tell us what the hell is going on?

Guy's got brain voodoo, Sandi. Be careful.

Forgive me, Ms. Brandenburg. I've been very rude.

You have questions, and I have answers.



Might I trouble you for a sharp knife, Taskmaster?

I think you'll enjoy this.



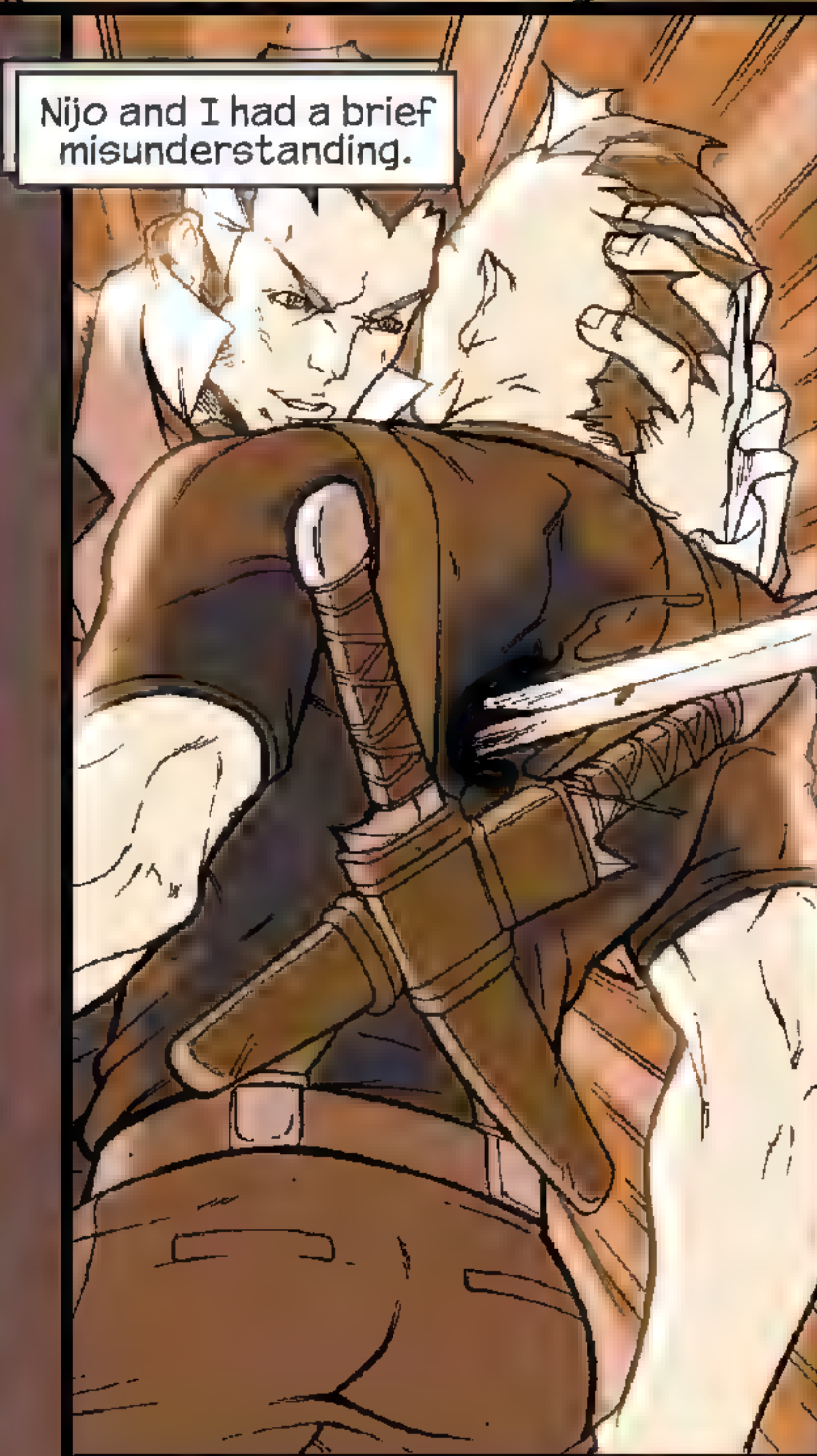
Imagine myself and my partner Nijo in my ancestral home.

Imagine Wade Wilson, assassin, comes to ply his trade on me. At this point, "Alex Hayden" doesn't exist.

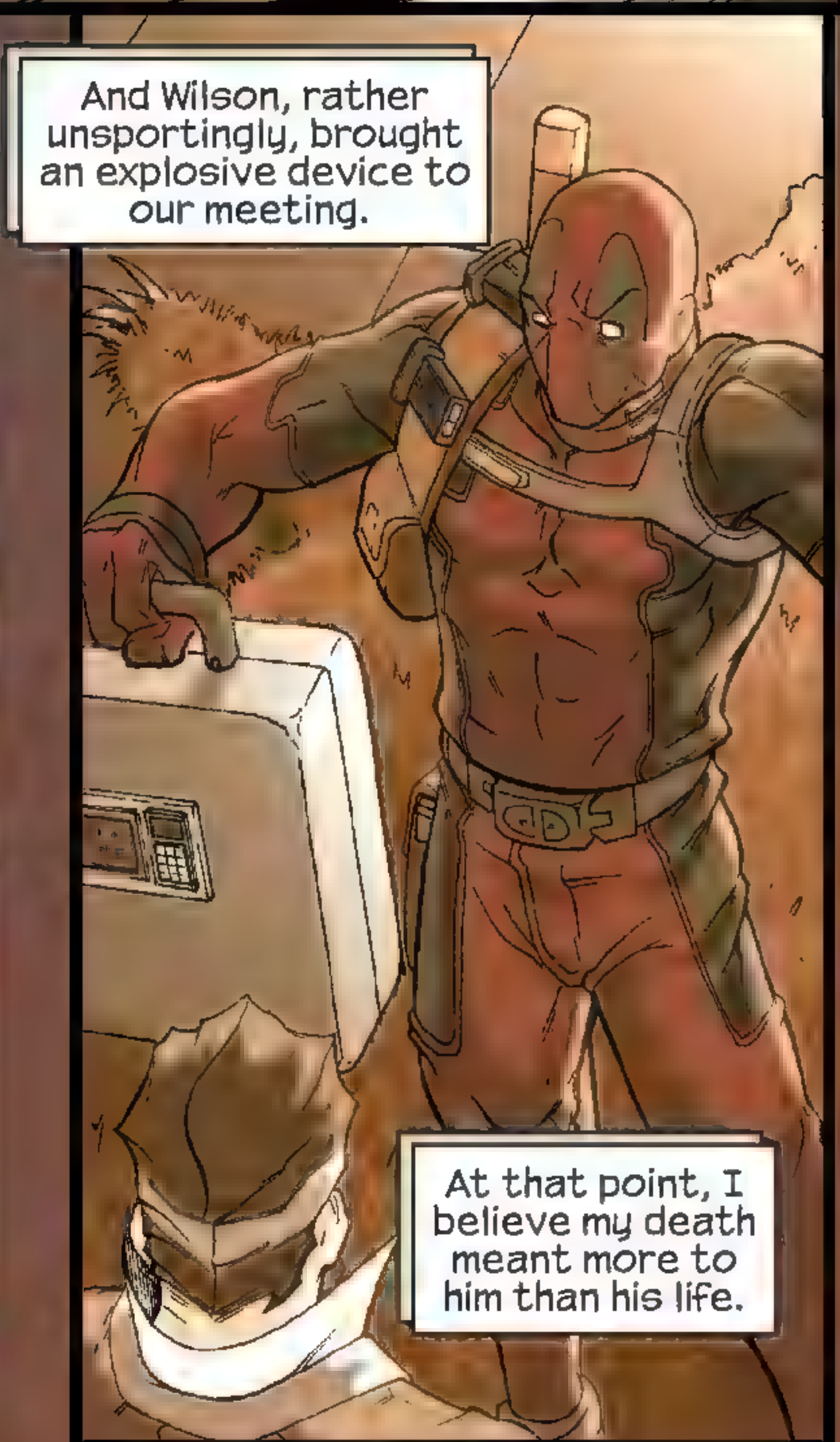


You were not yet a going concern, sir. Yours was something of a virgin birth.

Get to the point, man.

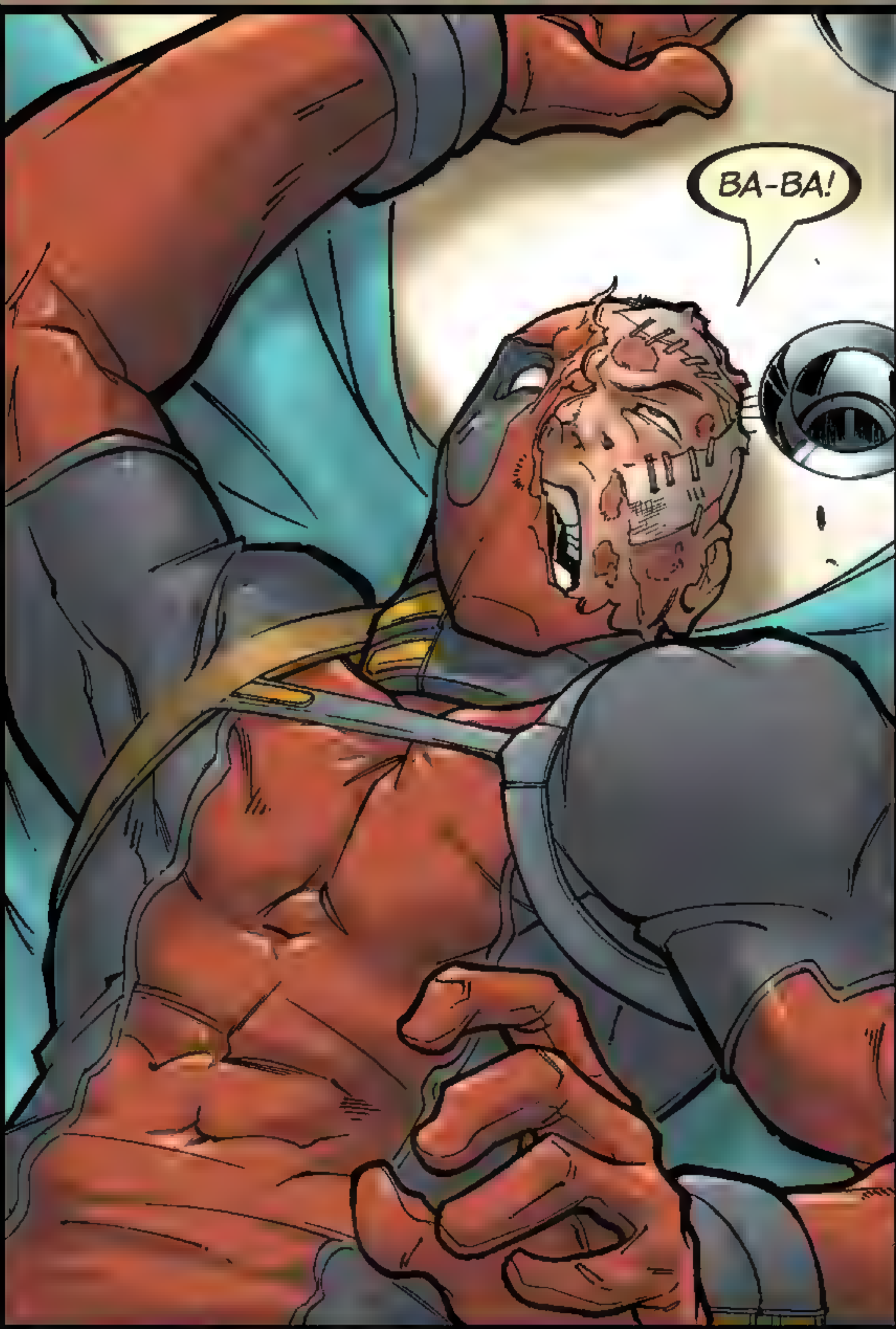


Nijo and I had a brief misunderstanding.



And Wilson, rather unsportingly, brought an explosive device to our meeting.

At that point, I believe my death meant more to him than his life.



BA-BA!



Wan' BA-BA!

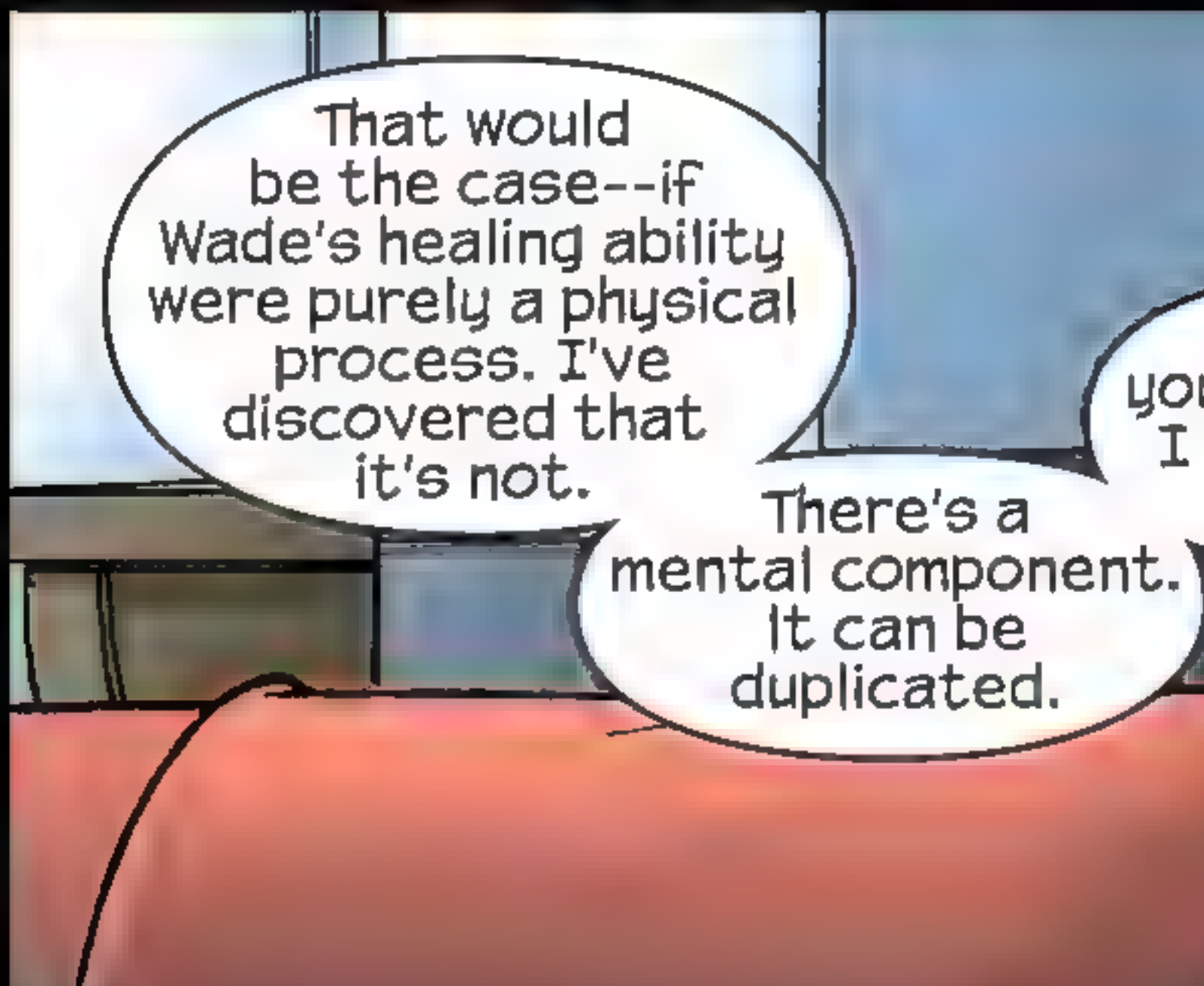
He's recovering... he's literally growing his memory back.

That doesn't make any sense...



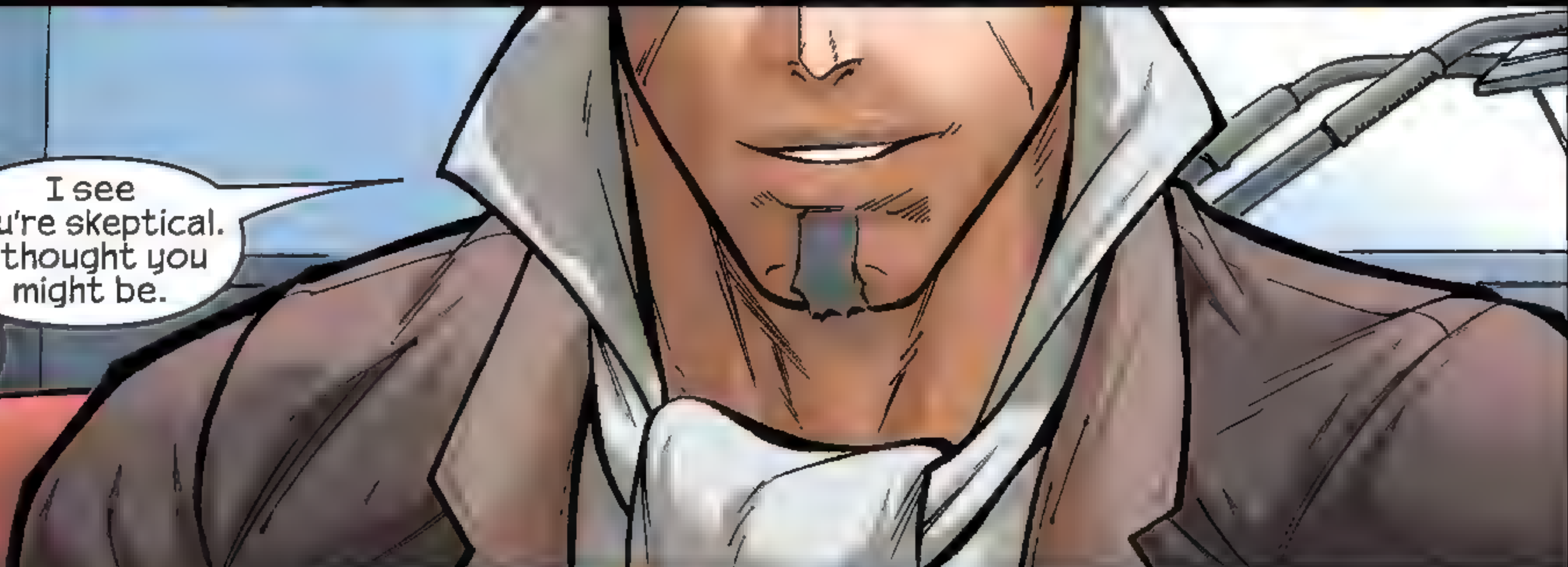
I can take a guy growing an arm back, I guess.

But growing back memories'd be like growing an arm back with the *tattoos* still on it.



That would be the case--if Wade's healing ability were purely a physical process. I've discovered that it's not.

There's a mental component. It can be duplicated.



I see you're skeptical. I thought you might be.



SLISSH



By the time our conversation is done, my finger will have grown back.

Can you grasp the implications of this?

You'll be able to scratch your own ass again?



HEY! HEEEEEEEEEEY!

LOOK! LOOK!

Mr. Wilson? What's...



Oh, Mr. Wilson!

I'm gonna blow corn kernels from here to Latveria.

WINKIE!
Found a WINKIE!



Boingy boingy boingy boingy!

Stop that, Mr. Wilson! It's *nasty*!

Oh, you *gotta* let me shoot him. Please, I'm *beggin'*.

When is he going to stop?

Pretty much never.



All right, so you and Wade are sharing a Vulcan mind-meld when the bomb goes off, and... what, you got some of his healing power?

The brain is merely a computer, Taskmaster, and it's my gift to be able to manipulate those files--delete them, duplicate them...

...move them from one mind to another.



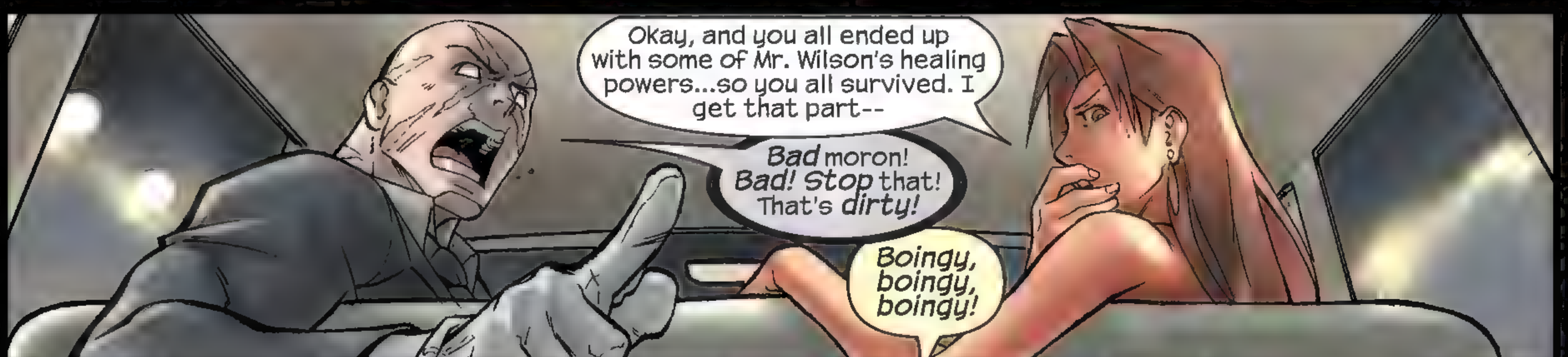
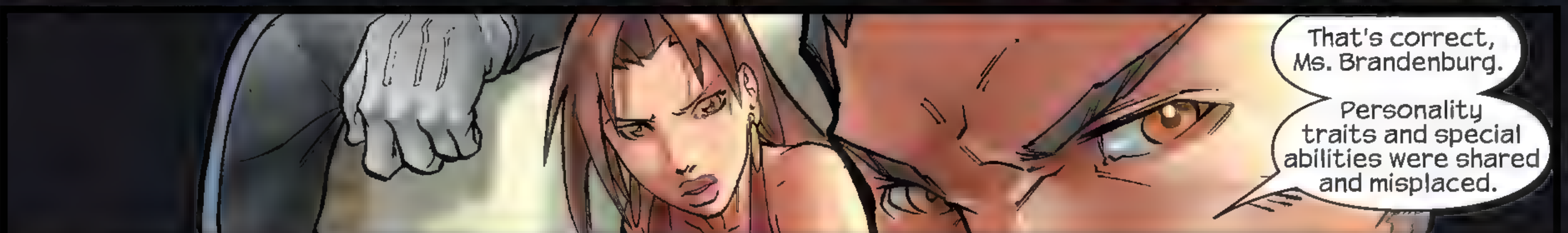
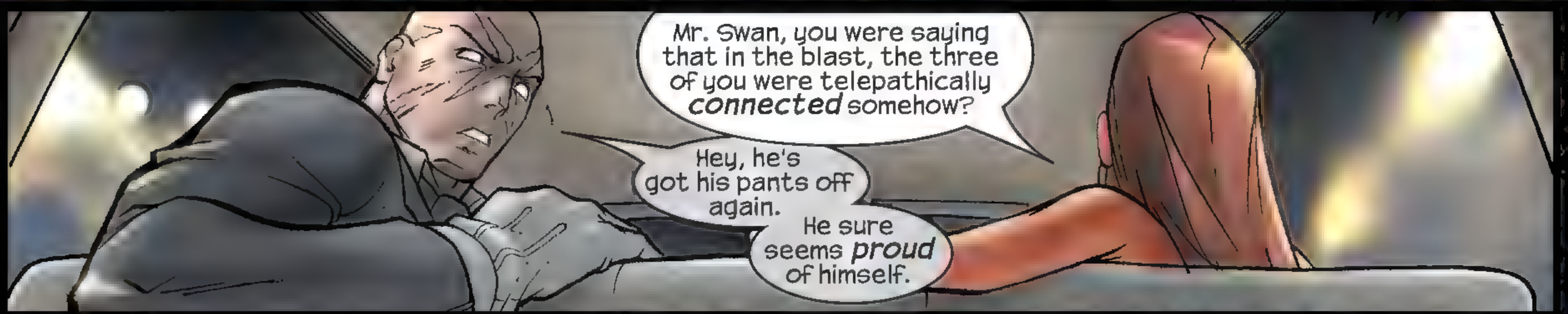
In order to save my life, I'm afraid my powers went far beyond my control--beyond what I'd known I was capable of.

You still haven't explained what this has to do with *me*.



You? I should think it would be obvious.

You're the dead man. Your life began five minutes after Nijo's brain activity ceased.





You're a modern day Frankenstein's monster, Mr. Hayden.

Made from a freshly-dead corpse and bits of stolen personalities.

But you took too much. More than your fair share.

Aside from Wilson's recuperative abilities, and his unfairly acclaimed "wit"...

...you took the skill with guns it took me a *lifetime* to acquire.

You took my taste, my discernment. You took my *ambition*.

You even took my intolerance for rudeness.

And when Wilson threw me face-first into a white-hot fireplace grill...

...I even gave you my *outrage*.



I want those qualities *back*, Mr. Hayden. That's why we've come all this way. To set matters right.



What?

Oh, did you say something? I totally wasn't listening.

Did you guys keep the staple gun? One way or another, this guy's pants are staying *on*.



We're here.

You exit last, Swan. Slowly.



So, you're proposing some sorta seance to swap back our own personalities?

You and Wilson have my gifts, Mr. Hayden. In return, I received a taste for Radiohead and an encyclopedic knowledge of pornographic knock-knock jokes.

So yes, I'd like to switch back, if possible.

You *pretty*. Good smelling.



Alex...are you *sure* you want to do this?

No, but I'm pretty *damn* sure I don't want *that* guy squatting in my brain any longer.

You know, the Alex who comes out of this might not be the Alex you like.



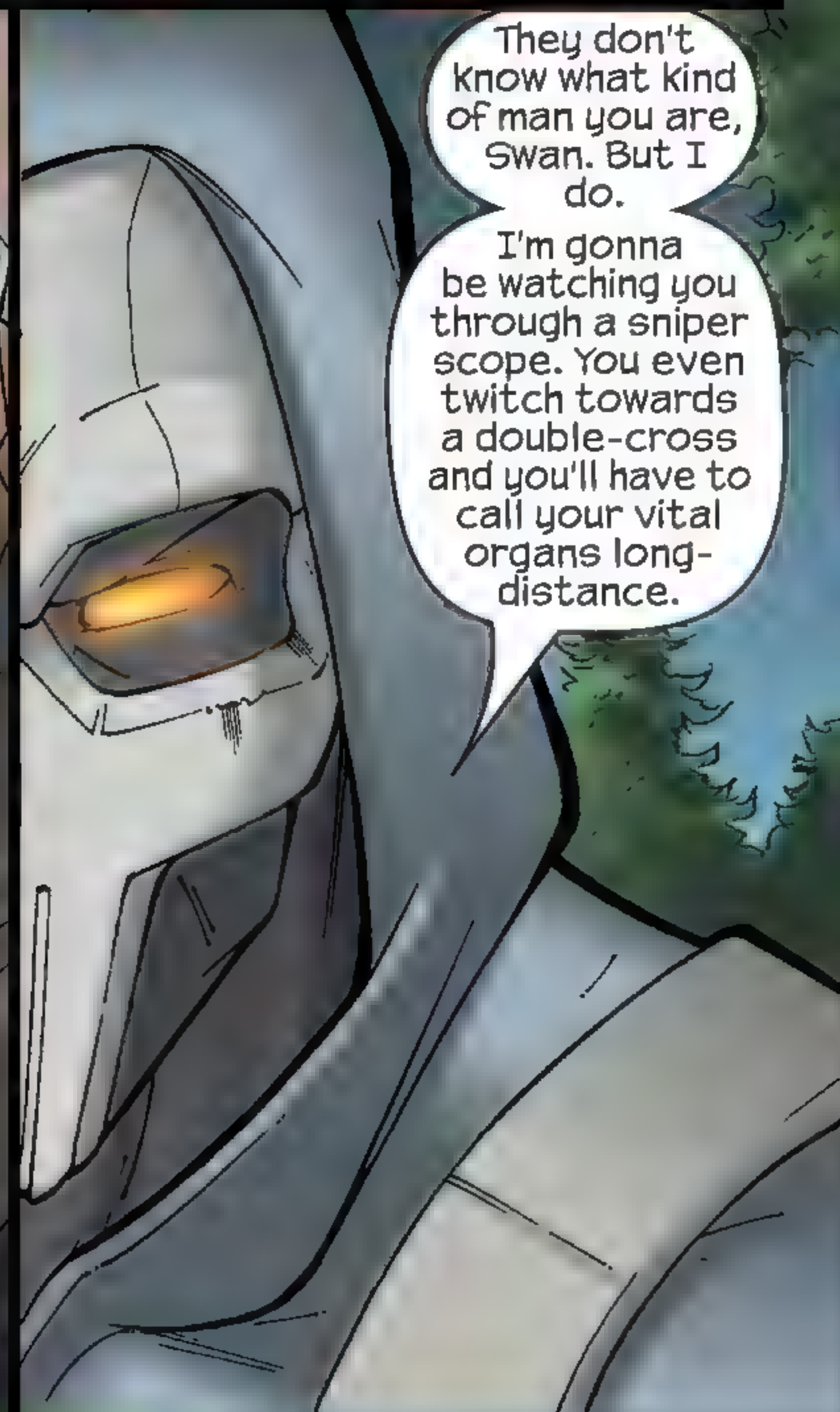
Better make sure that this Alex comes back, then.

I'll try, Sandi.



They look very happy together.

Shut up.



They don't know what kind of man you are, Swan. But I do.

I'm gonna be watching you through a sniper scope. You even twitch towards a double-cross and you'll have to call your vital organs long-distance.



No chance of that, unfortunately. The last trait of Nijo's that I had forced upon me was his ridiculous sense of honor.

I couldn't break my word if I tried.



Let's finish this.



Hey, guys--I'm back!



Alex? Sandi?

Don't shoot--it's just me, Inez!

MROWR!



Huh.

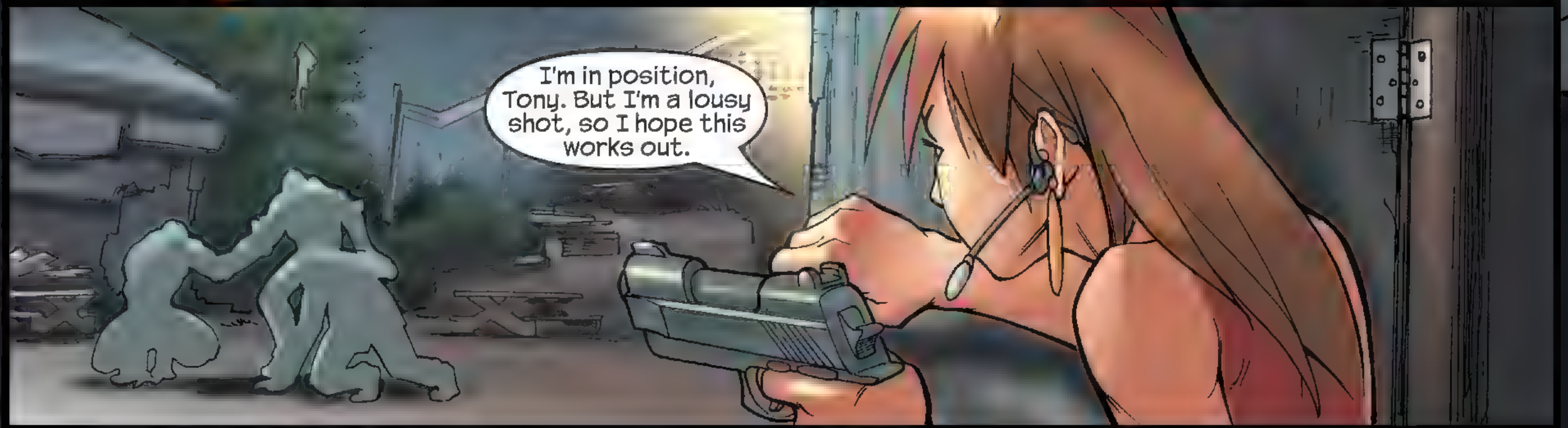
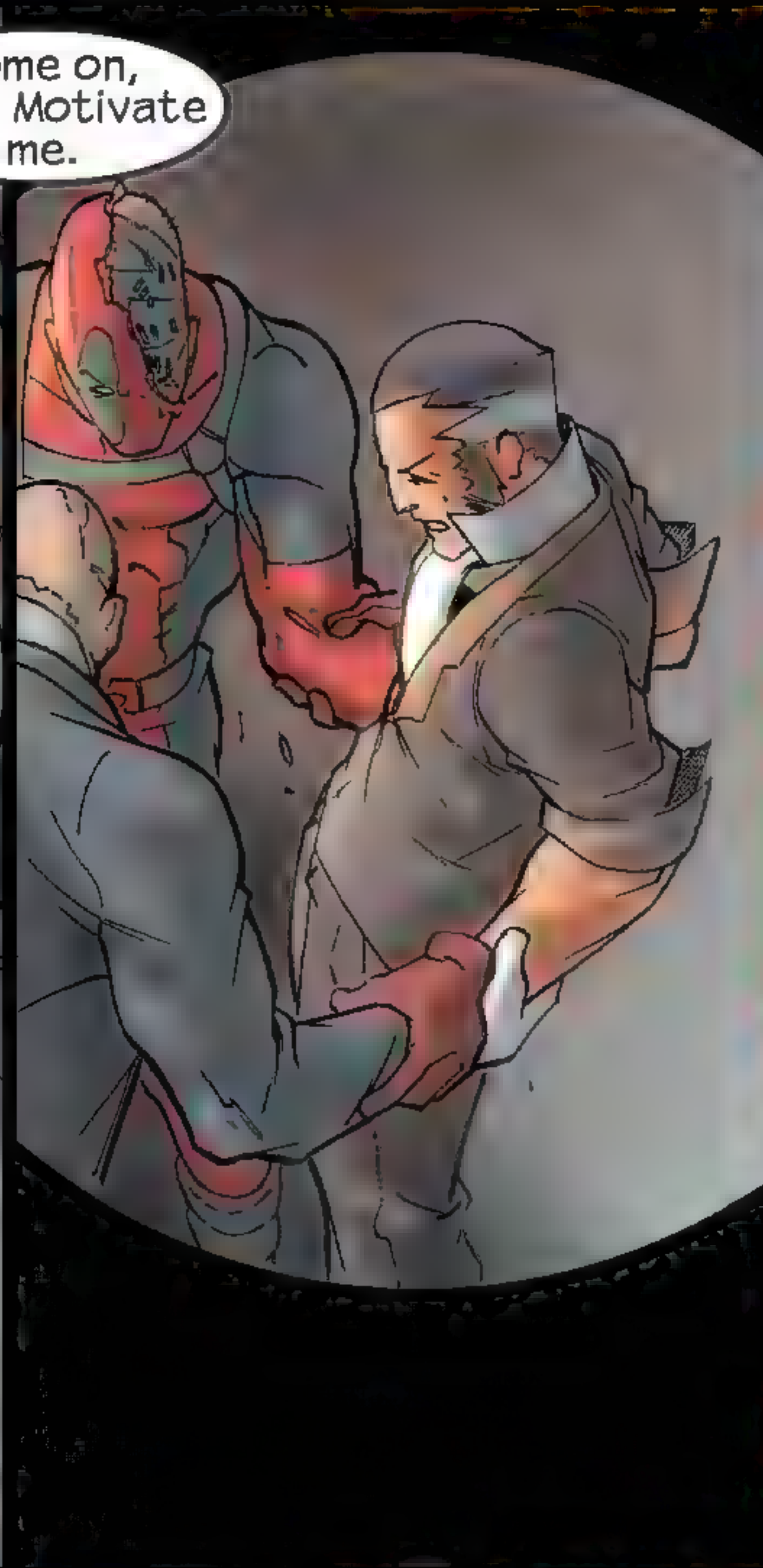


You guys ain't in here, are ya?



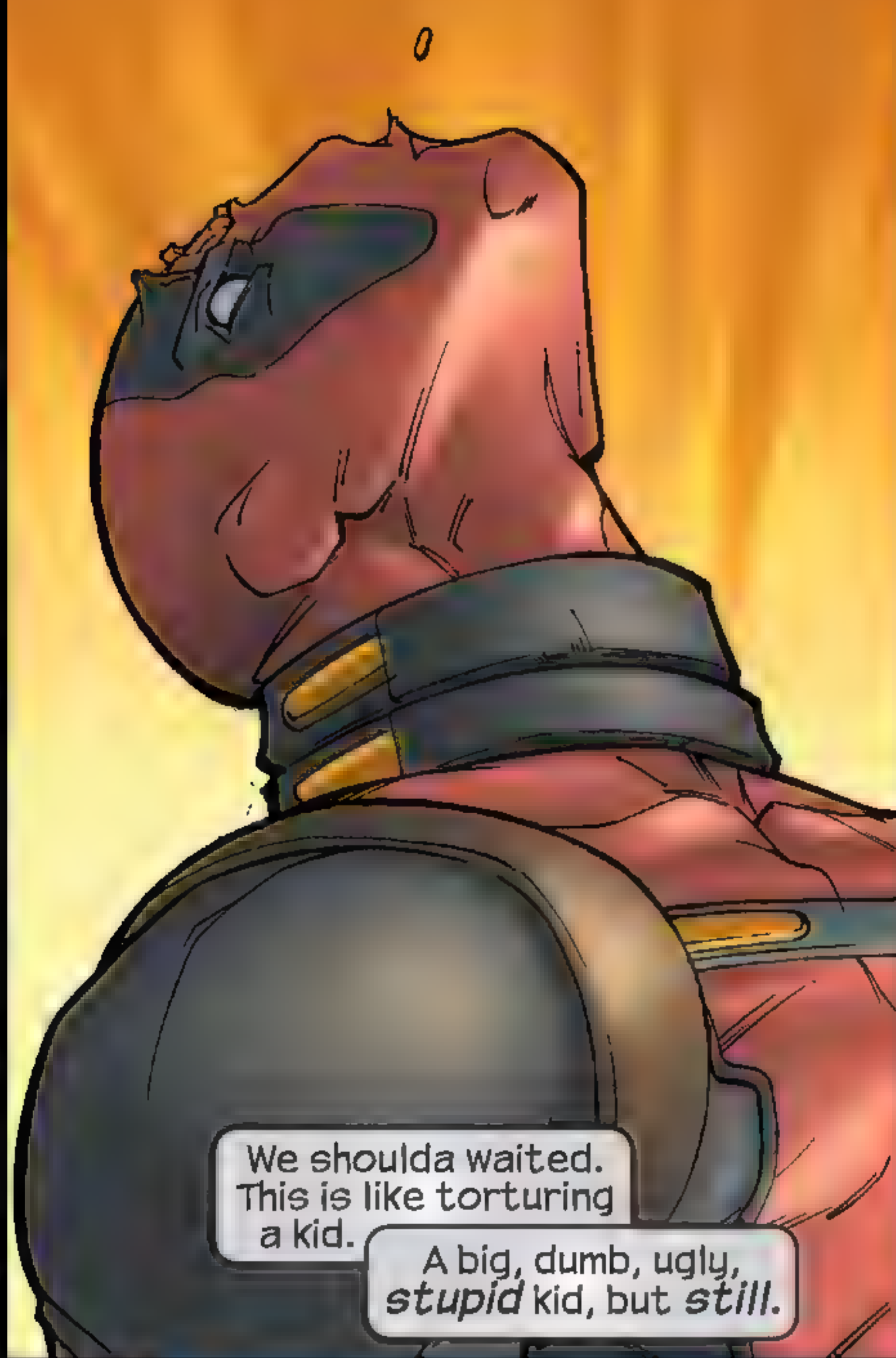
Oh, Alex...







It's like having razor-wielding maggots tunneling through my brain.
Never had *anything* hurt so bad.



We shoulda waited. This is like torturing a kid.
A big, dumb, ugly, *stupid* kid, but *still*.



I'll...*keep* my word, "Hayden." I'm giving you both *back*... what memories I *can*.
And I'm going to give you back something...*else*. Come closer...and I'll *tell* you.



Your sense of *honor*.
I find it a *nuisance*. I don't *need* it any longer.



Tony, something's wrong. The Swan...he...
He's *smiling*.



I *knew* it. Say goodbye, Fritzie!



Oh yes.

I feel *much* more myself now.



No. I feel *better*.
Your powers and mine...



It's heaven.



I can take what I *want* from you, and make it my own, now.
The gunman and the girl next, don't you think?



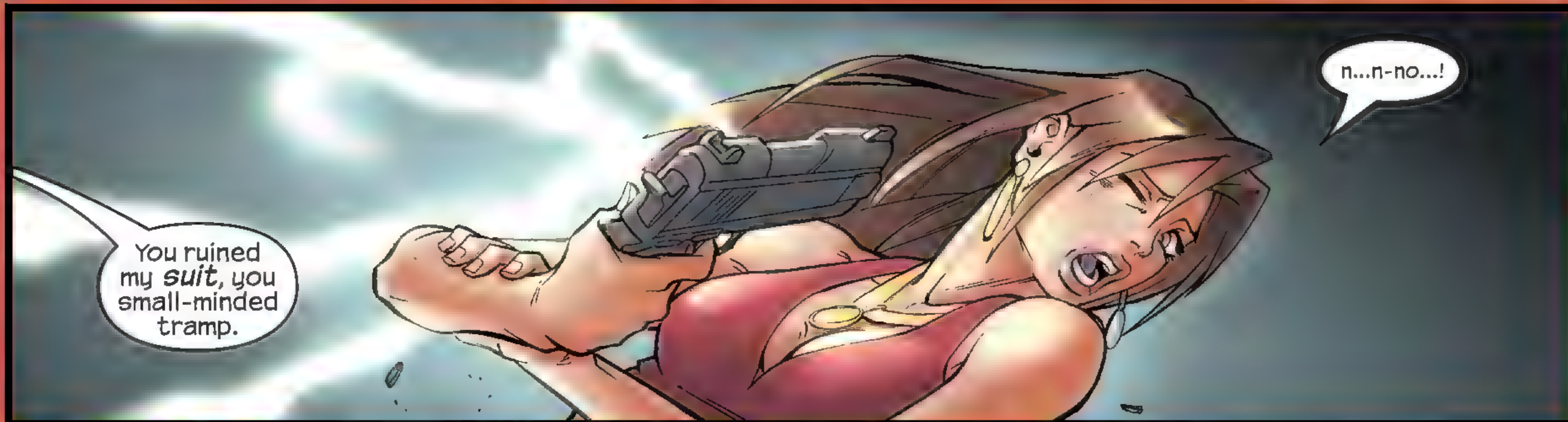
This must be what God feels like on a good day.



Stop it! STOP!



Well.

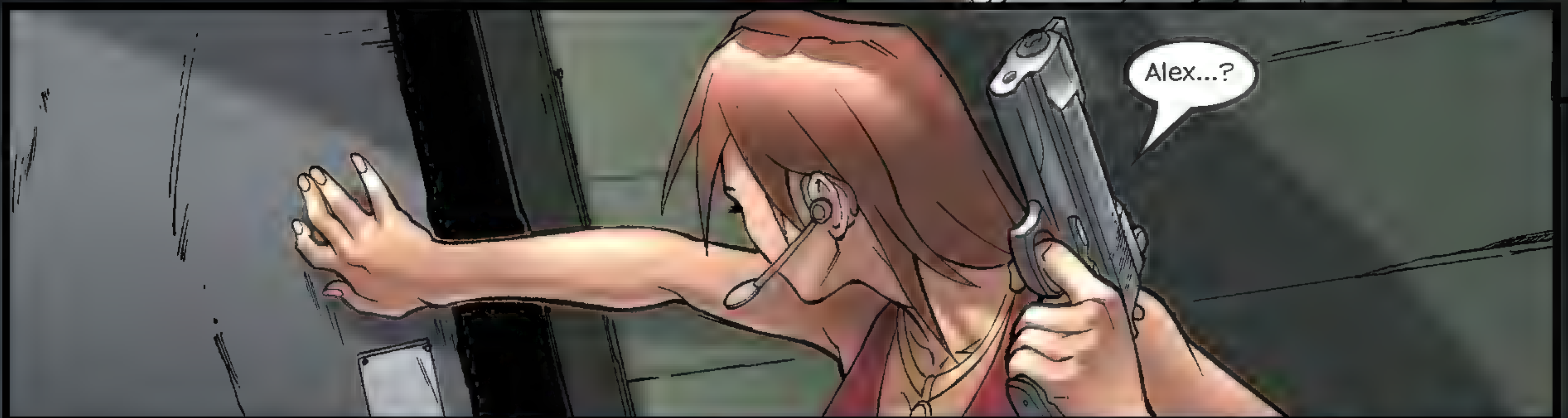


You ruined my *suit*, you small-minded tramp.

n...n-no...!



Stay out of her *mind*, you bastard!





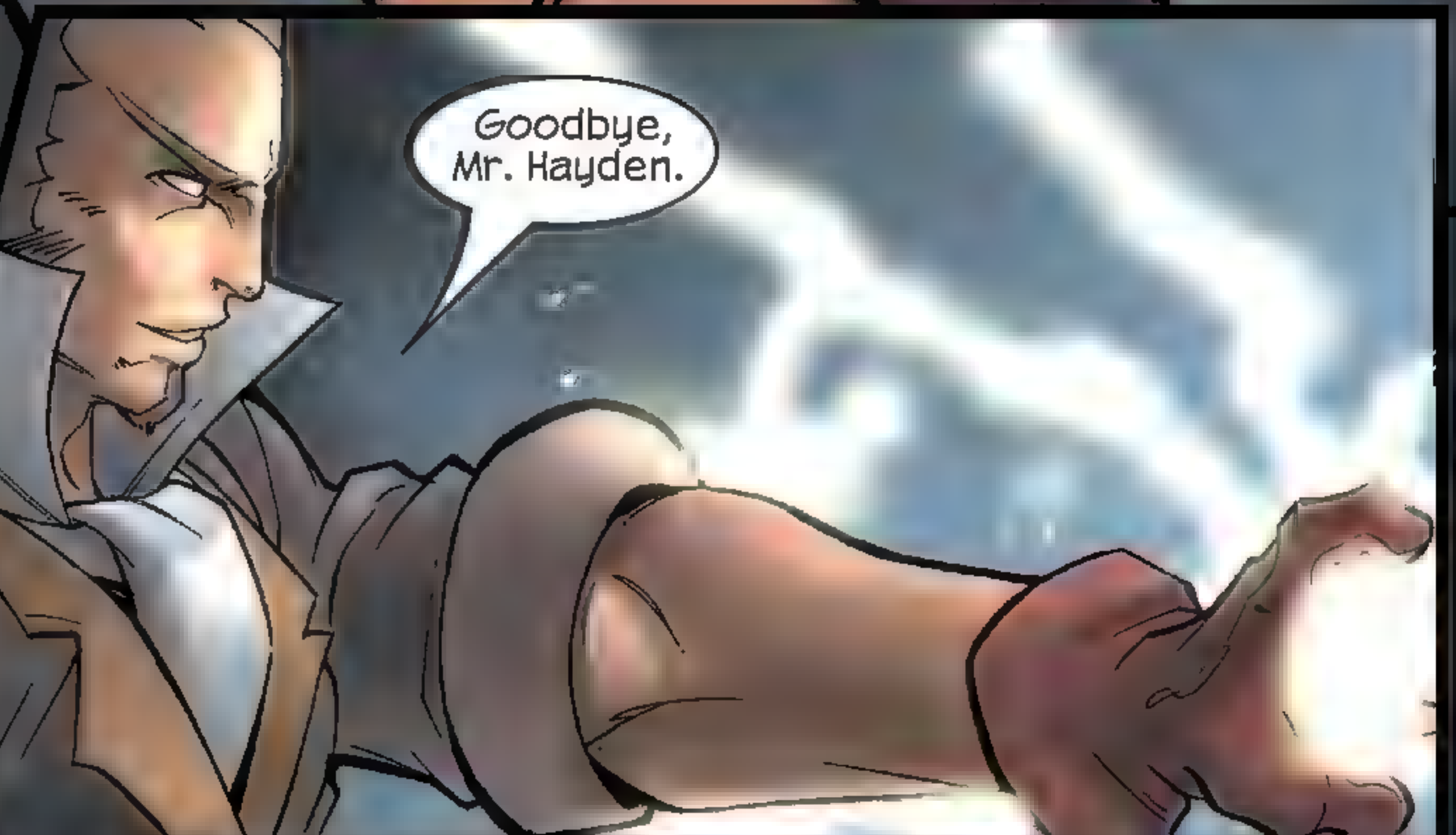
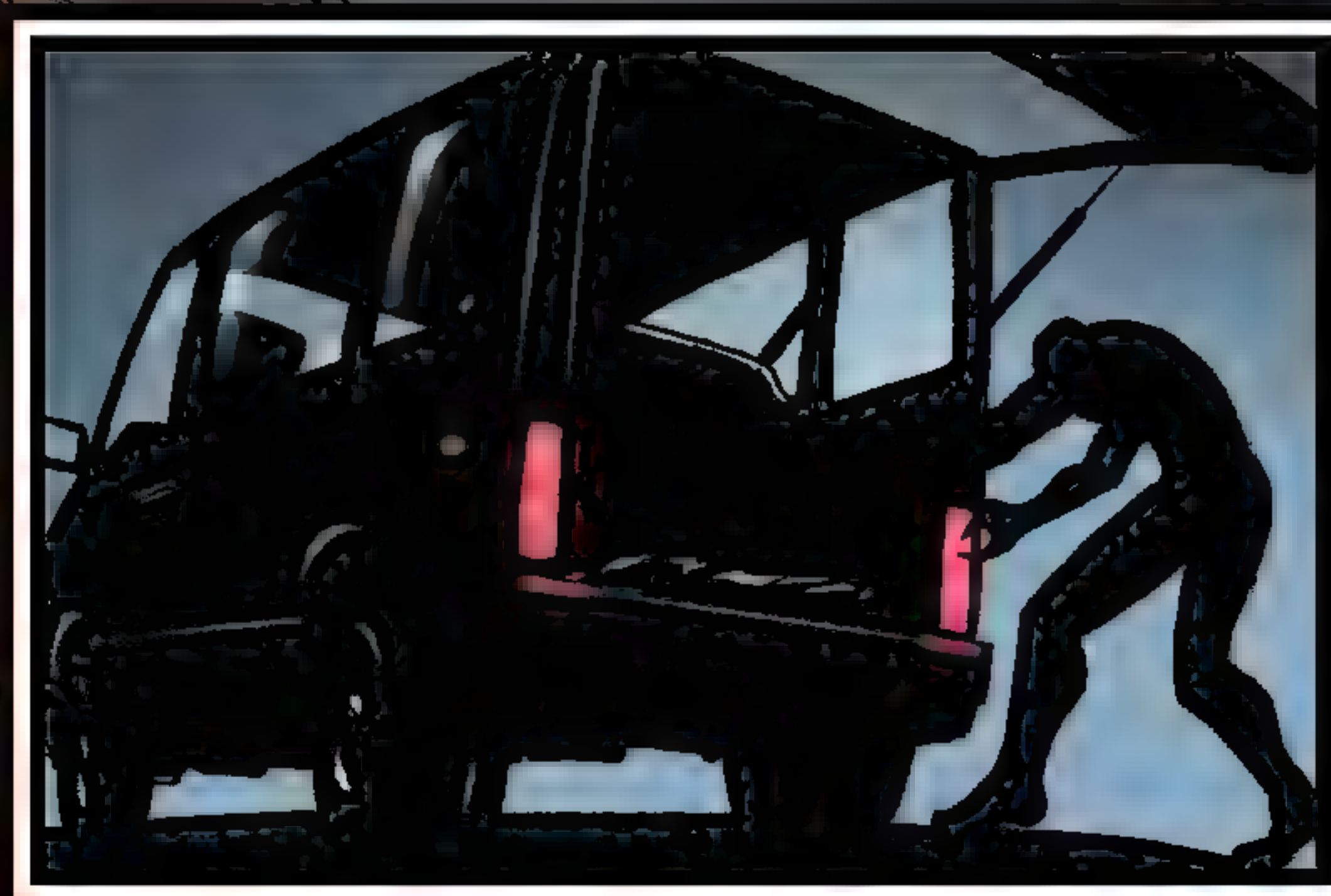
Move away,
Ms. Brandenburg.



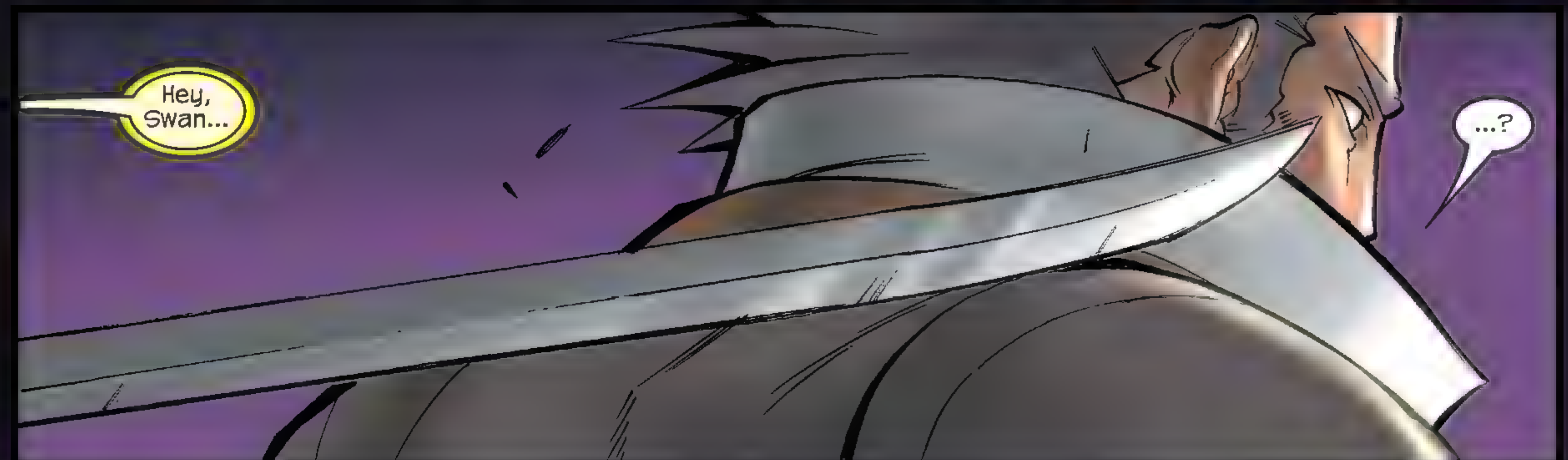
AAAAAH!

I can't
explain how
much it delights
me, Hayden.

To kill all of you,
after the humiliation
I've endured.



Goodbye,
Mr. Hayden.



Hey,
Swan...

...?



You forgot someone!

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

SHLICK!

NEXT:
DEADPOOL
WALKIN'
FINALE

MARVEL

15

SIMONE
LEE
UDON

AGENTS



**DEADPOOL
WALKIN'
PART 3**



ALVIN LEE
UDON

AMERICAN GUN AND WOUND'S MOUTHWATERING MERC OF THE MONTH



Name: Alex "Agent X (rated, we bet!)" Hayden

Take a loooooong look, ladies! This hair-trigger hottie has the build, bullets, and blobs of scar tissue to give gobs of gals goose-bumps gladly, and inside sources say he hits what he aims at! Even if he sometimes fires before we're ready, wink wink!

Yes, he's every God-fearin', gun-totin' woman's dream date, and get THIS--he's nearly 100% DISEASE-FREE!

We had a chance to talk with this hunk of merc-y manflesh recently. See why he set our photographer Jorge's lens all a'quiver...

AG&W: Now, Alex, can you tell us a few of your turn-ons?

ALEX: Sure. I like long walks on the beach, corndogs, shooting people, and gigantism.

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

ALEX: Gigantism.

AG&W: You like a big girl, huh?

ALEX: She should be freakishly large and malformed.

AG&W: Yes.

ALEX: She should be able to put one hand all the way around my skull. I should be able to take a sponge bath in her ski-boot.

AG&W: Let's move on for a moment. Now, you're relatively new to the merc scene, but you've made quite a splash. Can you tell us your s e c r e t origin?

ALEX: Yes. It turns out that I'm a c o r p s e , injected with bits of the personalities of three gifted freaks: the gentleman's merc THE BLACK SWAN, his partner NIJO, and the

"merc with a mouth," DEADPOOL. Jeez, now I can't stop thinking of an eight-foot-tall woman in a French maid's outfit.

AG&W: And what are your plans for the future?

ALEX: "Oui, oui, monsieur! Gladly shall I bring you ze beer with my fantastically huge hands! See how I carry ze entire twelve pack case in one monstrous mitt? I shall give you ze foot rub that will CRUSH YOUR INSTEP TO POWDER! Eet iz zo erotic! You will scream with delight and powdered footbone! C'est la vie, Fifi!"

AG&W: You realize this magazine doesn't exist, right?

ALEX: What? It doesn't?

AG&W: No. You foolishly agreed to the Black Swan's plan to reintegrate your personalities, and he double-crossed you. Now HIS powers and DEADPOOL's powers have combined to give him unimaginable new abilities, which he's using to kill you and your friends...

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

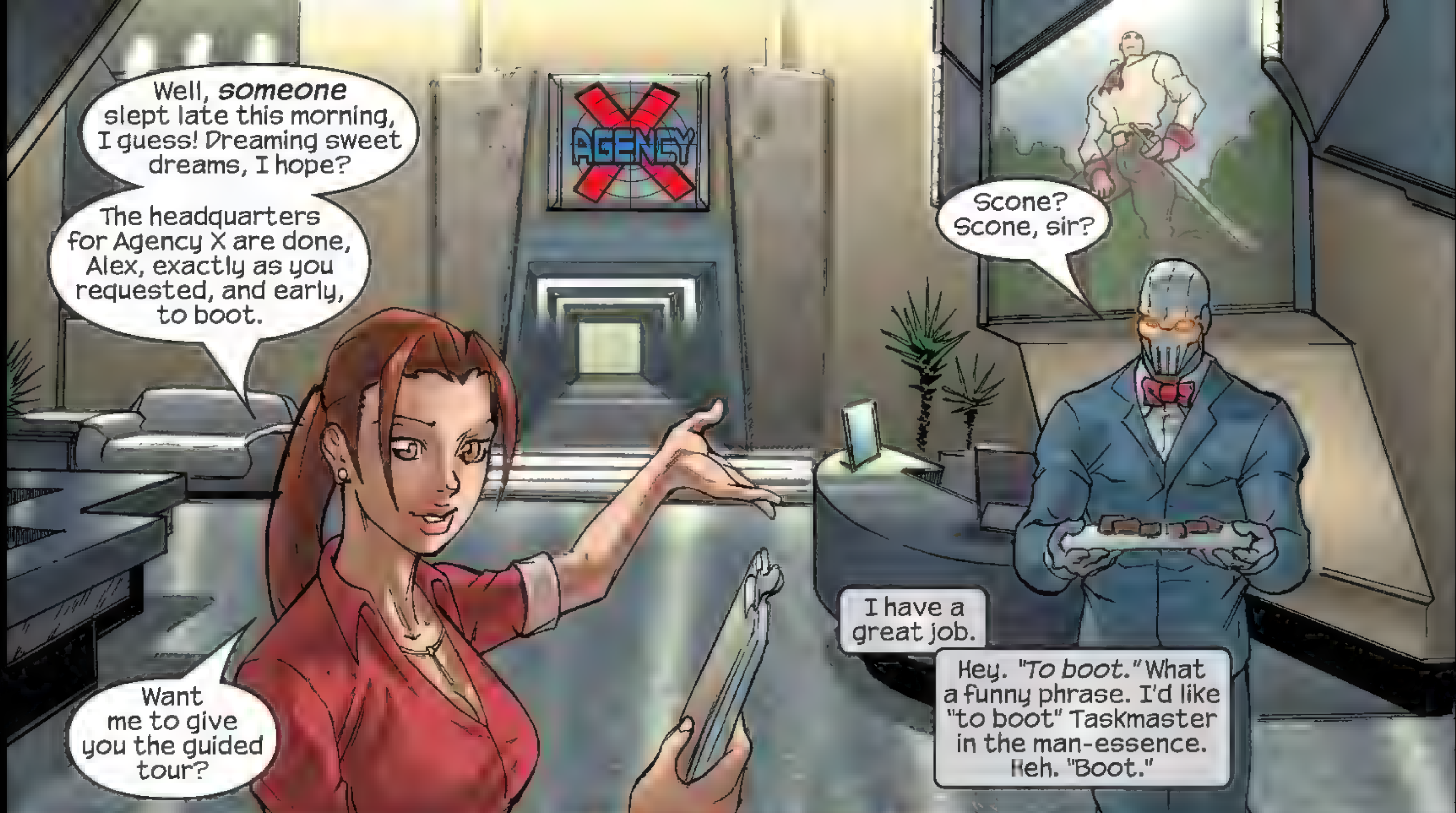
ALEX: Well, DANG. So, I'm lying in the dirt, d y i n g , imagining all of this?

ALEX: Gigantism.

AG&W: 'Fraid so.

ALEX: Can I at least keep the freakishly large woman?

AG&W: No.



Well, *someone* slept late this morning, I guess! Dreaming sweet dreams, I hope?

The headquarters for Agency X are done, Alex, exactly as you requested, and early, to boot.

Want me to give you the guided tour?

Scone?
Scone, sir?

I have a great job.

Hey. "To boot." What a funny phrase. I'd like "to boot" Taskmaster in the man-essence. Heh. "Boot."



You're... only...s'poseta... take...one!

Eunuch!

Estupido!



Were you looking at my behind, Alex?



Mfff, mf'mm!

Pardon me?

No, Ma'am!



I don't mind, you know.

You can look.

I have a great job.



Your staff has been here since 6:00 AM, hoping to get a glimpse of you...

There's the guy! Howdy, Boss!

Way to wear a shirt, Mr. Hayden, Sir!

Doom's codpiece is full of respect!

You fulfill us!

Hope they don't throw me *another* spontaneous party. I'm getting fat on cake and beer.



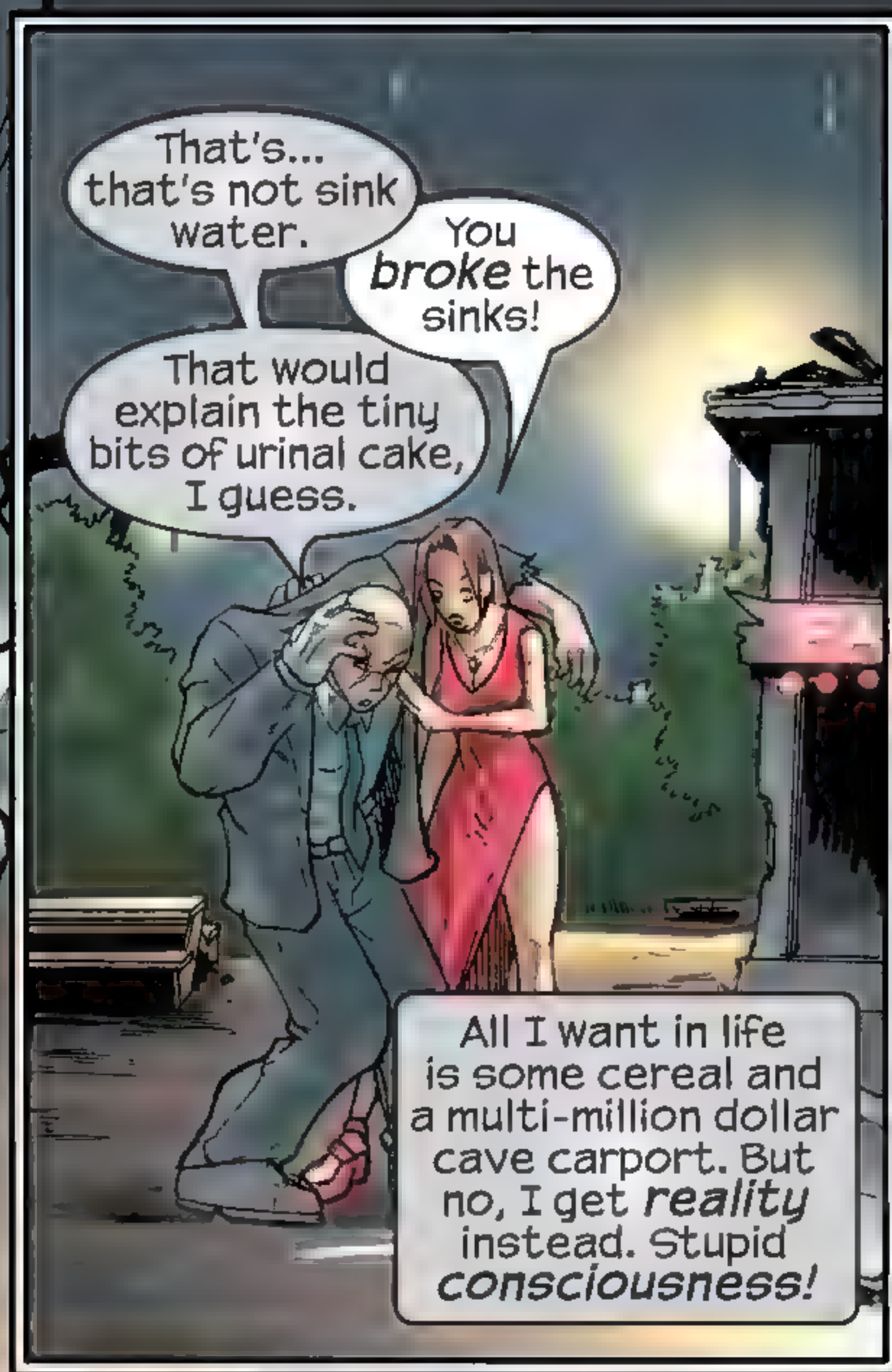


pffwwaah!

Alex!
Wake up!

ALEX!

Blah! I was just about
to get to the *cereal*
and *porn*.



That's...
that's not sink
water.

You
broke the
sinks!

That would
explain the tiny
bits of urinal cake,
I guess.

All I want in life
is some cereal and
a multi-million dollar
cave carport. But
no, I get *reality*
instead. Stupid
consciousness!



A little chewy, but my
breath has never been
more pine-fresh. It's
latrine clean! *Ptui!*

Alex, we've
got to get outta
here--that Swan
guy...

I don't
think he's
human
anymore.



Do
you see my
guns?

Come on,
Alex...let's go.
Let's get Taskmaster
and Mr. Wilson and
skedaddle,
ASAP!

They're
not in the
urinal, are
they?

Tell me my
guns won't have
that urinal-fresh
smell.



You've
got my goon-
huntin' outfit,
right?

Yeah,
I brought
it, but...



Well, Alex,
you got knocked
on the head pretty
bad...

Do you
understand
that we have
to get out
of here?

Hey, Sandi,
remember how
we saved your crime
boss boyfriend's life
a couple days ago?



Higashi is *not* my
boyfriend...

That's good
to know.

He told me
he owed me a
favor. And I knew
a double-cross
was coming.

So
guess
what?

"I called the favor in."

It's been a weird last few hours in a weird short life.

I just found out that I'm just a jumble of personality traits shoved into the brain and body of a corpse. And the guy who made all this happen, the crazy gentleman merc the Black Swan, has come back to collect the powers and abilities that I now have, that *used* to be his.

Not to mention all the healing ability that he, Deadpool and I currently are splitting three ways.

So it looks like a fight is coming... between three combatants who can't be killed. Not to *mention* that almost my entire personality has been stolen from the other two jerks, both of whom I despise.

I'm gonna need therapy *forever*.

DEADPOOL WALKIN' A MEANS TO AN END

PART
THREE

GAIL SIMONE
EULOGIZER

ALVIN LEE & UDON
EMBALMING ARTISTS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

ANDY SCHMIDT GRAVEDIGGER MARC SUMERAK UNDERTAKER JOE QUESADA AND BILL JEMAS PALLBEARERS



But... you *can't*. Mr. Wilson is in the crossfire!

Hmm. Yeah, he is.



Pity.

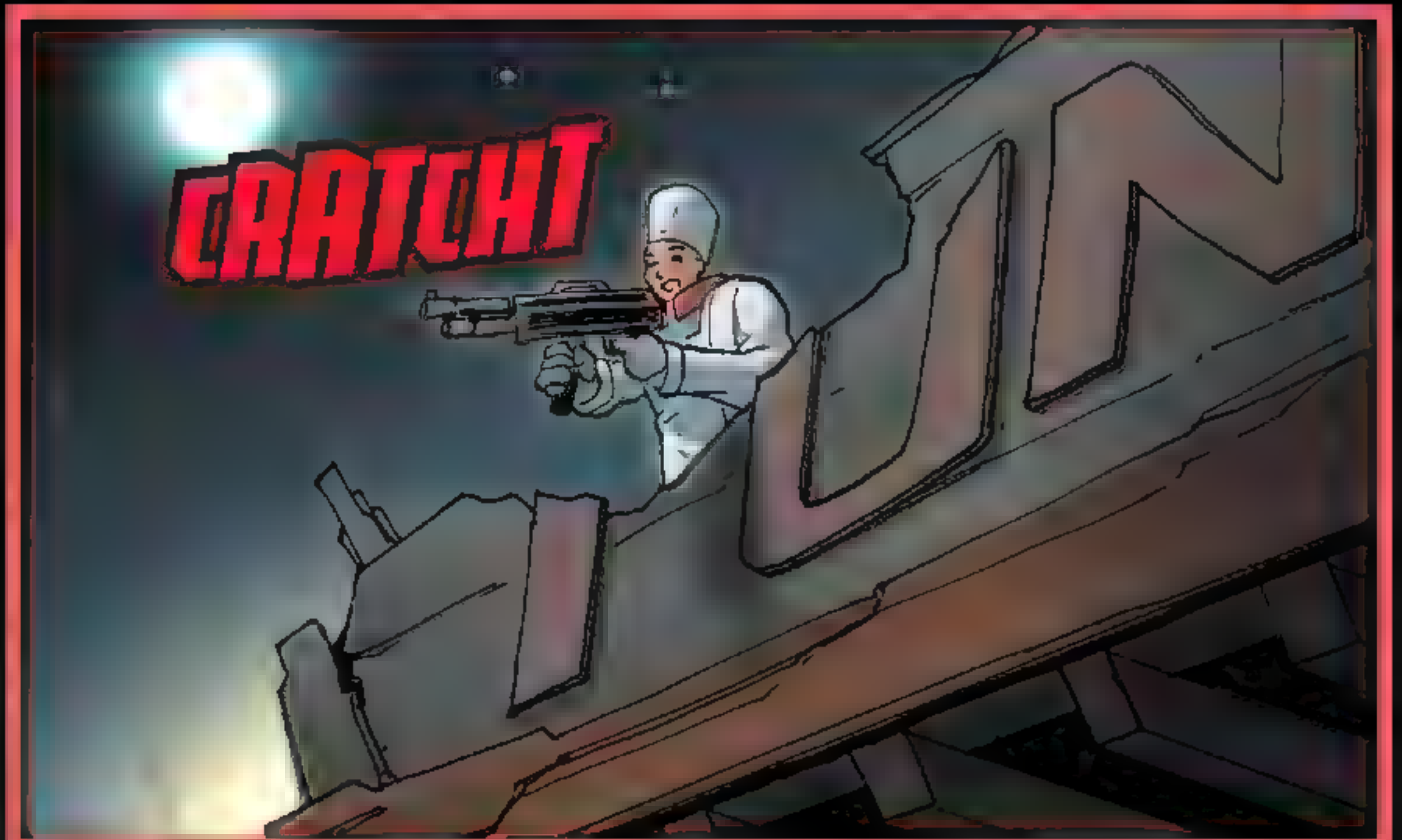


Have your men fire at will, Higashi.

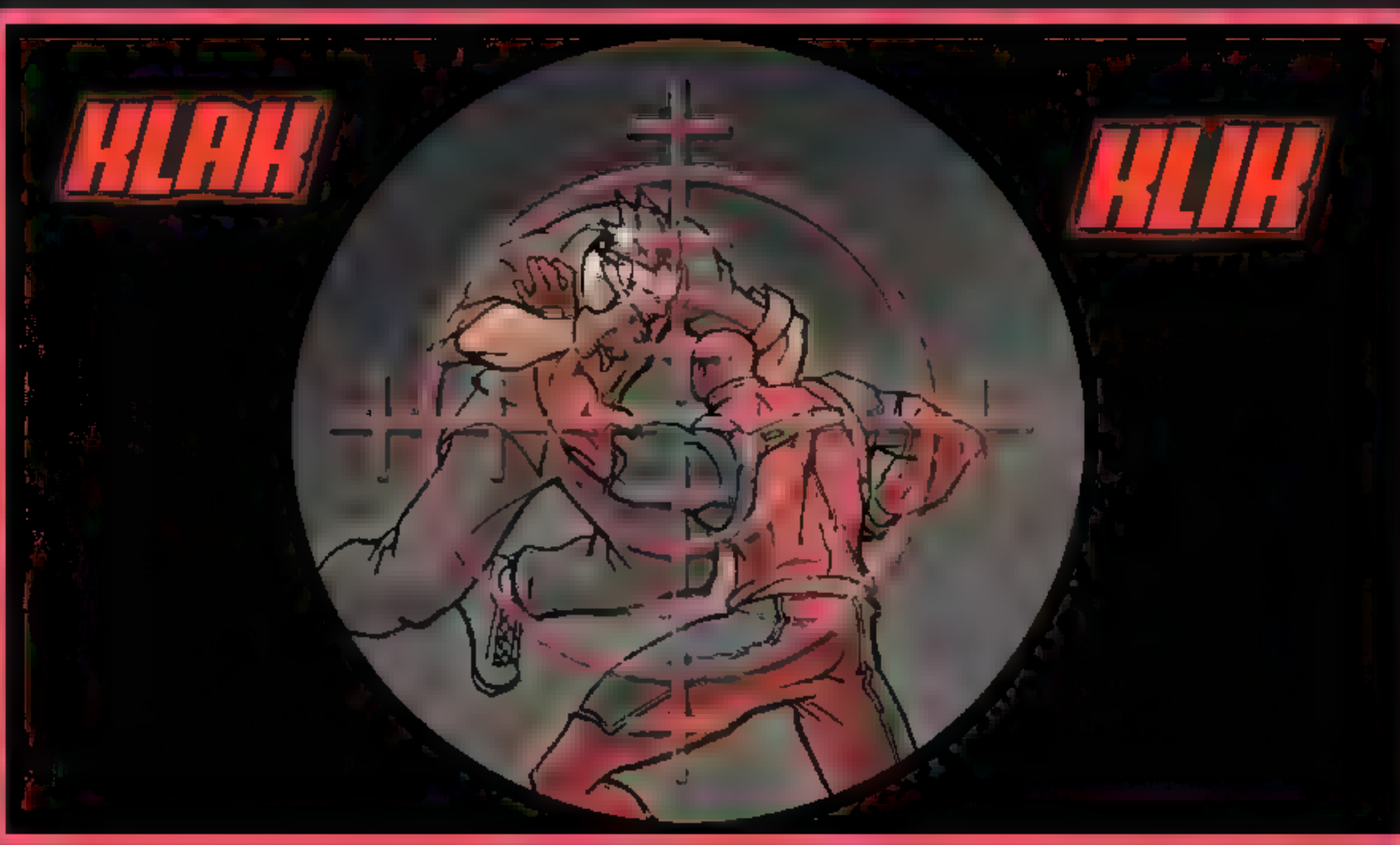
Understood.



KA-KLAK

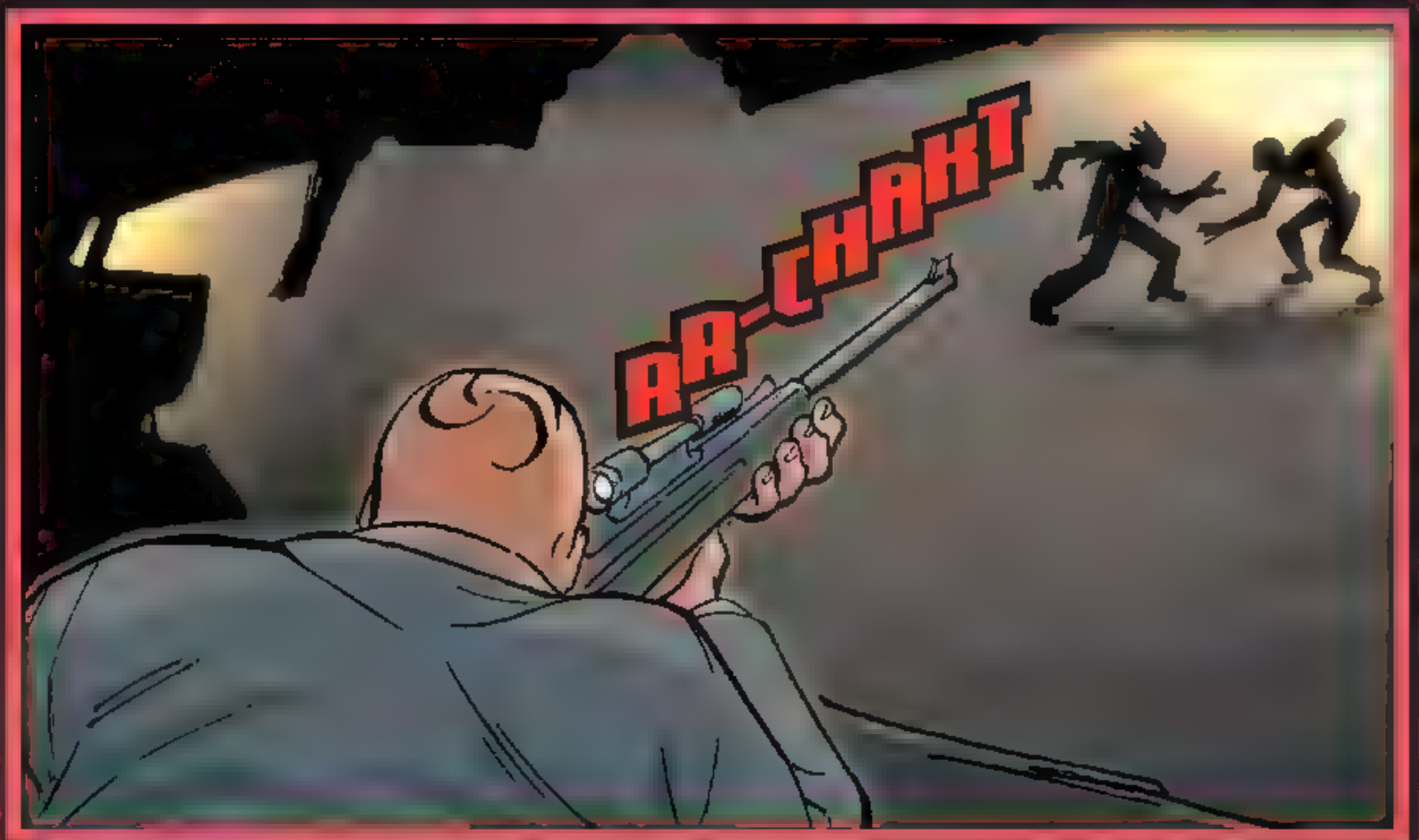


CRATCH

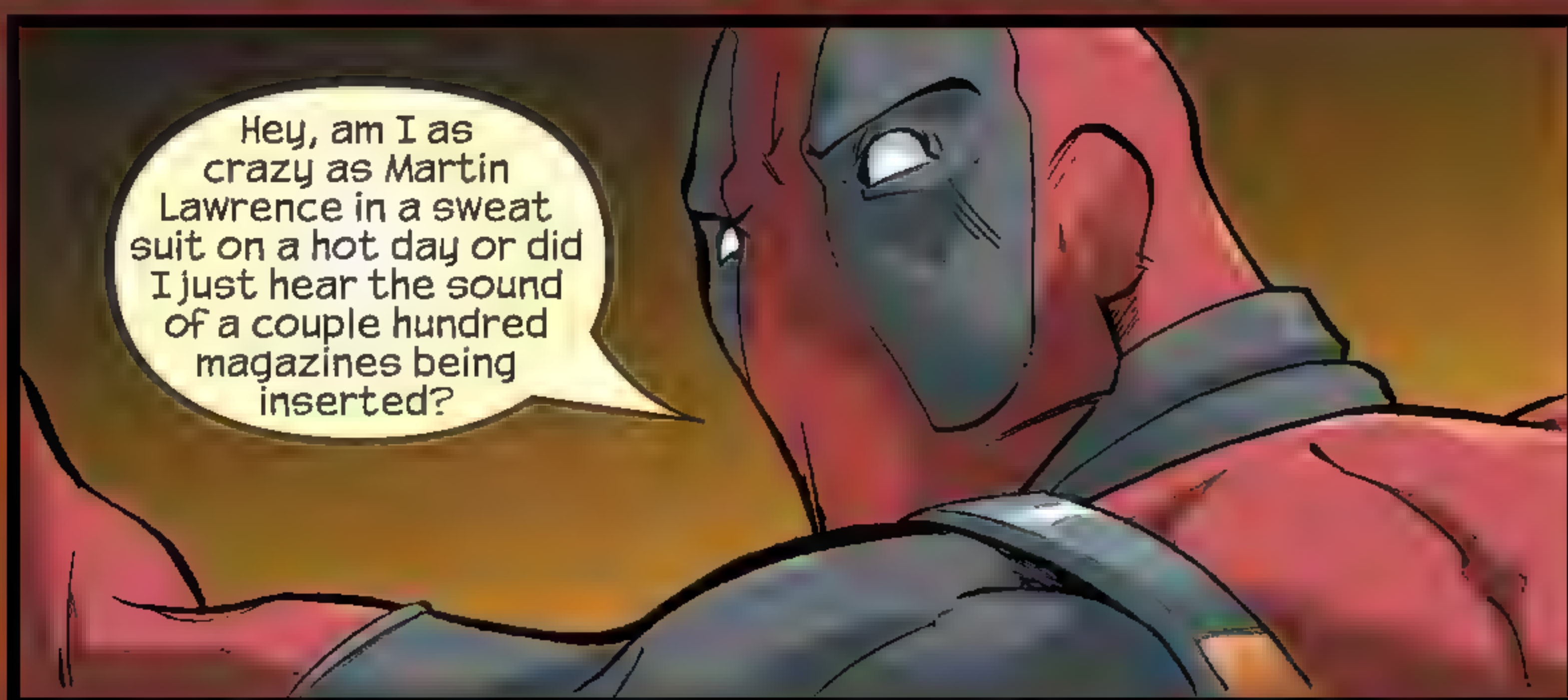


KLAK

KLIK

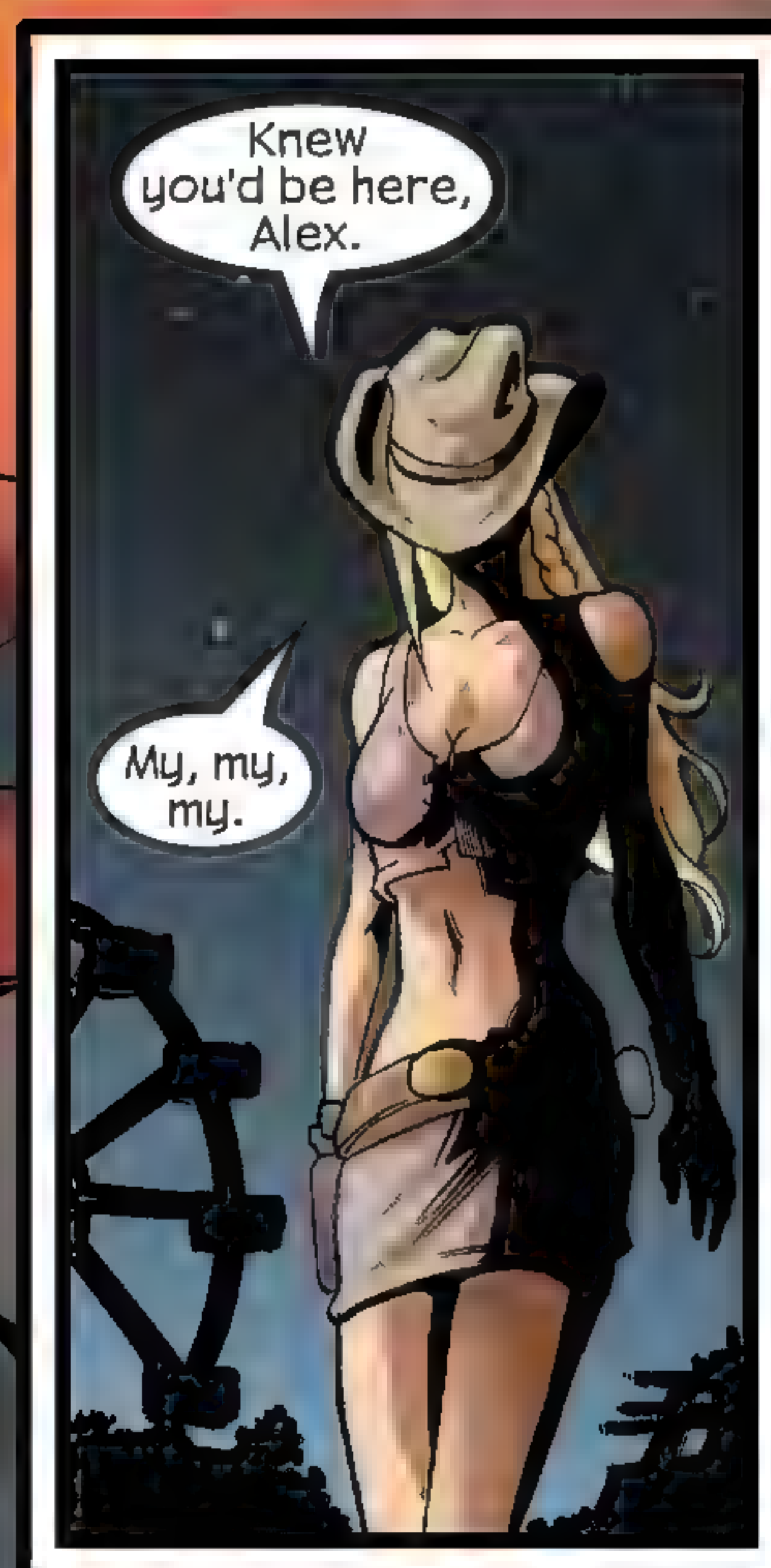


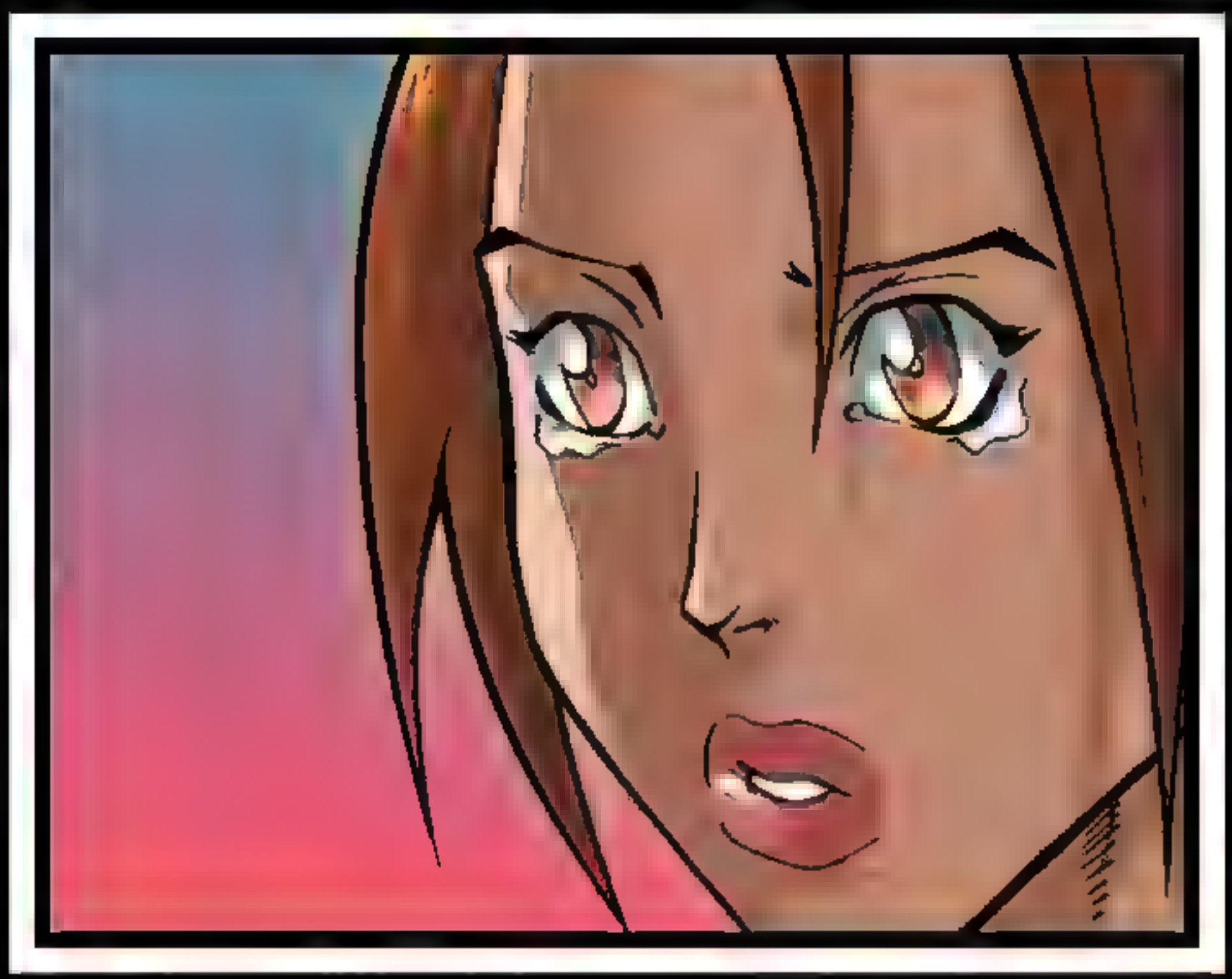
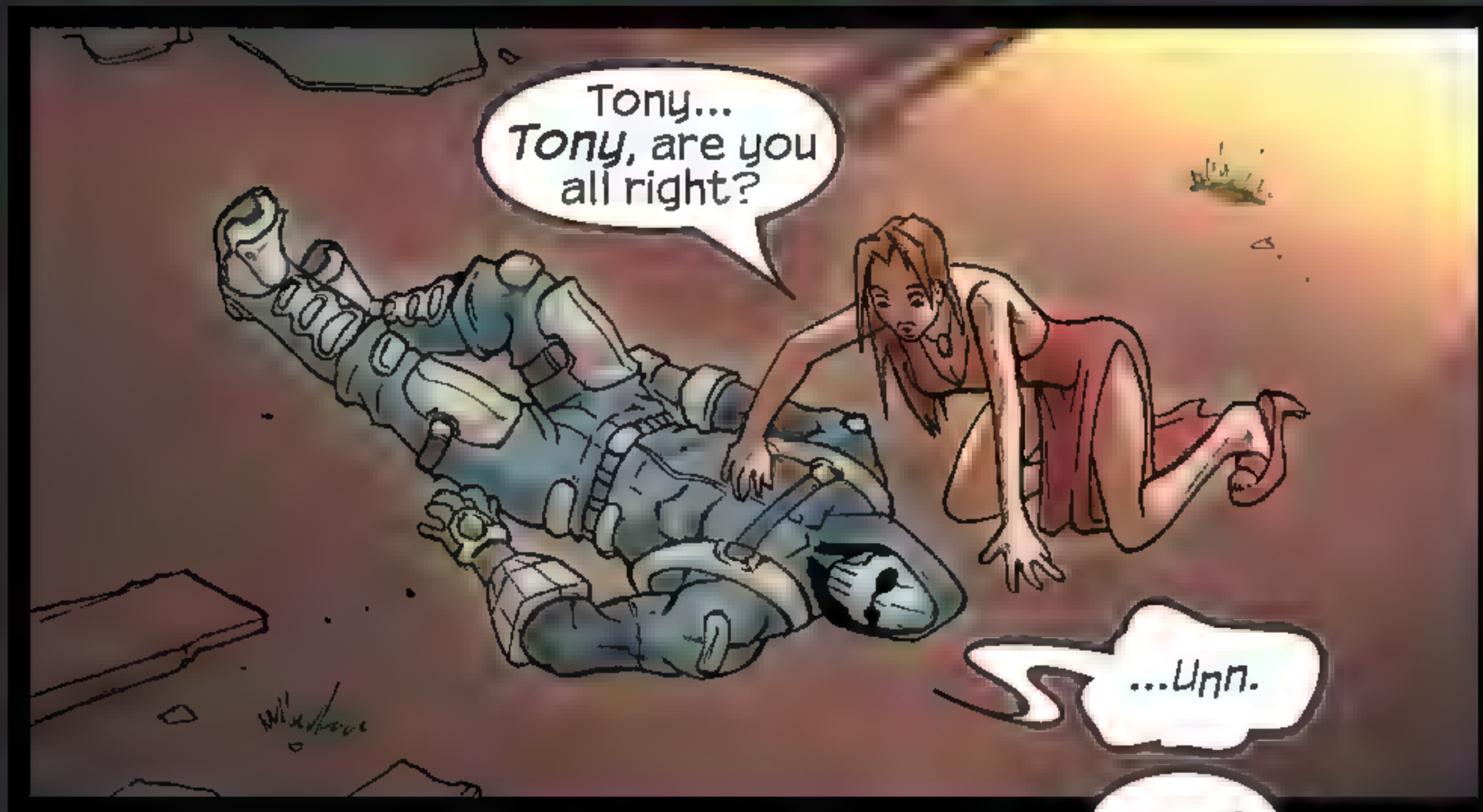
AA-CHAKT

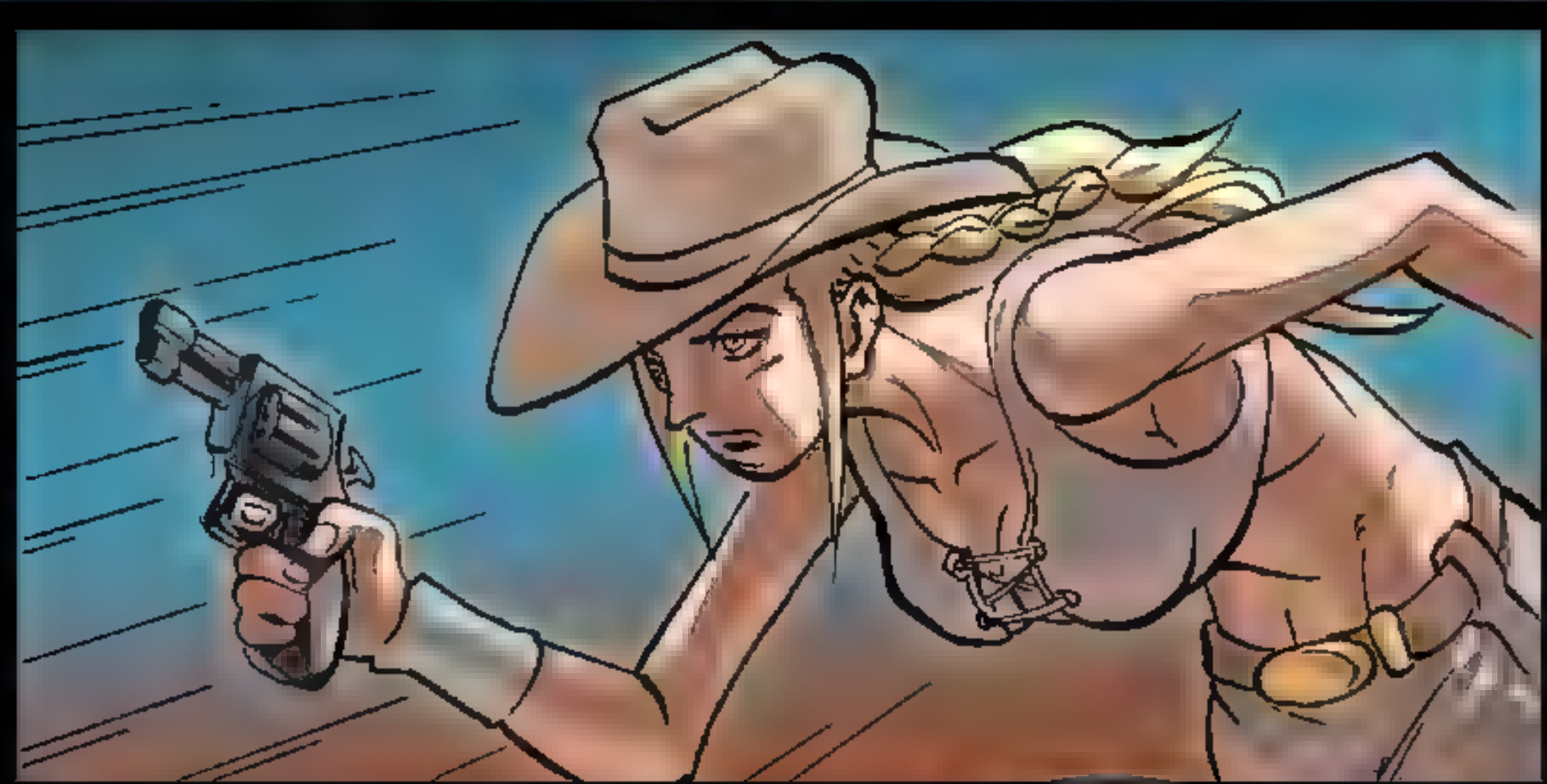
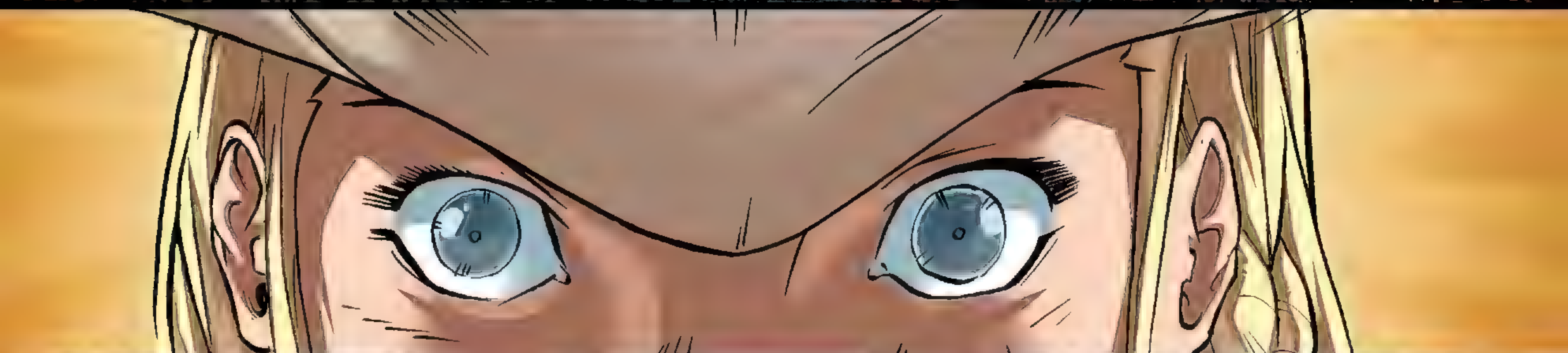


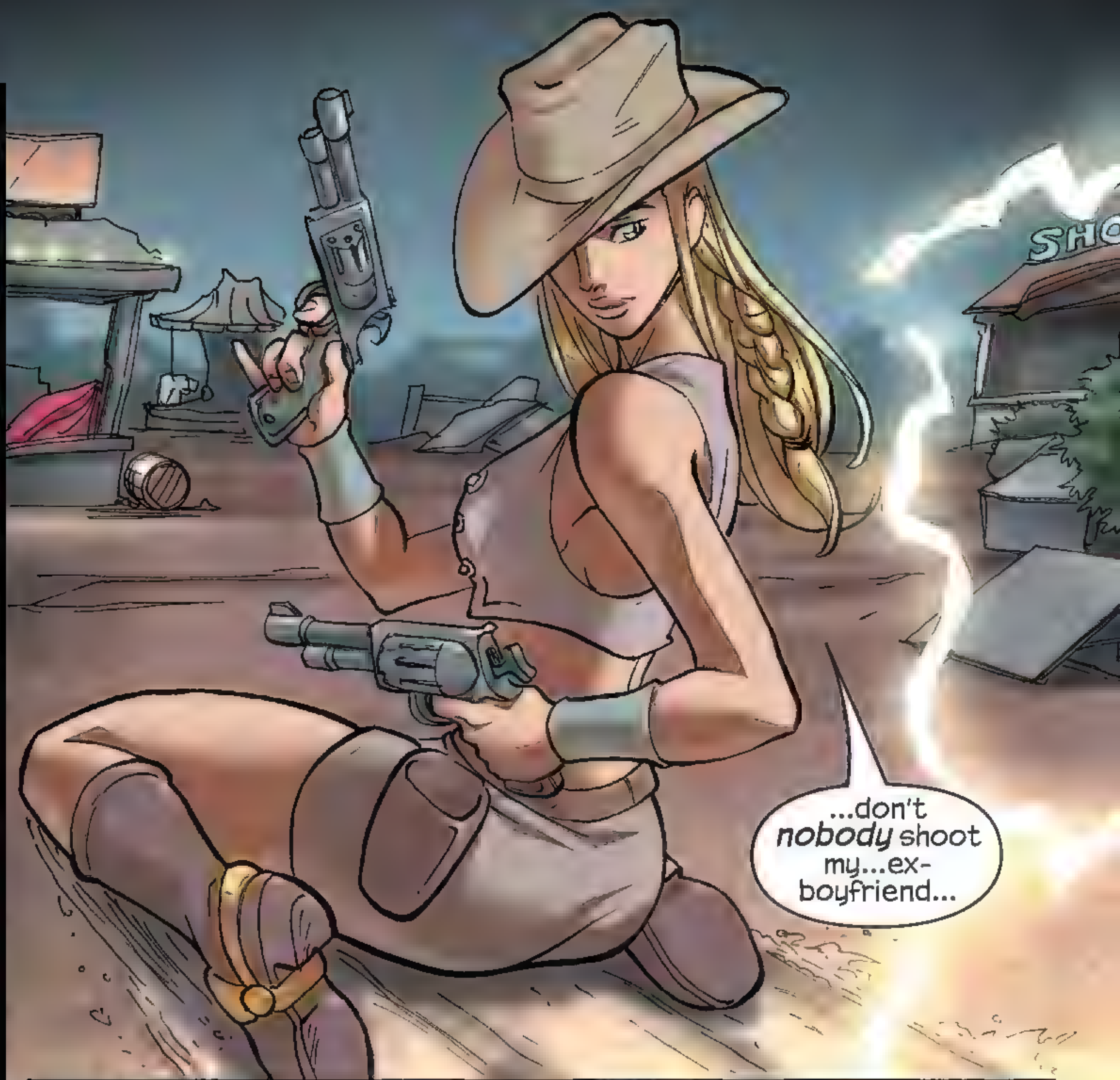
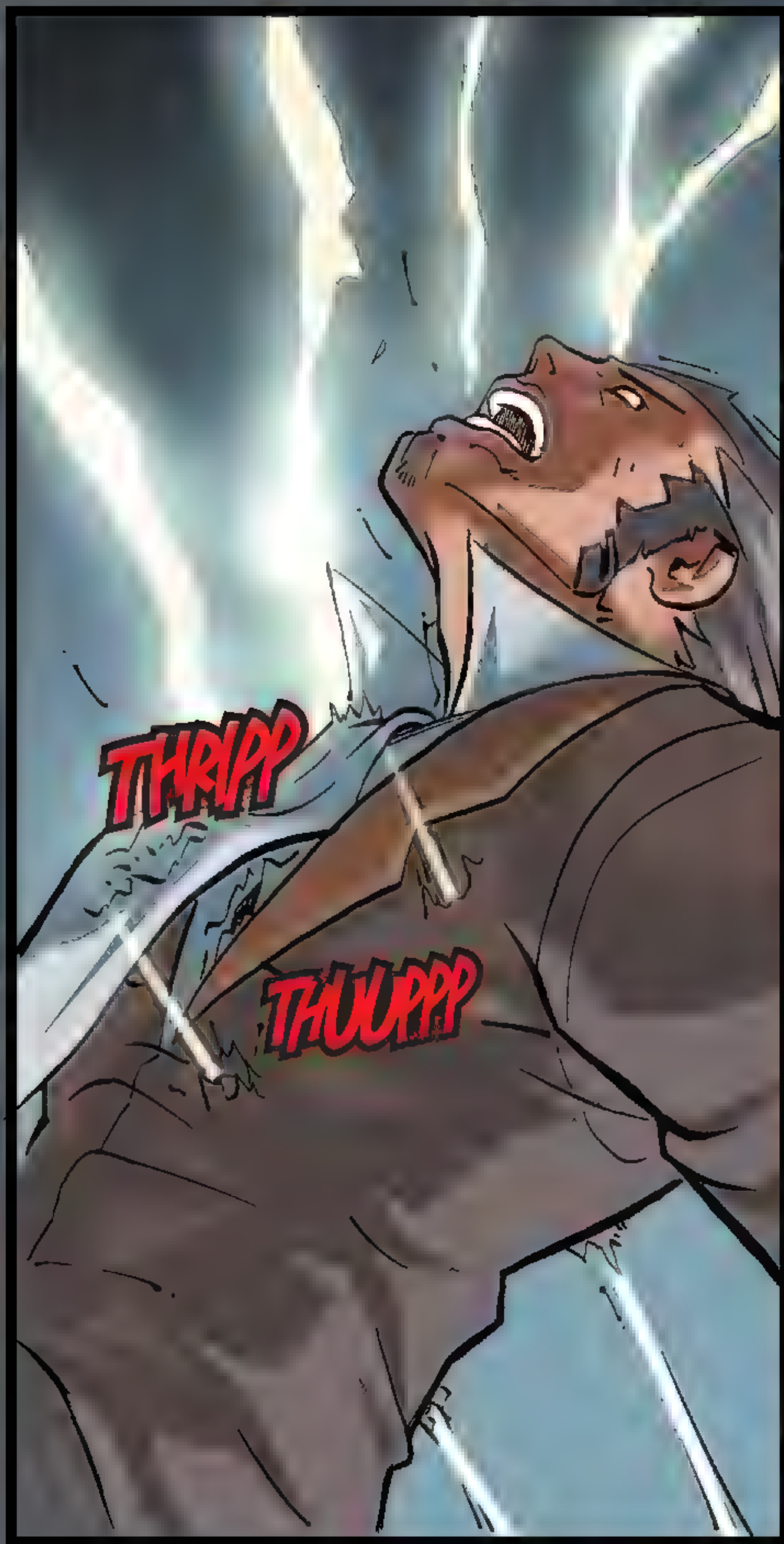
Hey, am I as crazy as Martin Lawrence in a sweat suit on a hot day or did I just hear the sound of a couple hundred magazines being inserted?



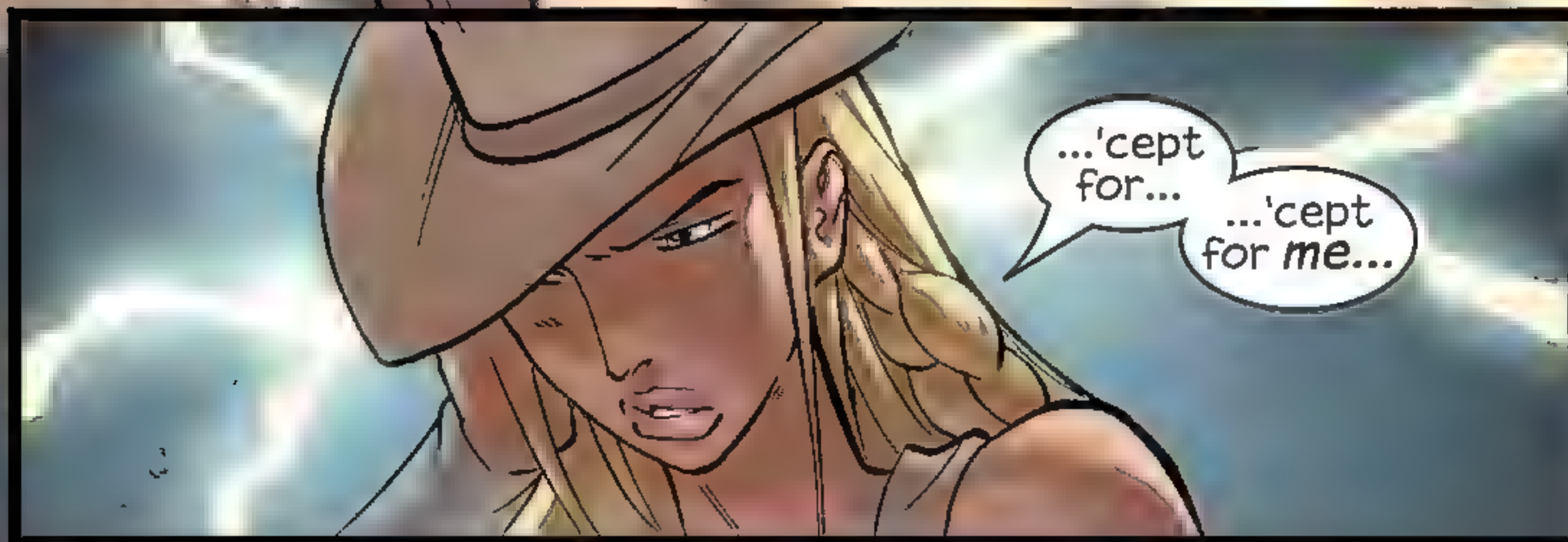








...don't
nobody shoot
my...ex-
boyfriend...



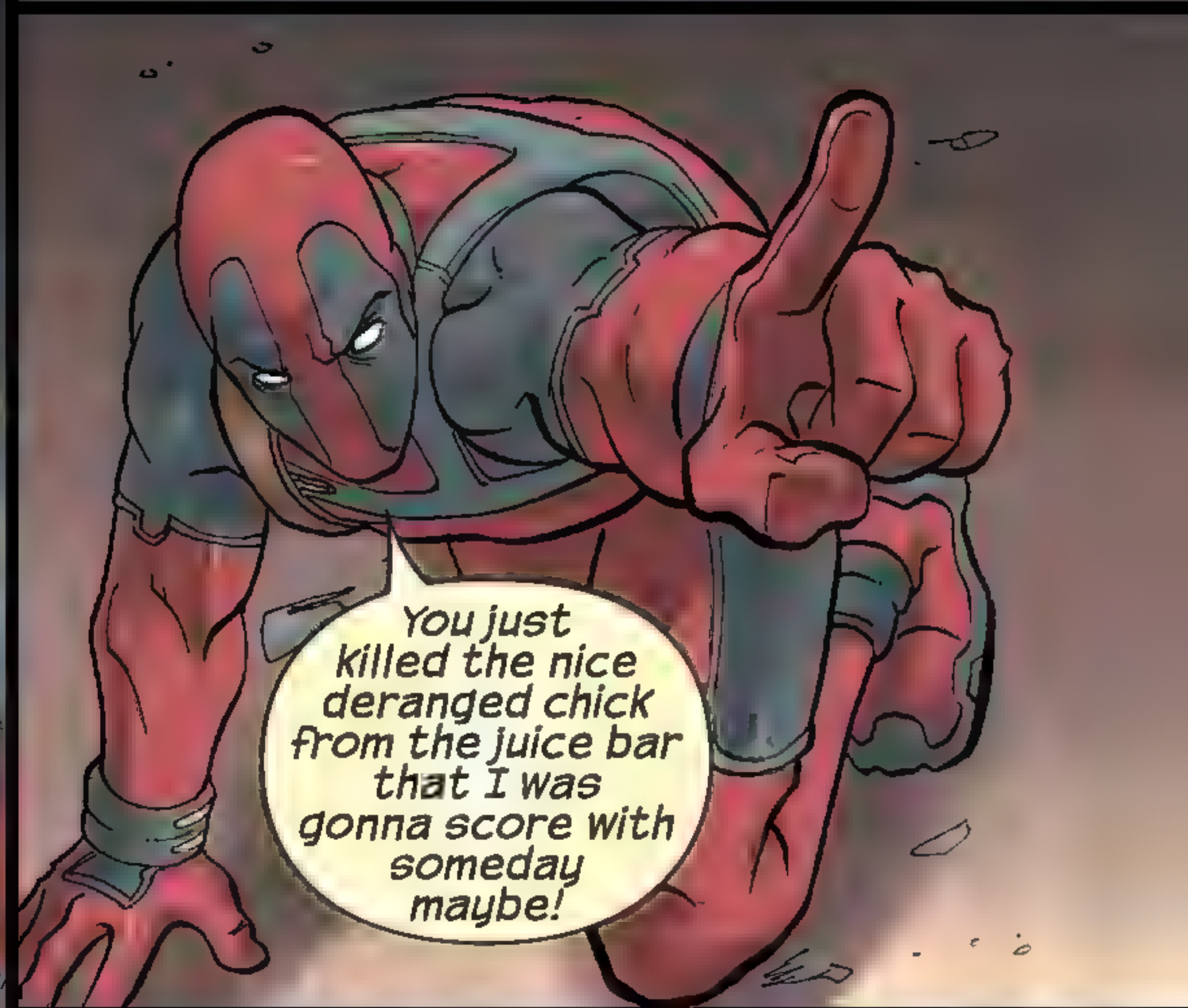
...'cept
for...

...'cept
for me...



INEZ!

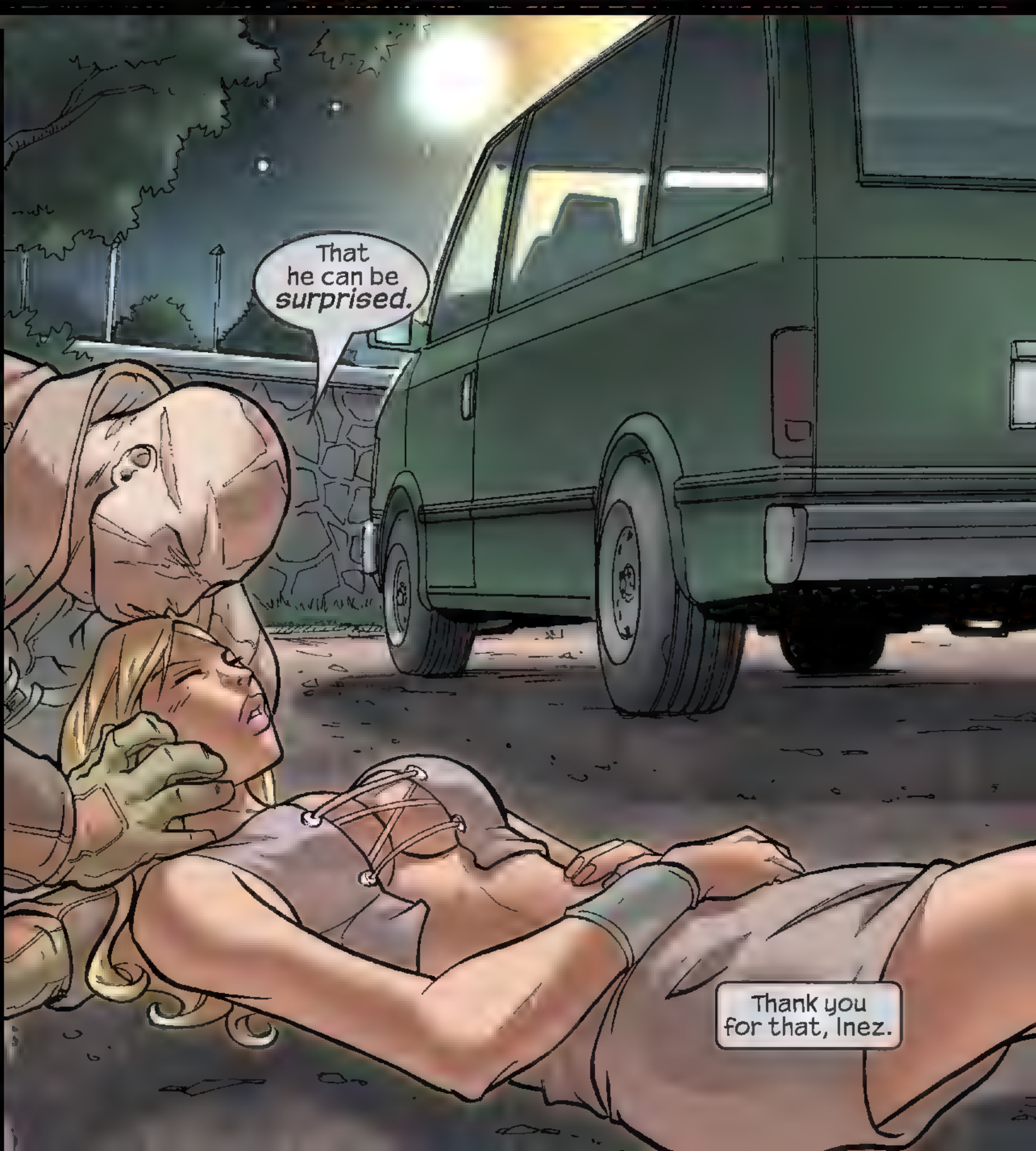
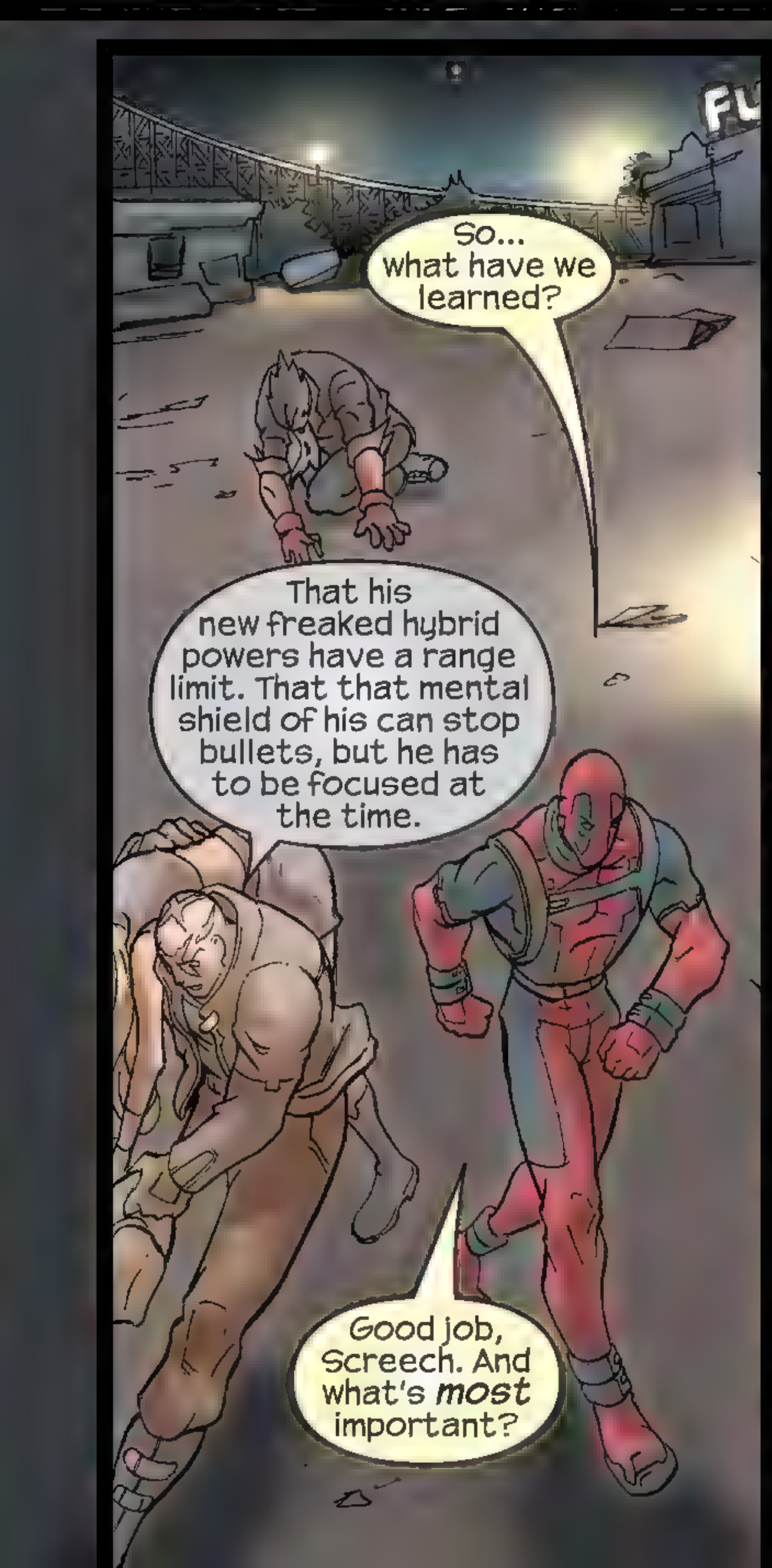
Hey...
hey!



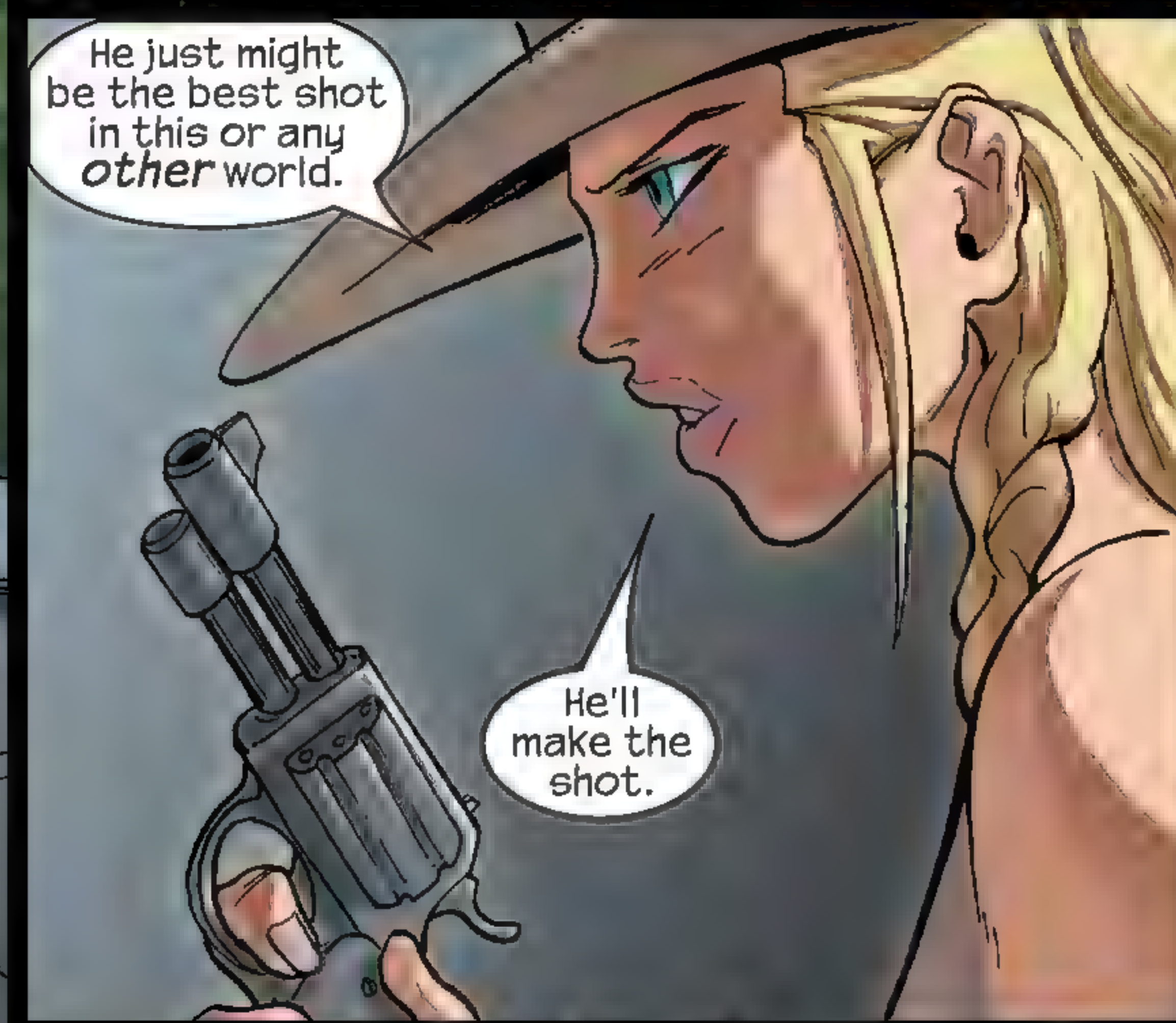
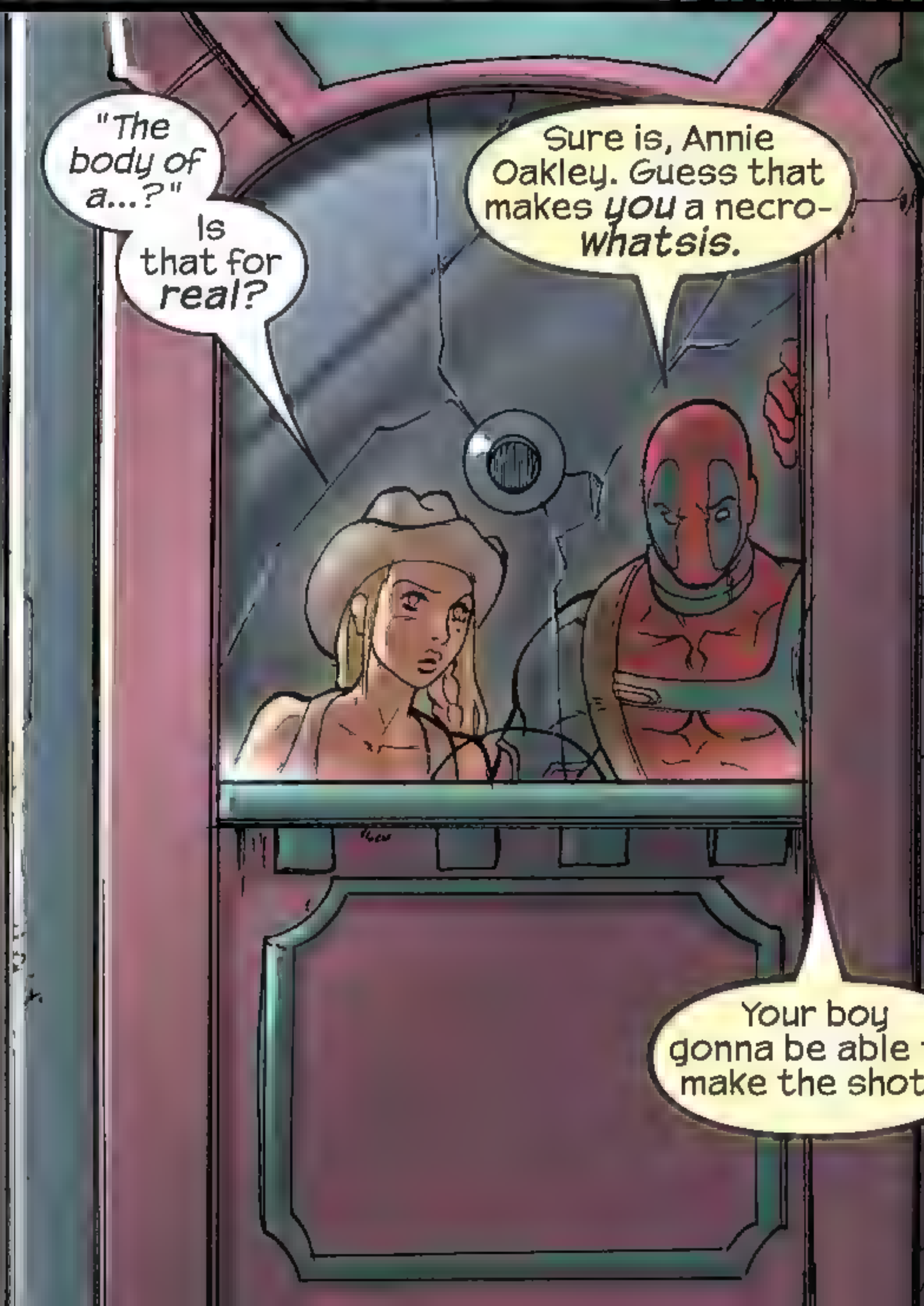
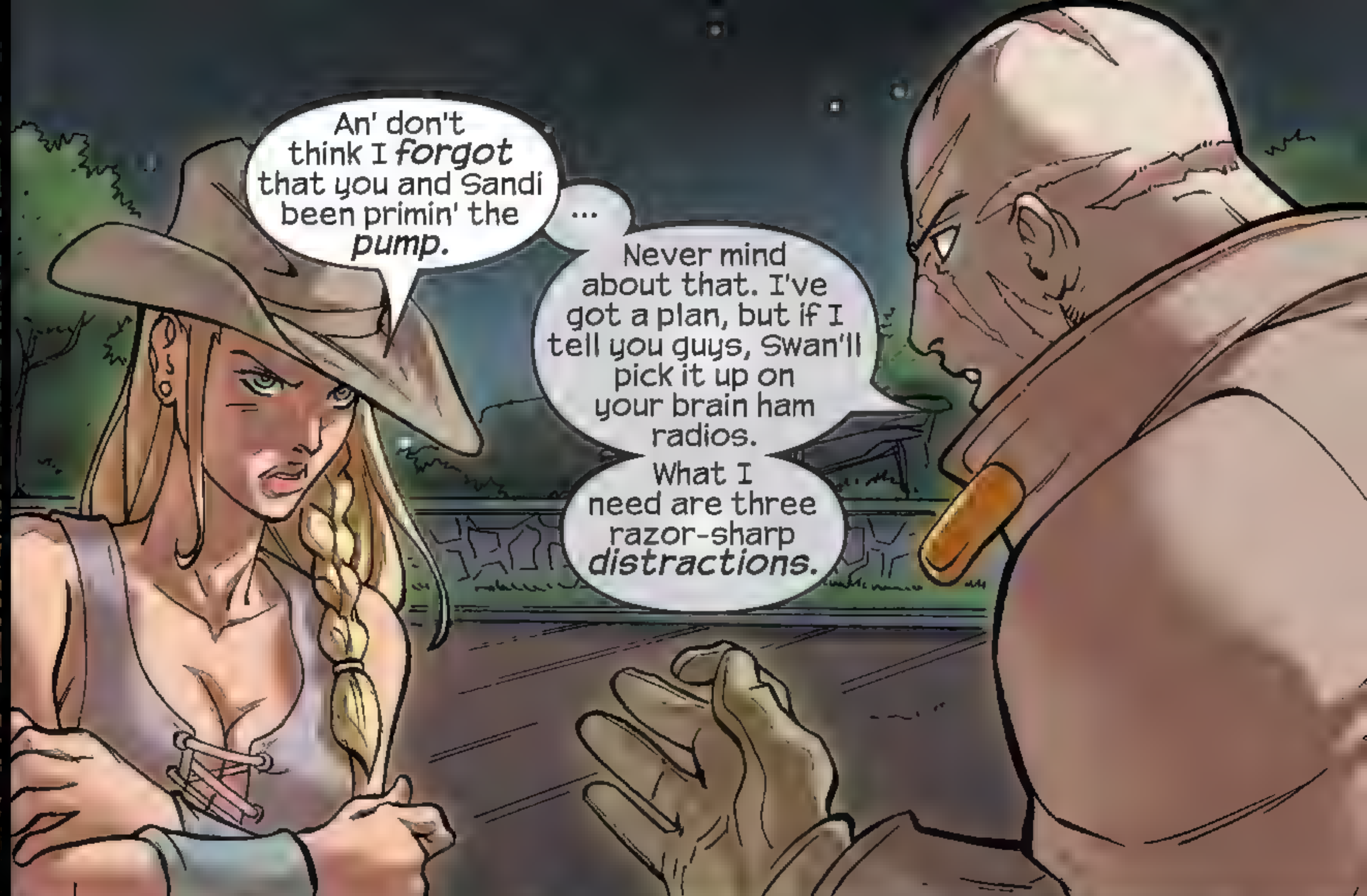
You just
killed the nice
deranged chick
from the juice bar
that I was
gonna score with
someday
maybe!



Swan,
you...









Hey,
Swan.

Let's
spill some
juice.



Should
have killed you...
in *Zaire*.

Shut up
and *bleed out*,
would ya?

You actually
aren't lookin' too
good there,
Huckleberry.



AGKKKKK

Your
abilities...

So elegant.
Like a ballet in
my mind.

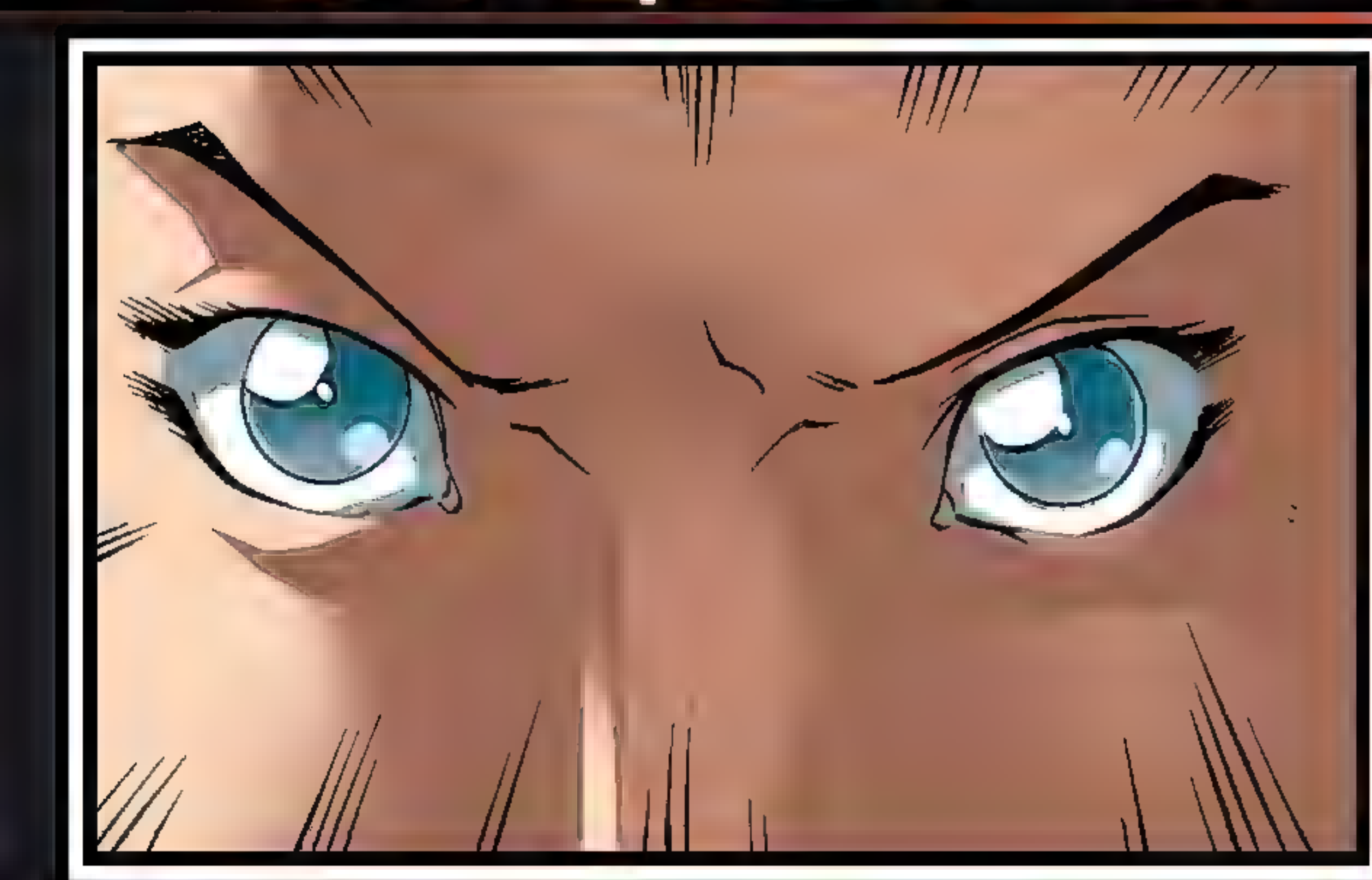


You'd best let
go of my friend,
sweetie.

I know
you, don't
I?

From Wade's
memories. You're
Crazy Inez.

Heh.
Now you've
done it.



Don't--

--CALL
me that!



I don't like it.

So...
So it would seem.



I don't seem to actually *need* my spine anymore, however.



Nnnnn...

Outta our heads.

Now, where are the other two?

Where are the lunatics?

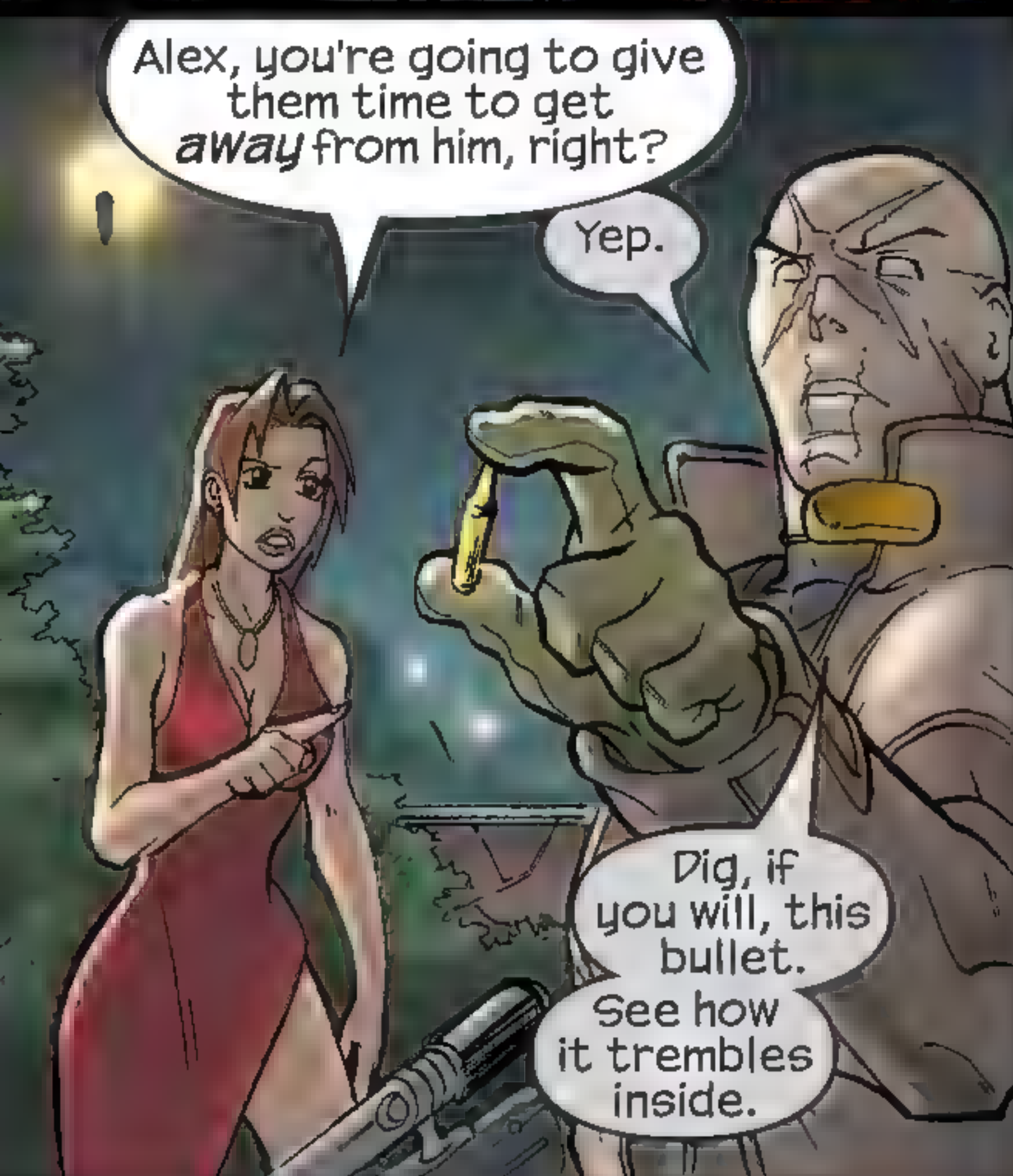


I swear this plan is just like that *jousting* movie with all the *rock* music...



...except even *stupider*.

Say good *night*, Swan-boy.





Hey, Swan.
You keep bitchin'
about how I ended
up with so much of
your past, and
abilities, an' all.

Well, guess
what--your death
memories?



You can
have them
back.

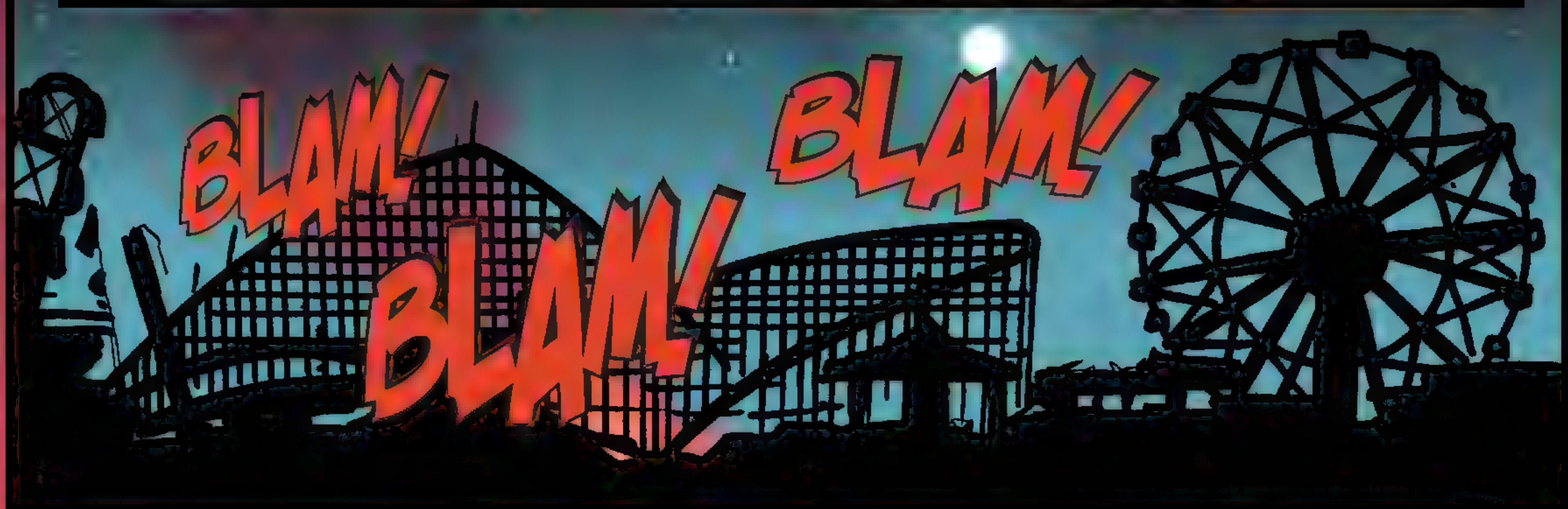
...

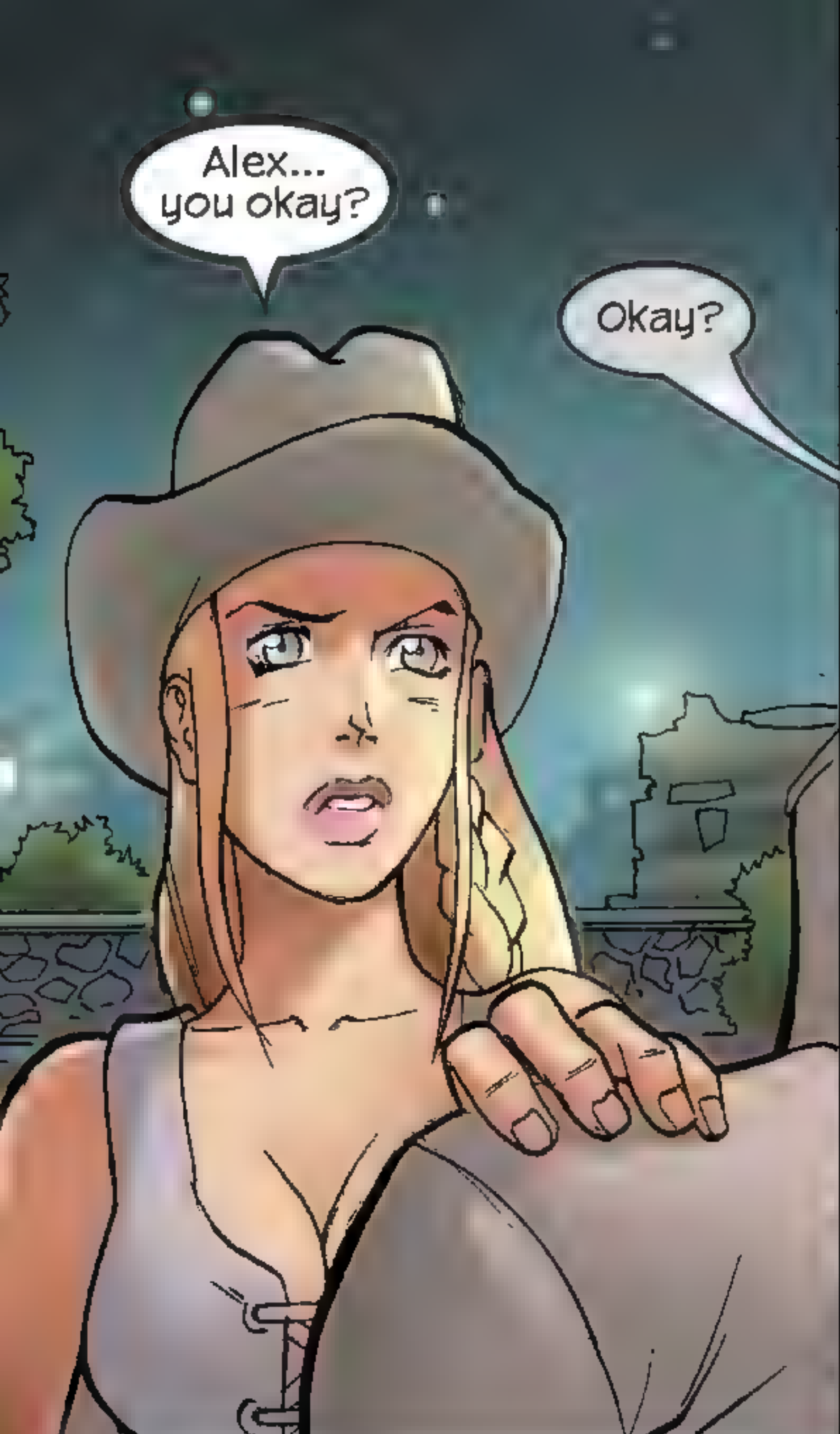


Nice,
ain't it?
I can feel
your brain burning
itself out, Swan. And
what's left of your family
legacy is dribbling
out your ear into
the dirt.
Hope you
enjoyed your brief
stint as a god.



But
just in
case...





Alex...
you okay?

Okay?



I'm
content-
amundo.

And
unbelievably,
I actually
mean it.

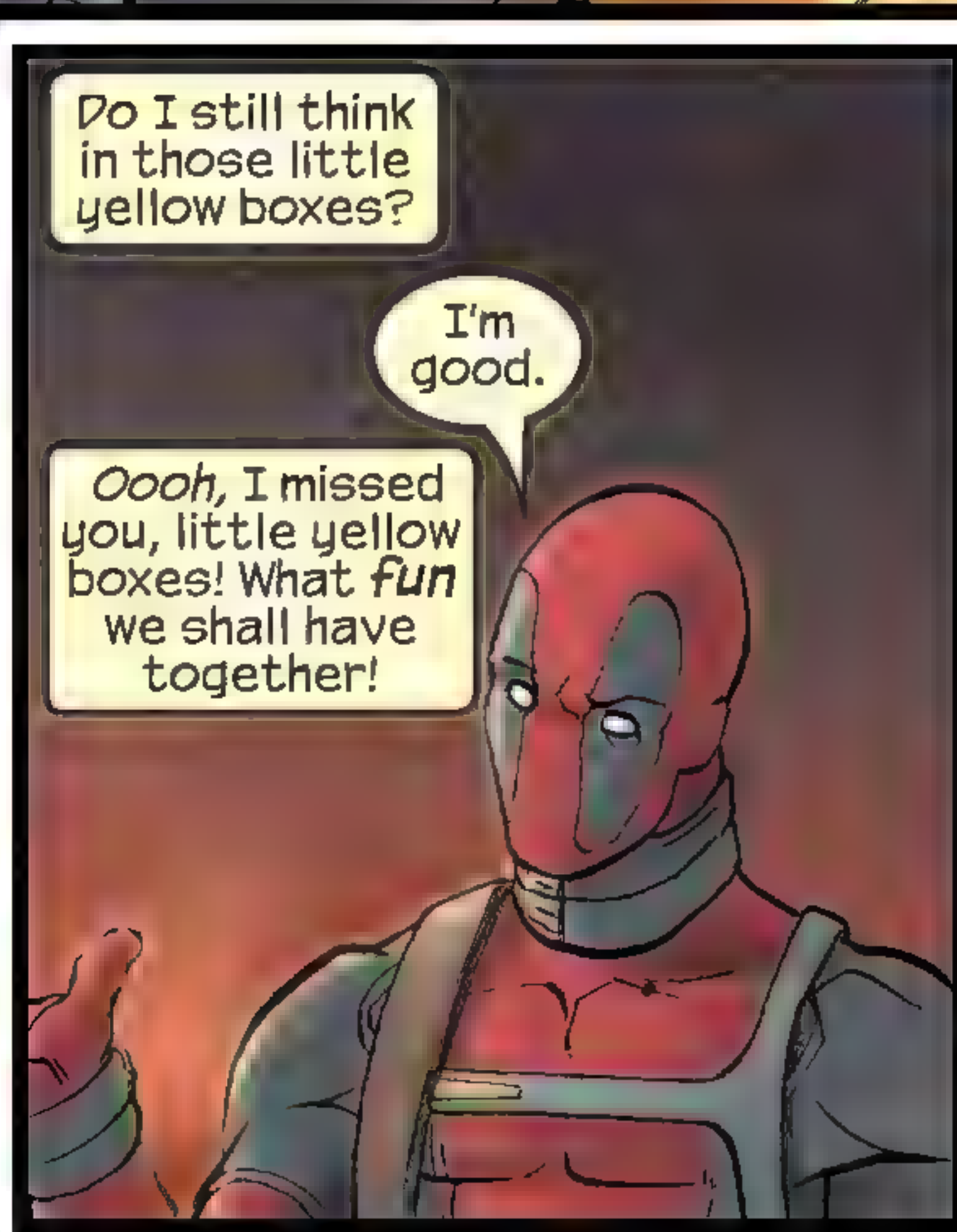


This stupid dungbag didn't
get it. Doesn't matter what
went in the mix. **Everyone's**
got the genes of a screw-up
from **somewhere**.

So I'm a
corpse kept alive
by a stolen healing
factor. So is
Joan Rivers. I can
deal.

Everyone
else okay?

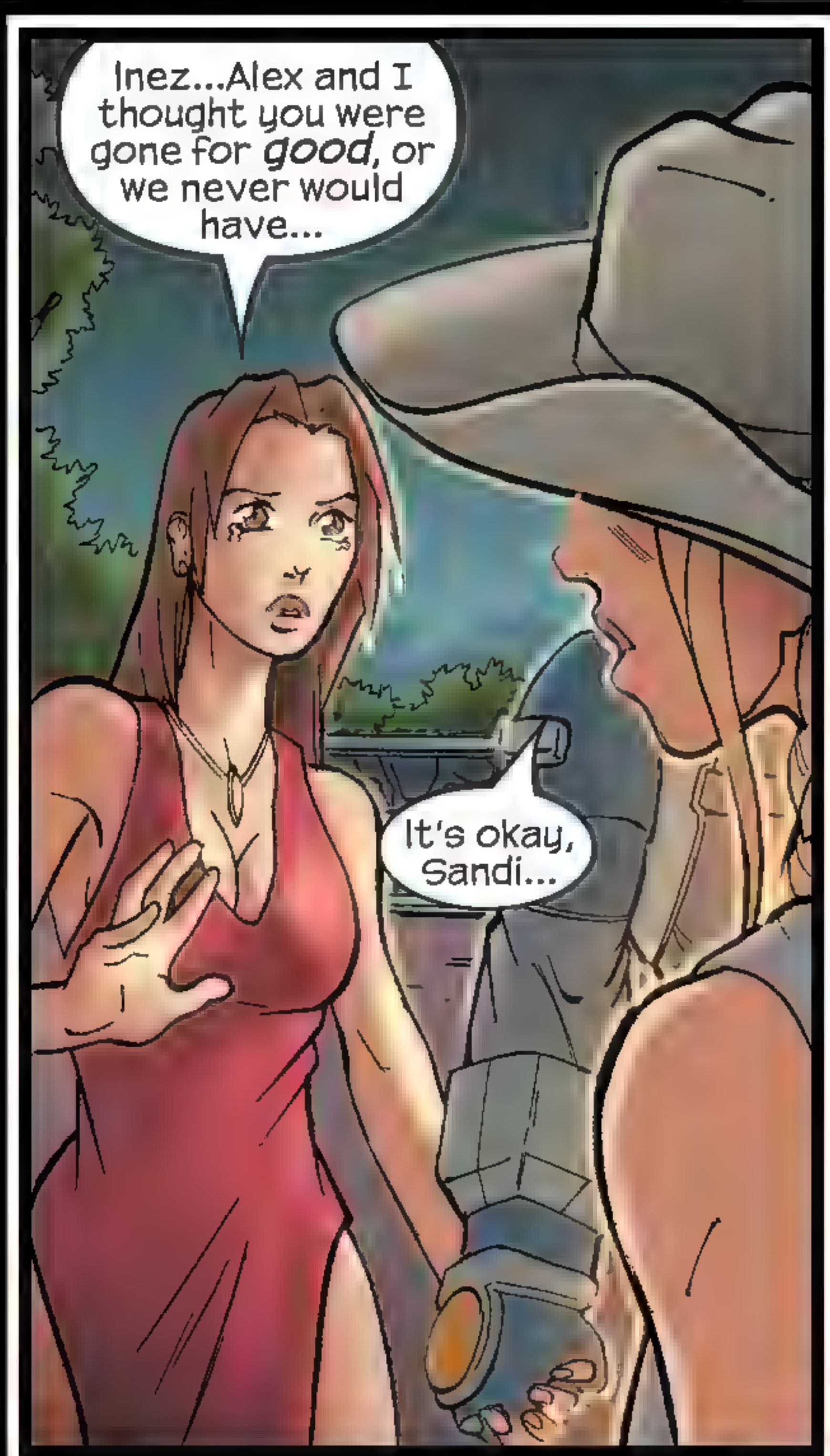
Let me
check.



Do I still think
in those little
yellow boxes?

I'm
good.

Oooh, I missed
you, little yellow
boxes! What **fun**
we shall have
together!



Inez...Alex and I
thought you were
gone for **good**, or
we never would
have...

It's okay,
Sandi...



...looks like
we **all** got a lot of
talkin' to do.



So,
this **merc**
agency idea
of yours--
--would
we all get full
dental?

Oh,
yeah.

You know,
I'm thinking, dead
or alive, Swan is too
dangerous not to keep
an eye on. **Who knows**
what might crawl out of
his coffin if the healing
factor kicks back
in?

Anyone
know a good
taxidermist?



Sorry about beating the hell out of you when you were an imbecile. We got a slot for you if you want in.

Heard *that*, man. Take care.

Nah. I figure I have a lot of being a bad role model to catch up on.

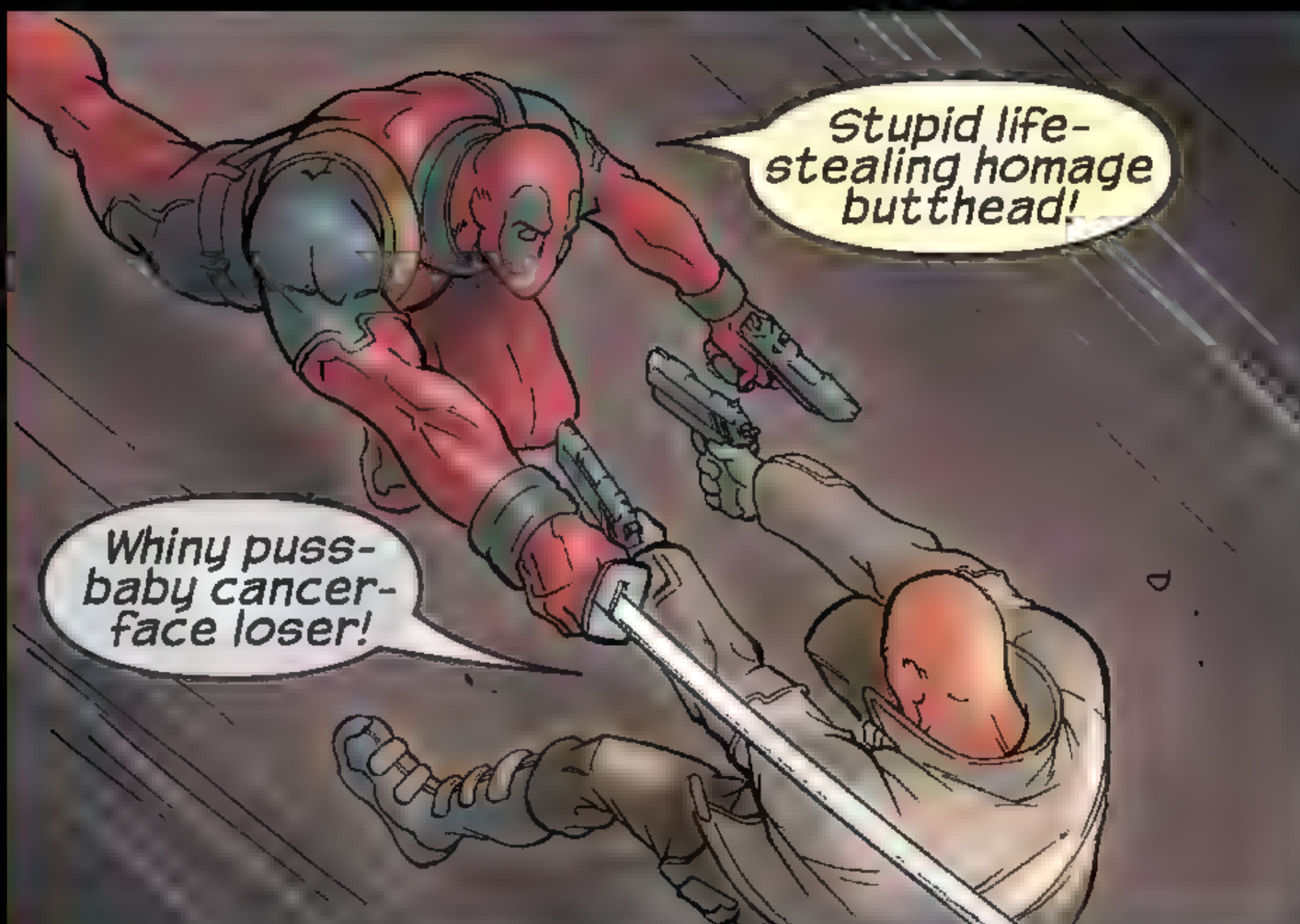
You, too. Be seein' you.



Although, come to think of it...he *did* stab me pretty good...



...minding my own winkle in the bathtub, and he started *beating* on my poor sore skull...



Stupid life-stealing homage butthead!

Whiny puss-baby cancer-face loser!



POKE!

Toe-sucking Spider-Man-outfit-stealing dork!

EYE GOUGE!

Matrix-lookin' mama's boy froglicker!

GROIN INJURY!

It's like when you tie two cats on a line by their tails...

Two real *Dumb* cats.



Oh, I don't know...

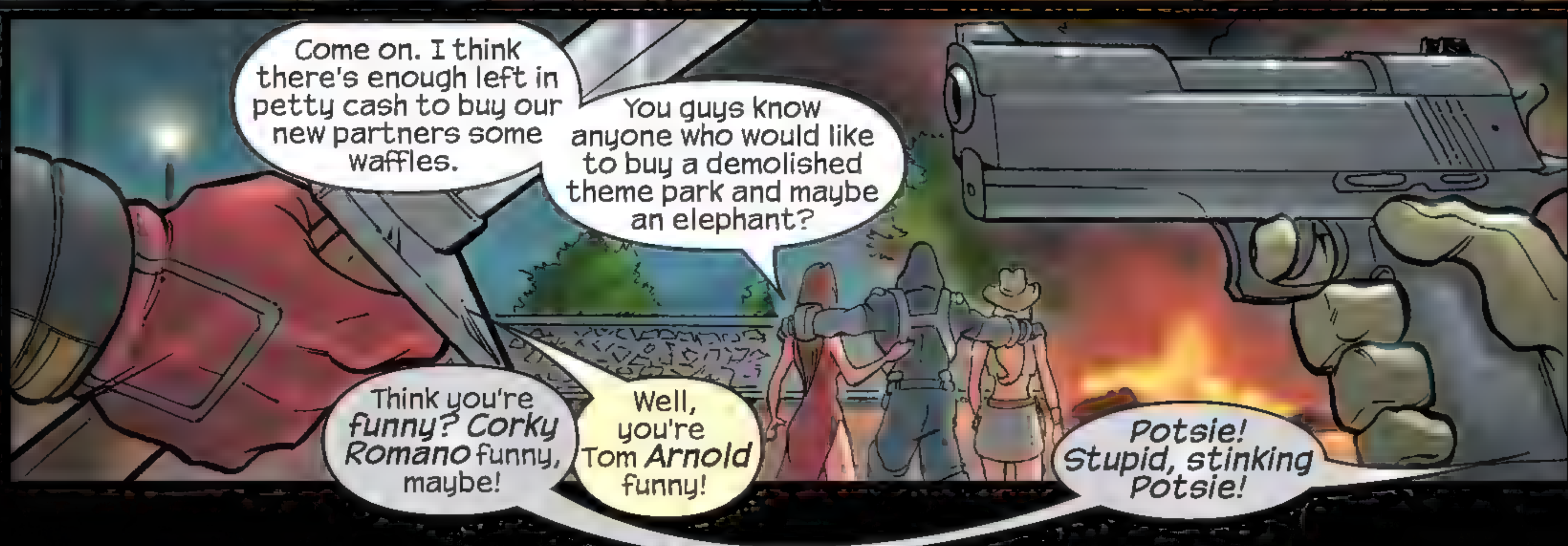
I think the world's a more interesting place with them in it.

Circus geek!

Game show host!

Trekker!

Dude, that was low.



Come on. I think there's enough left in petty cash to buy our new partners some waffles.

You guys know anyone who would like to buy a demolished theme park and maybe an elephant?

Think you're funny? *Corky Romano* funny, maybe!

Well, you're *Tom Arnold* funny!

Potsie! Stupid, stinking *Potsie!*



ON VACATION!

Team Agent X wishes to thank Mike Marts, Mike Raicht, Andrew Lis, Joe Quesada, and Bill Jemas for hiring us when they should have known better. Another big thank you goes to our letterer, Cory Petit, for riding the AGENT X train longer than any of the rest of us! We especially want to thank Marc Sumerak for having the bizarre and self-destructive idea of bringing us back. But MOST of all, we want to thank the readers for the incredible and unending support. May your doorknobs always be shiny and your winkie always be boingy. See you again, someday!

--TEAM AGENT X

PS, Be sure to buy CABLE & DEADPOOL this March for the continuing monthly adventures of the man without sense,
Wade Wilson!

Our First Company Vacation!



WISHING YOU
WERE HERE...

(...SO WE COULD
SHOOT YOU!)
HA HA HA!

BYE FOR NOW!



MARVEL
COMICS

\$2.00 US
\$2.50 CAN

1
JUN

01380

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

EVERYONE HATES

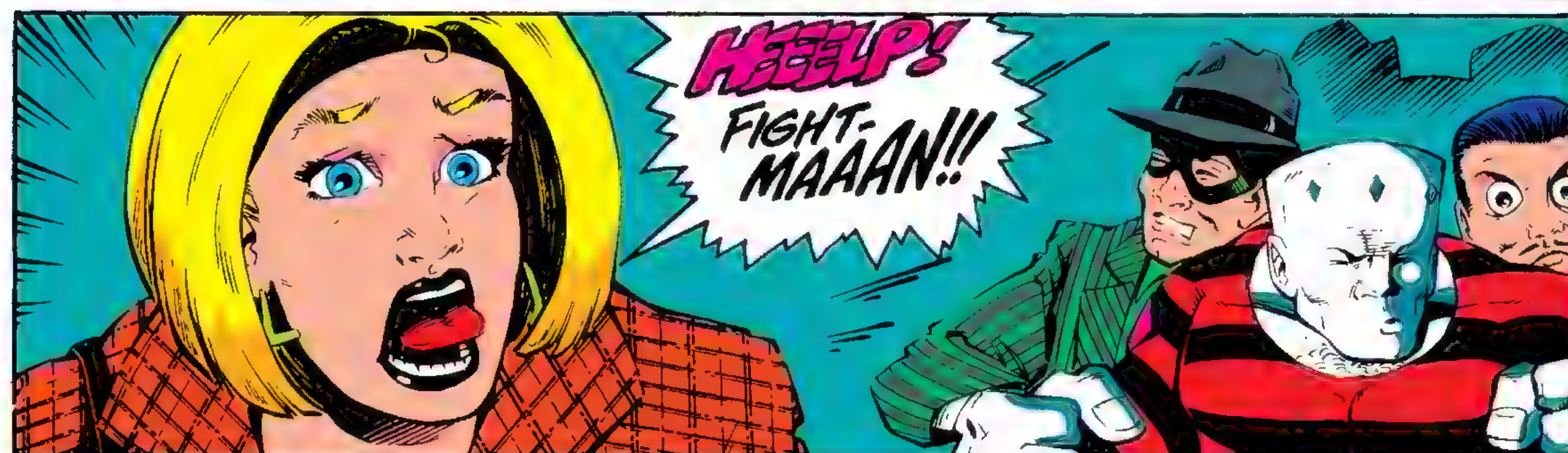
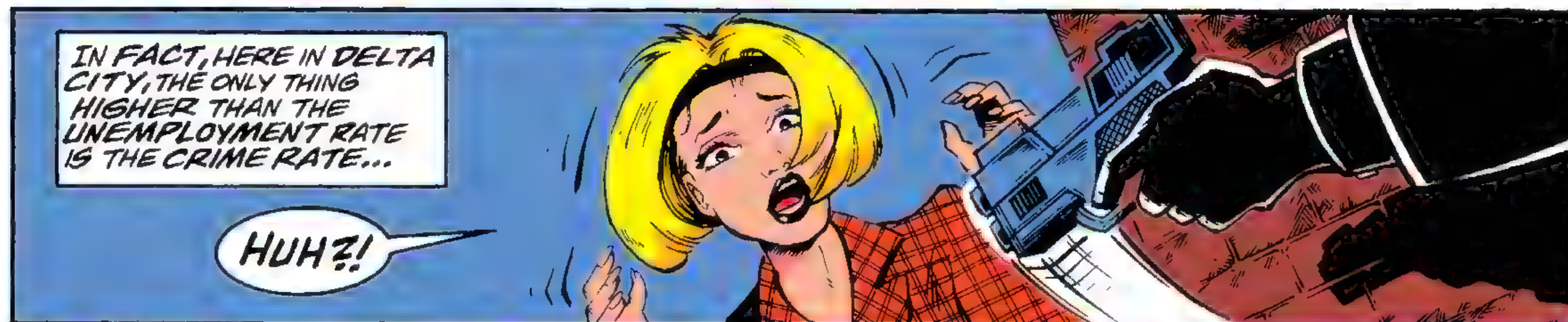
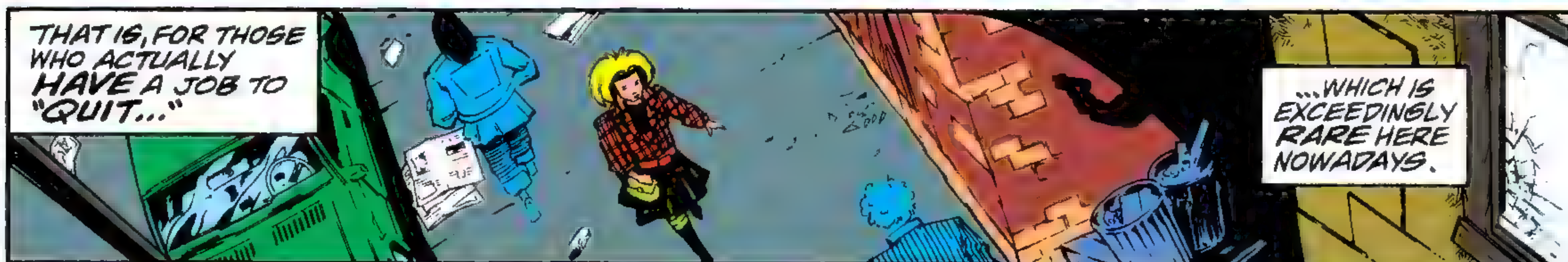
FIGHT
MAN!

1
SHOT
SPECIAL!

Here
2
HIT

'CAUSE ONE SHOT
IS ALL HE NEEDS!

EVAN 92



BUT THE BIGGEST
REASON PEOPLE
ABANDON DELTA CITY...
IS FIGHT-MAN.

SOMEONE
CALL ME?

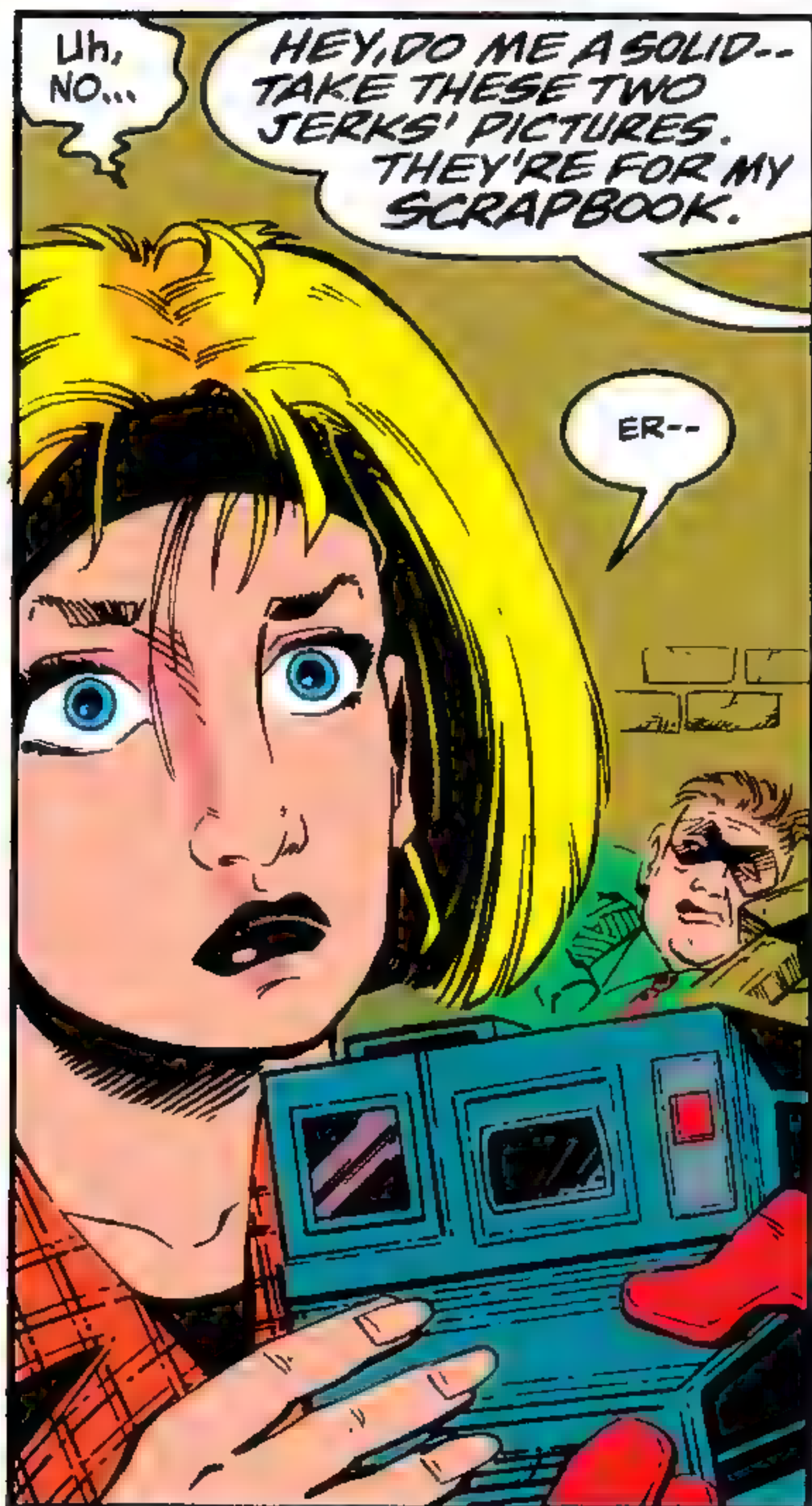
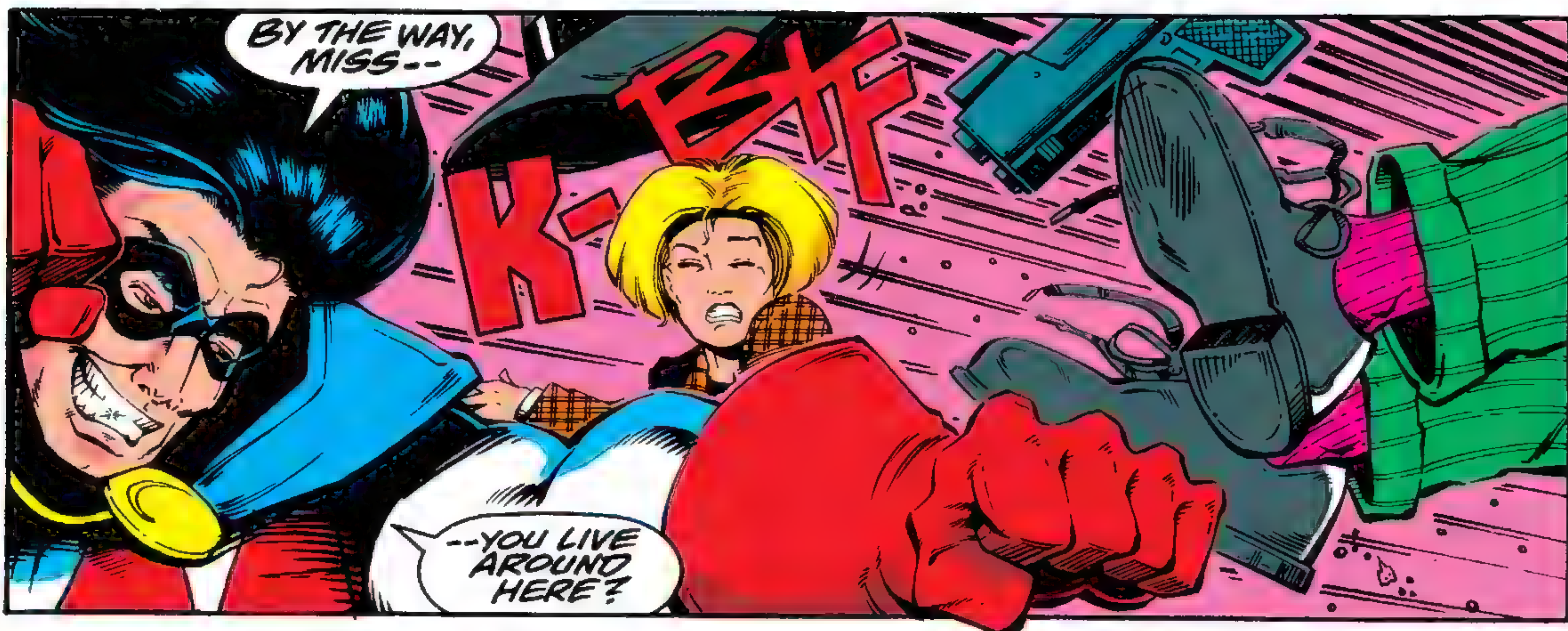
GOT HERE
FAST AS
I COULD...

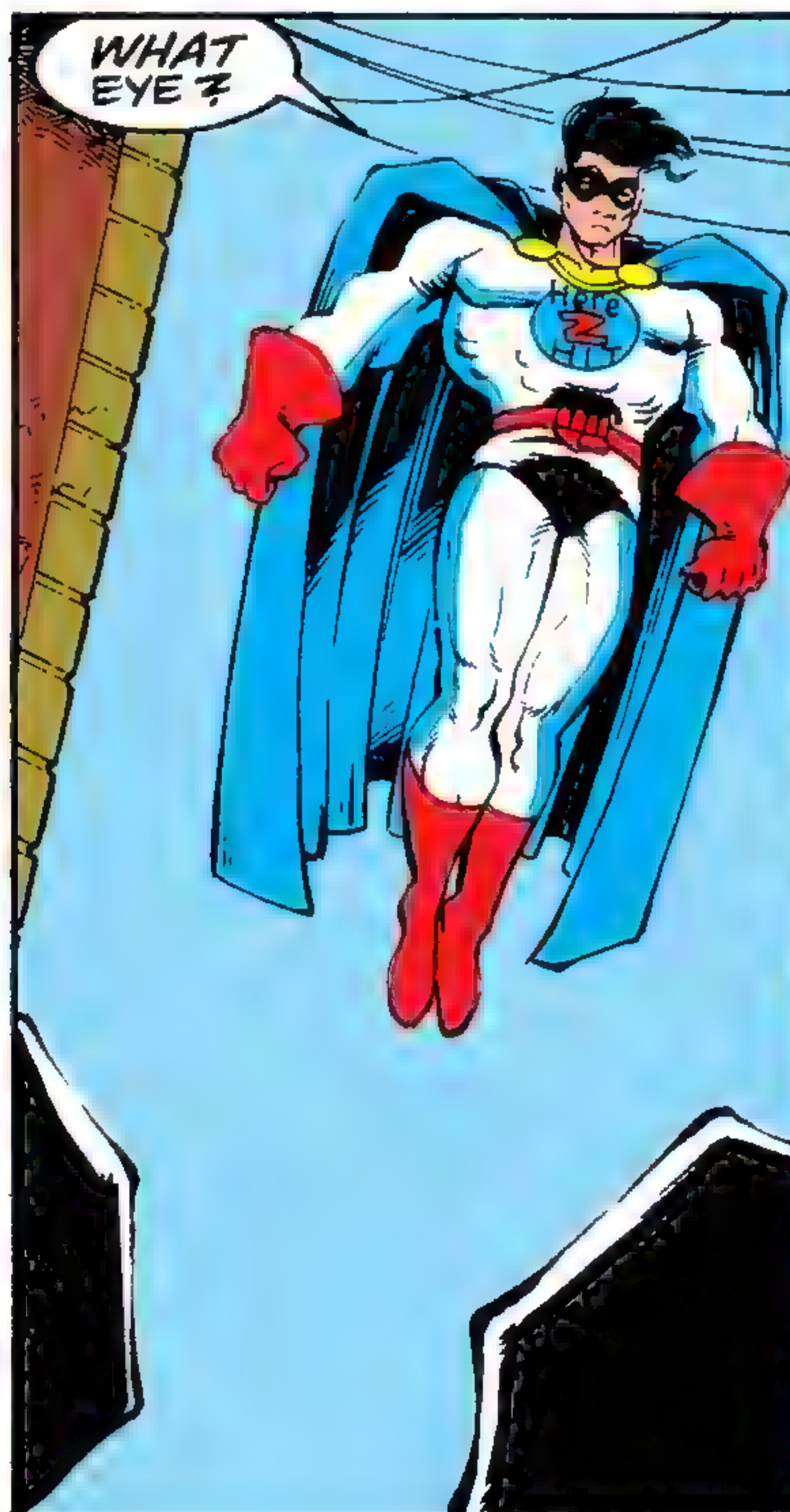
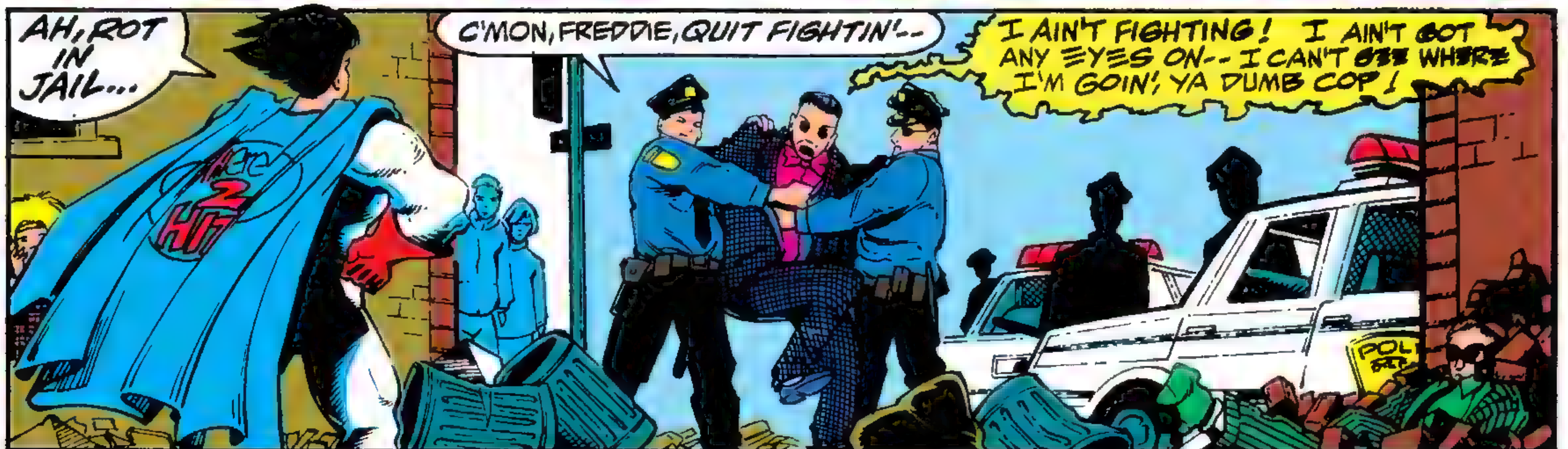
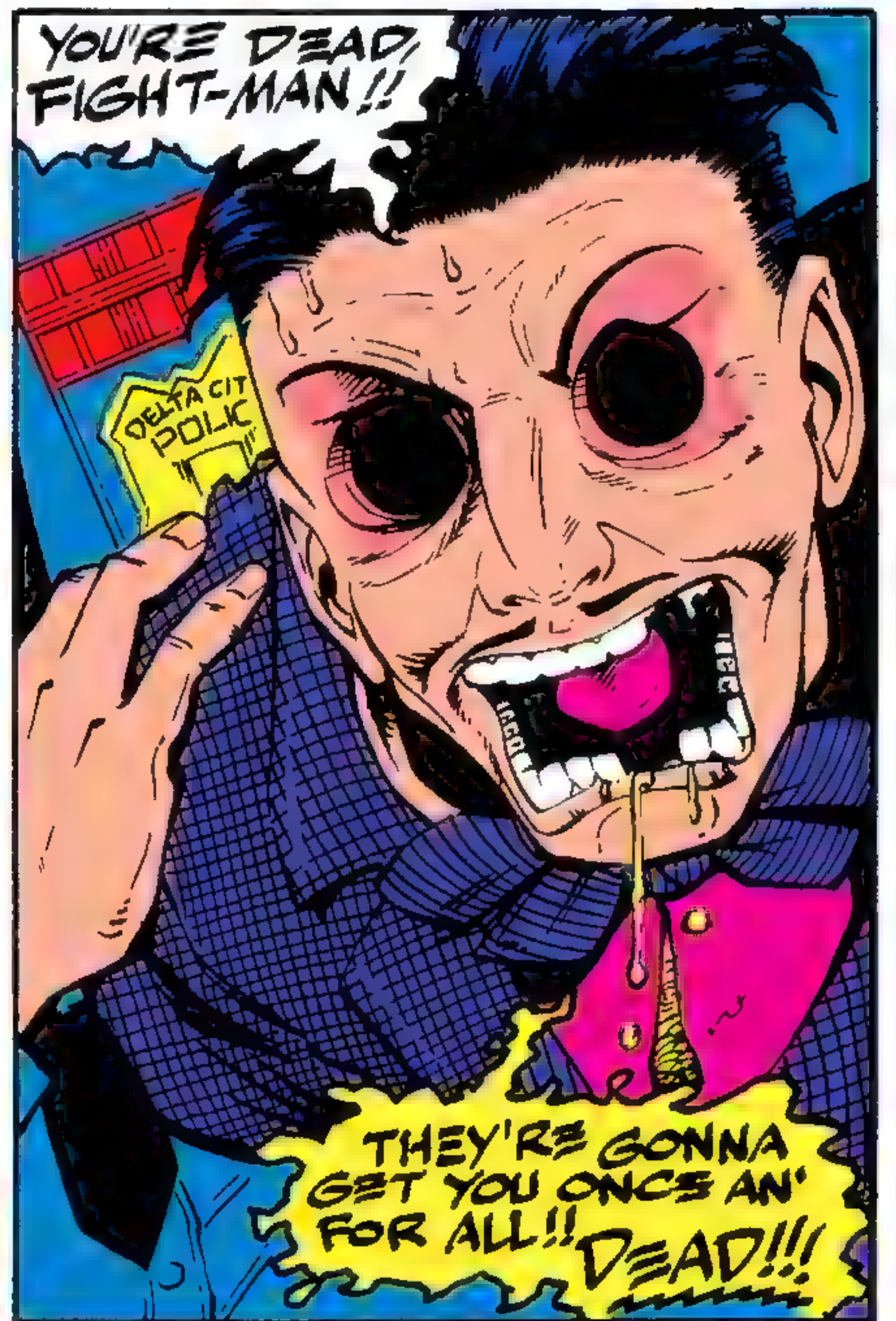
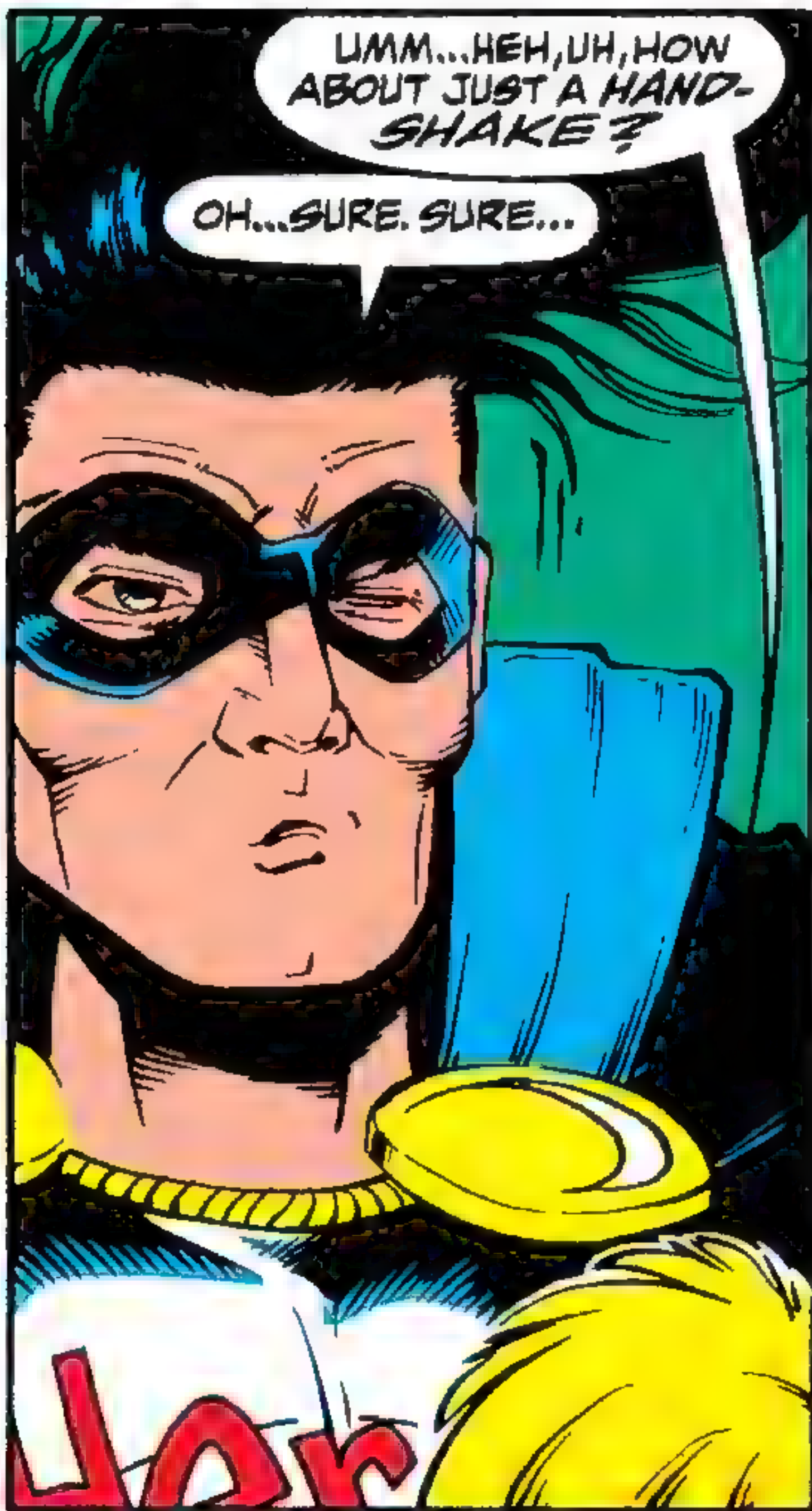
Here
2
HIT

THOOM

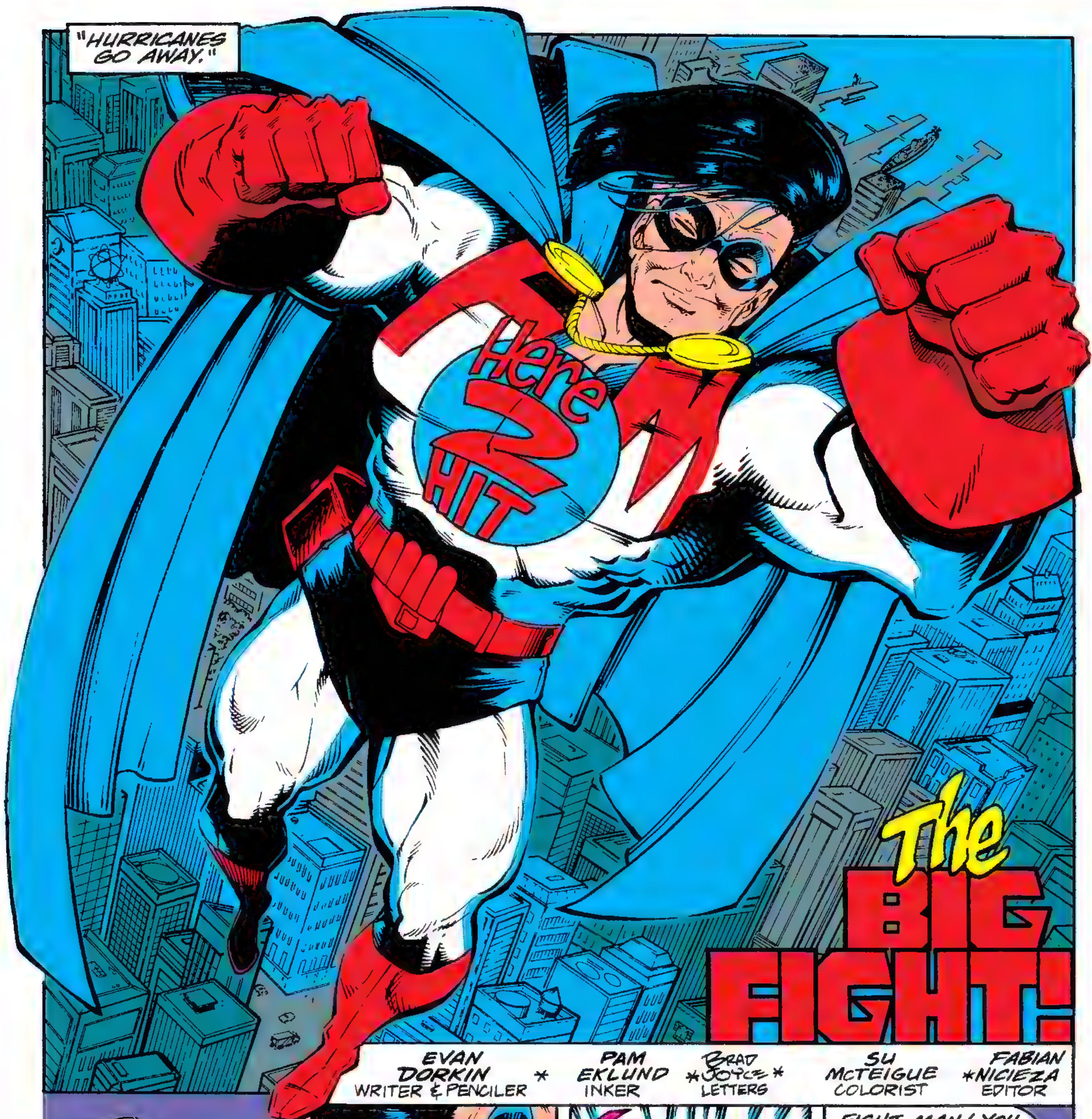








"HURRICANES
GO AWAY."



EVAN
DORKIN
WRITER & PENCILER

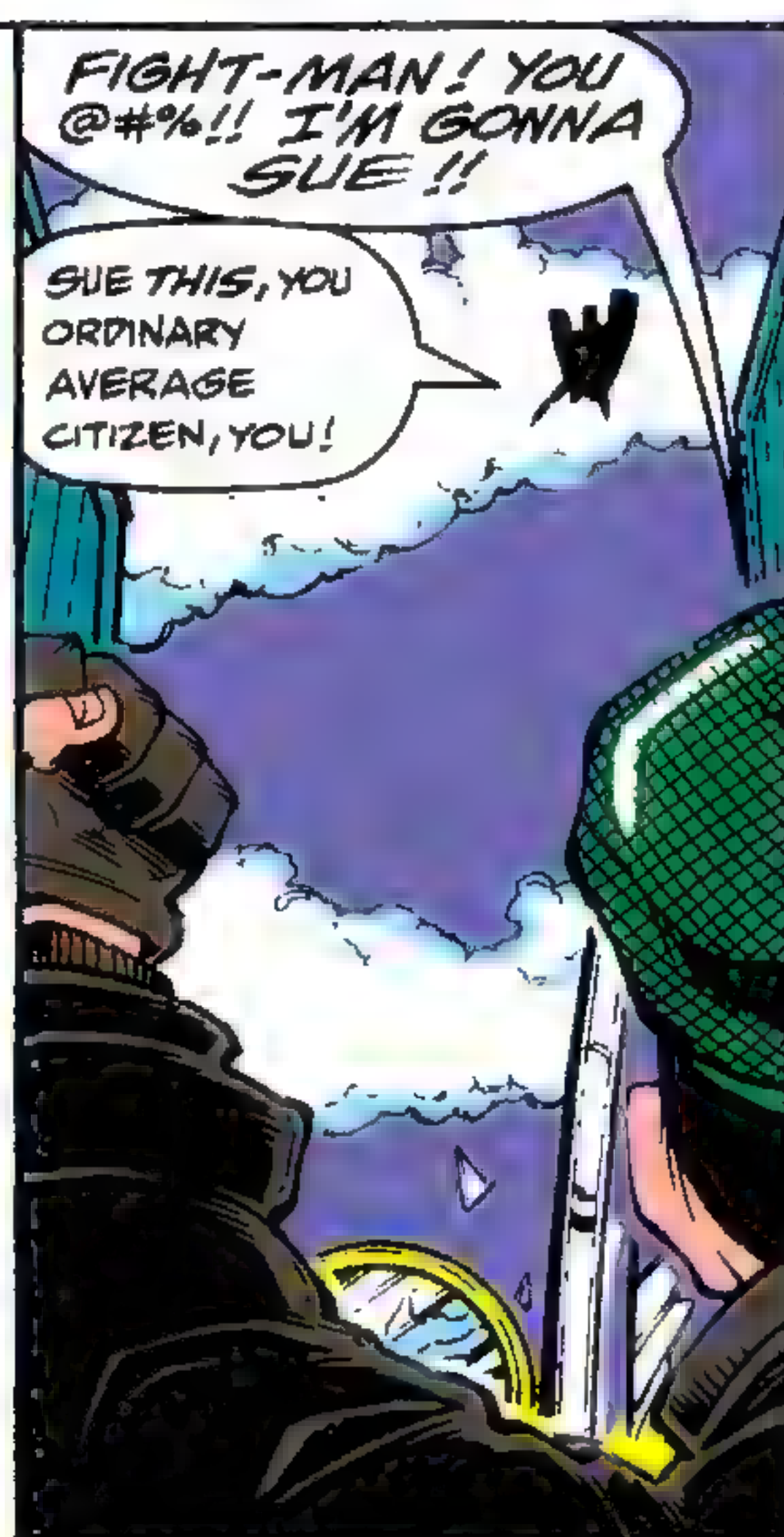
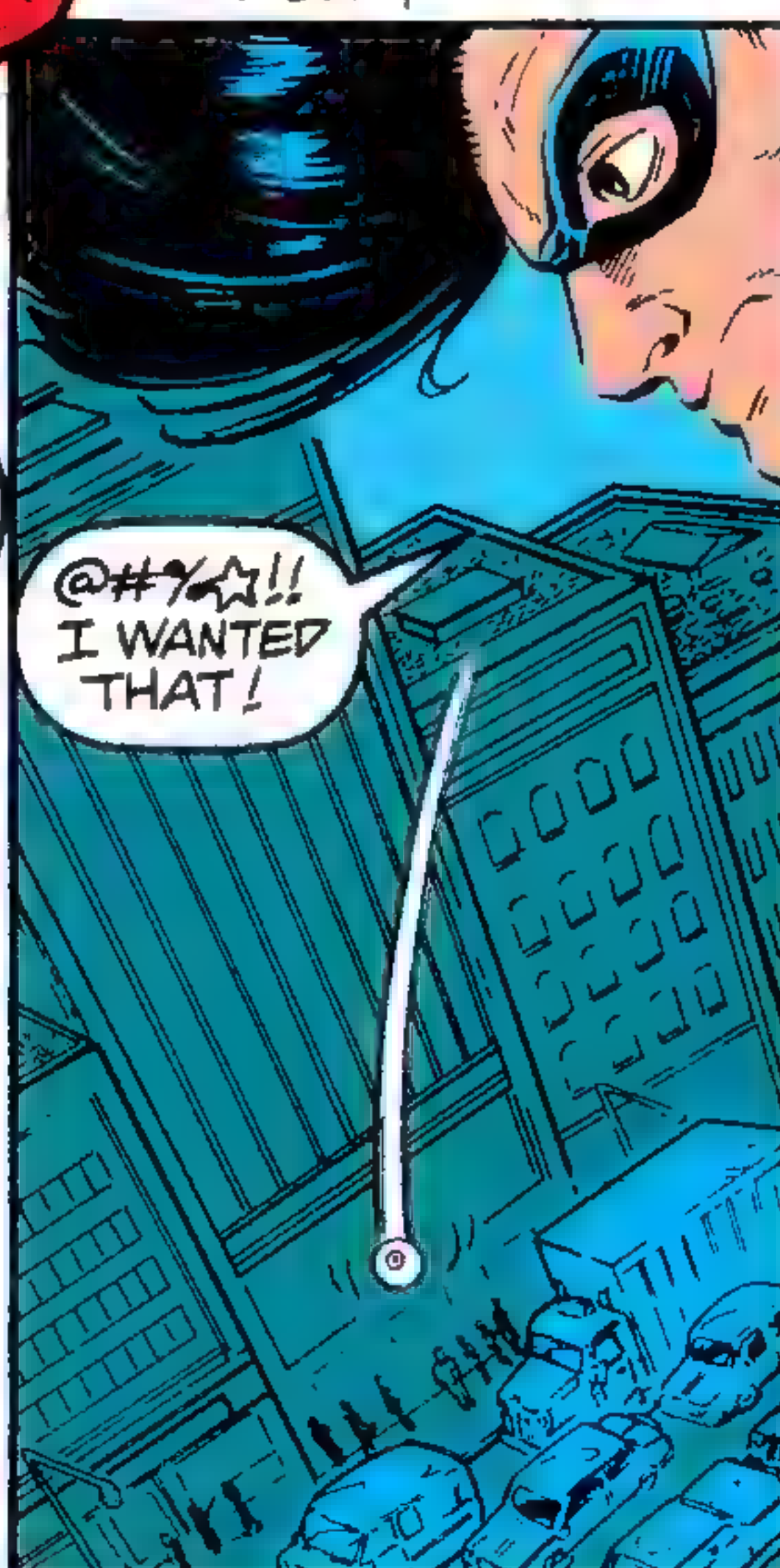
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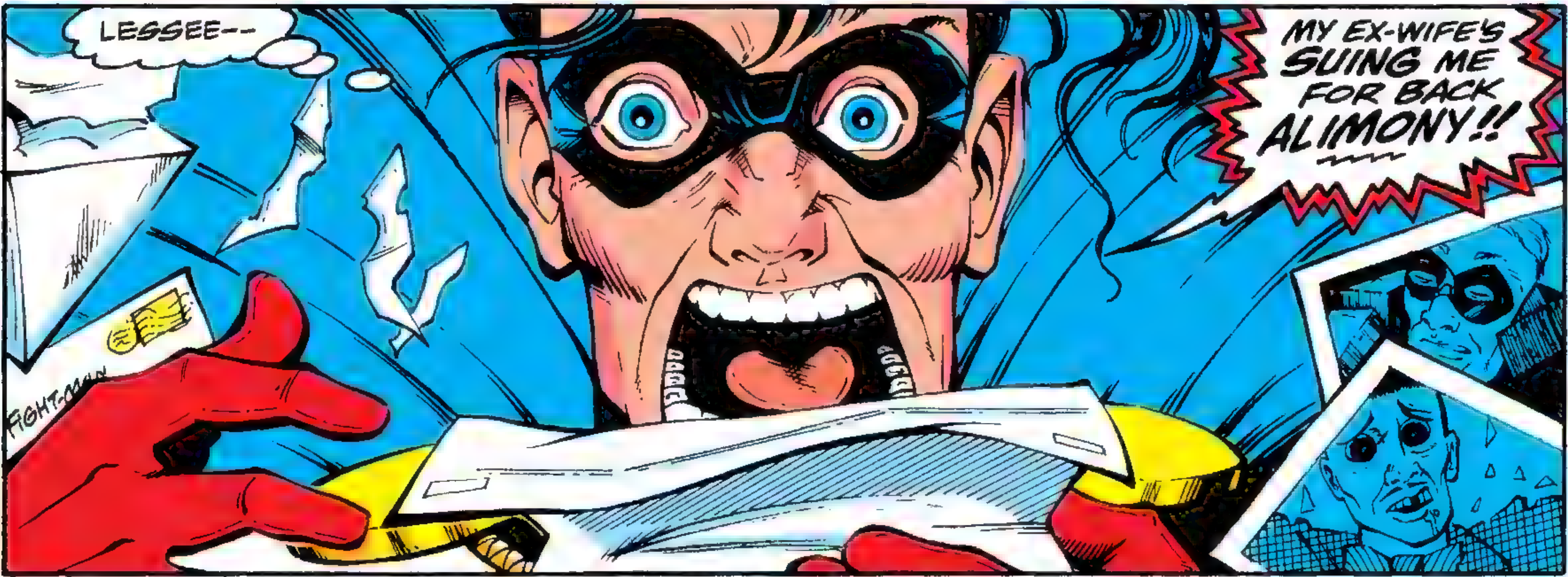
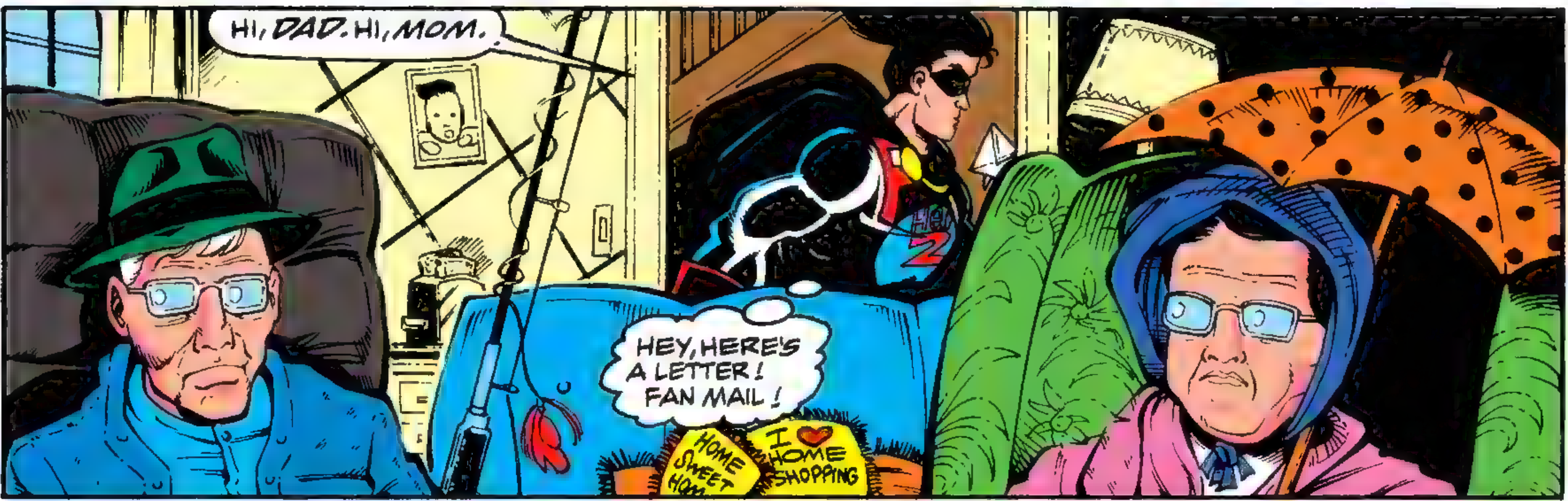
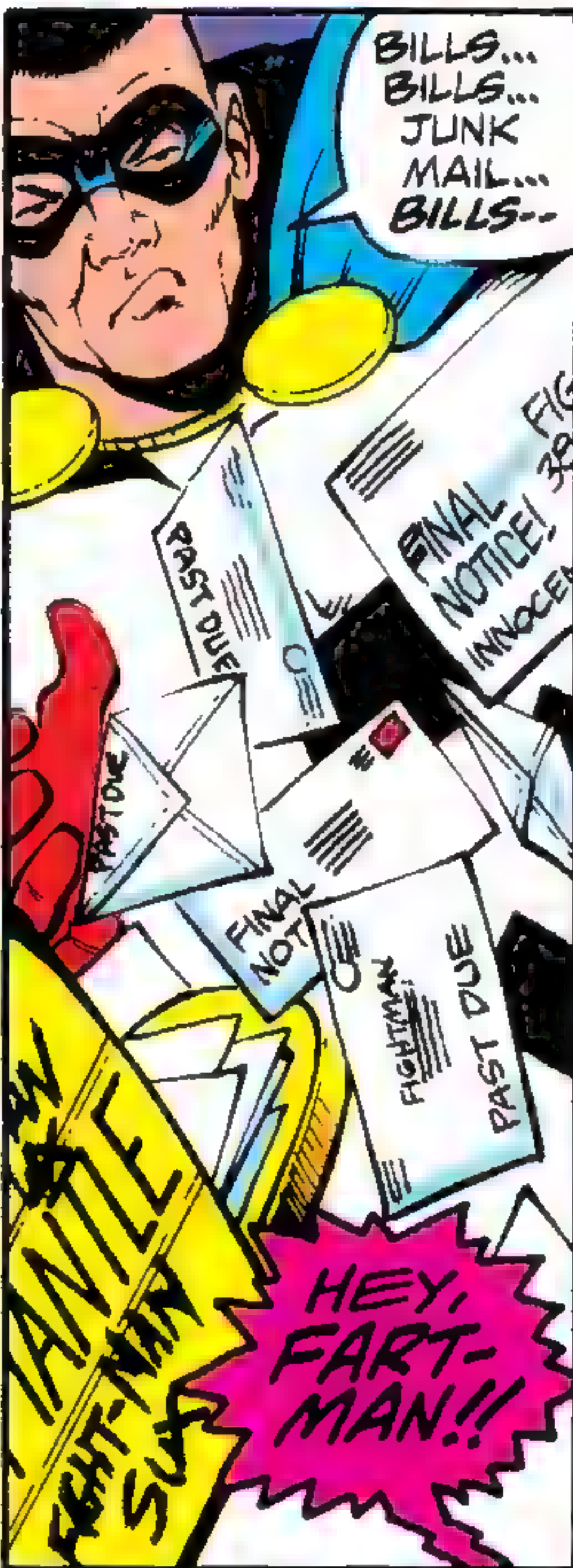
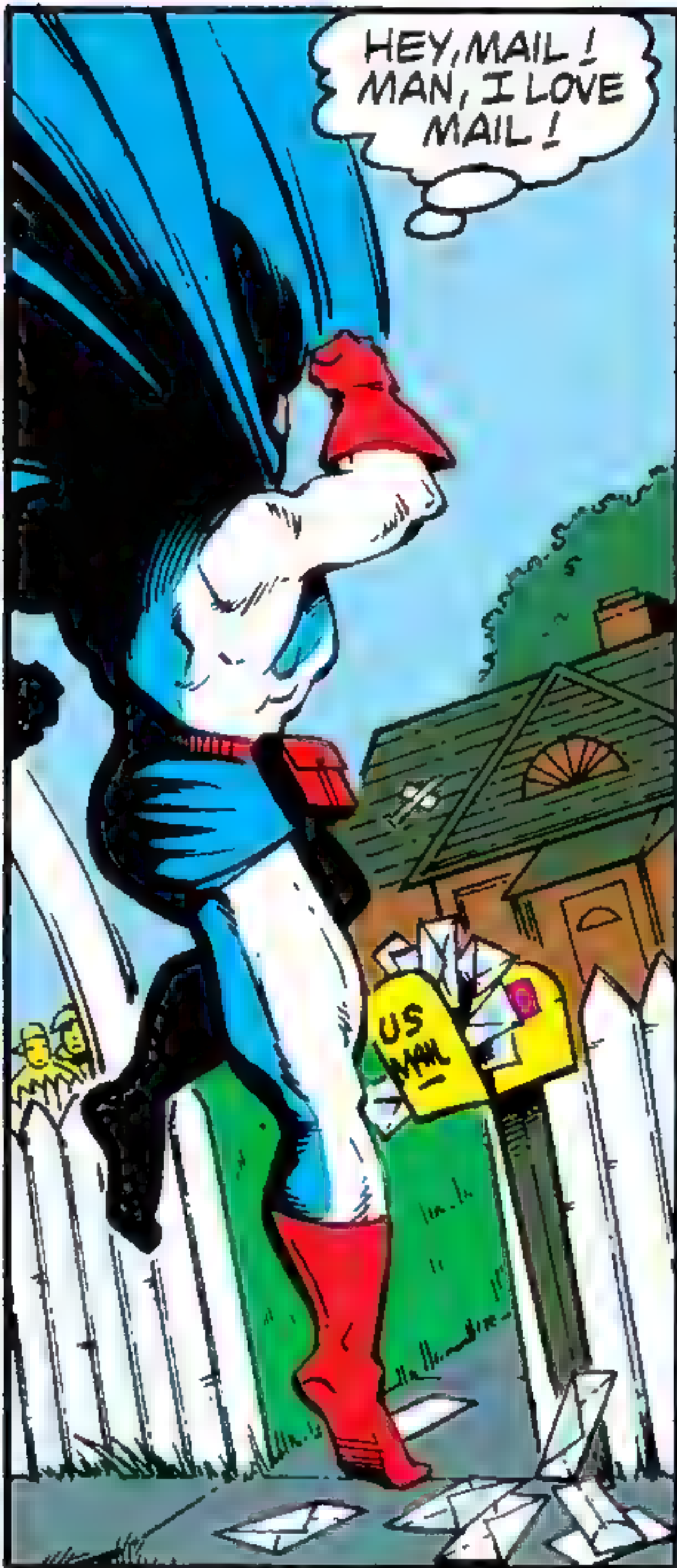
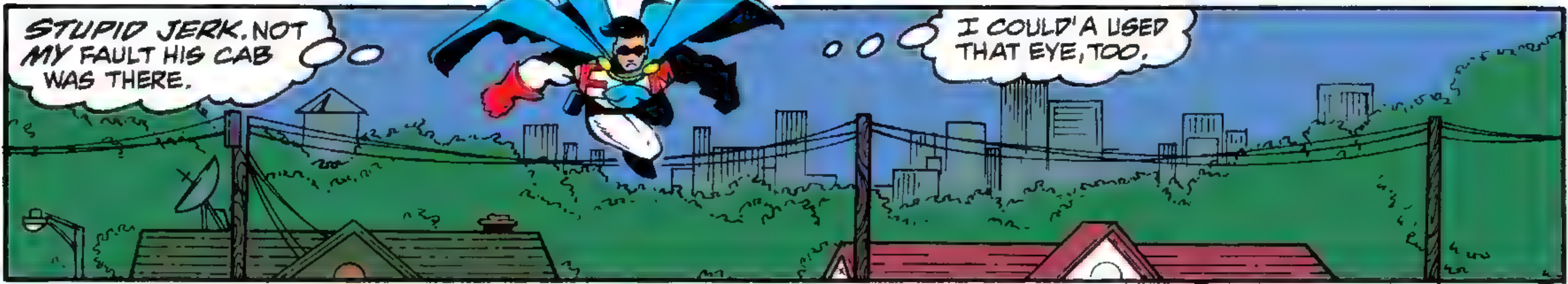
PAM
EKLUND
INKER

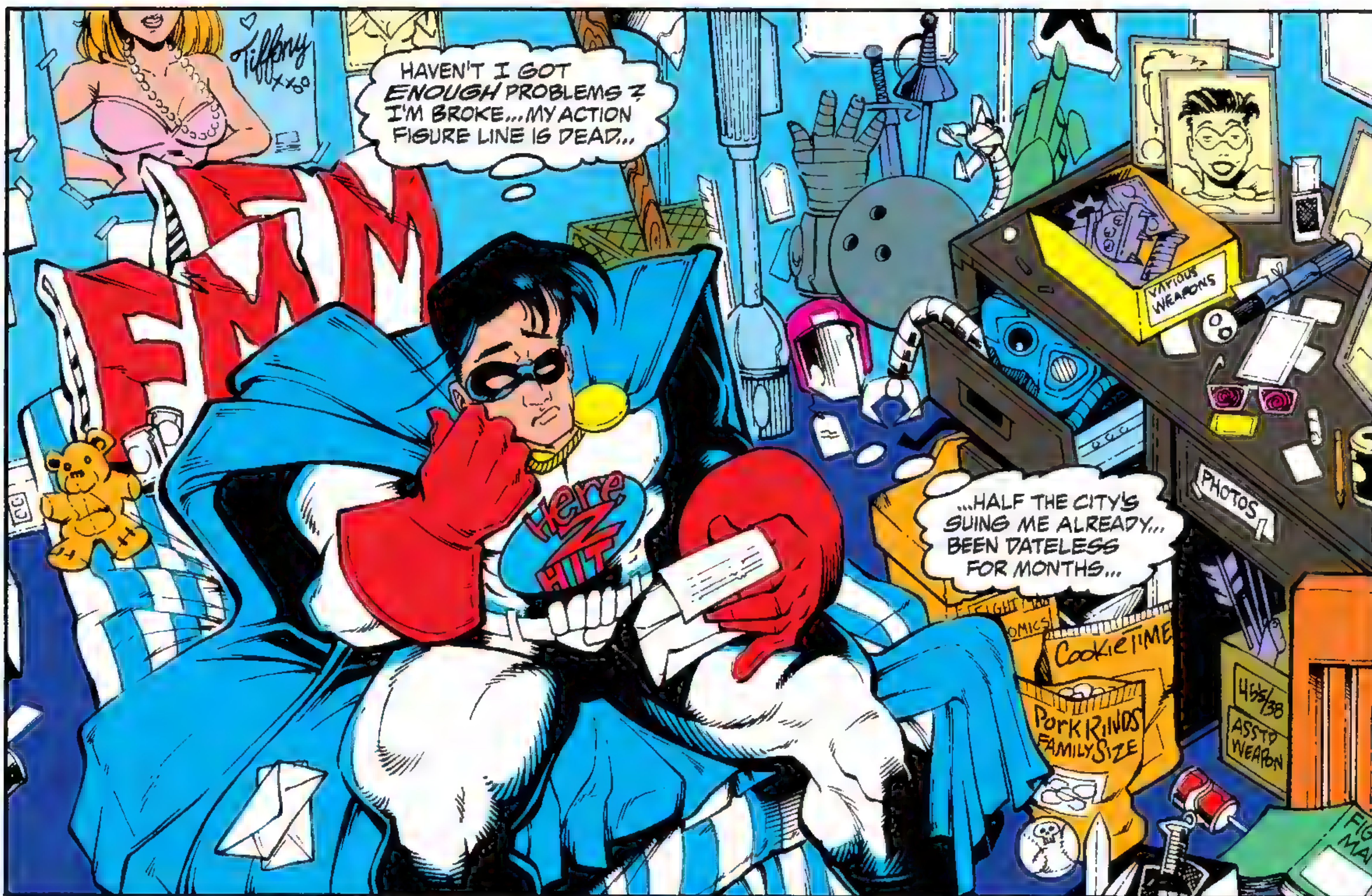
BRAD
JOYCE
LETTERS

SU
MCTEIGUE
COLORIST

FABIAN
NICIEZA
EDITOR





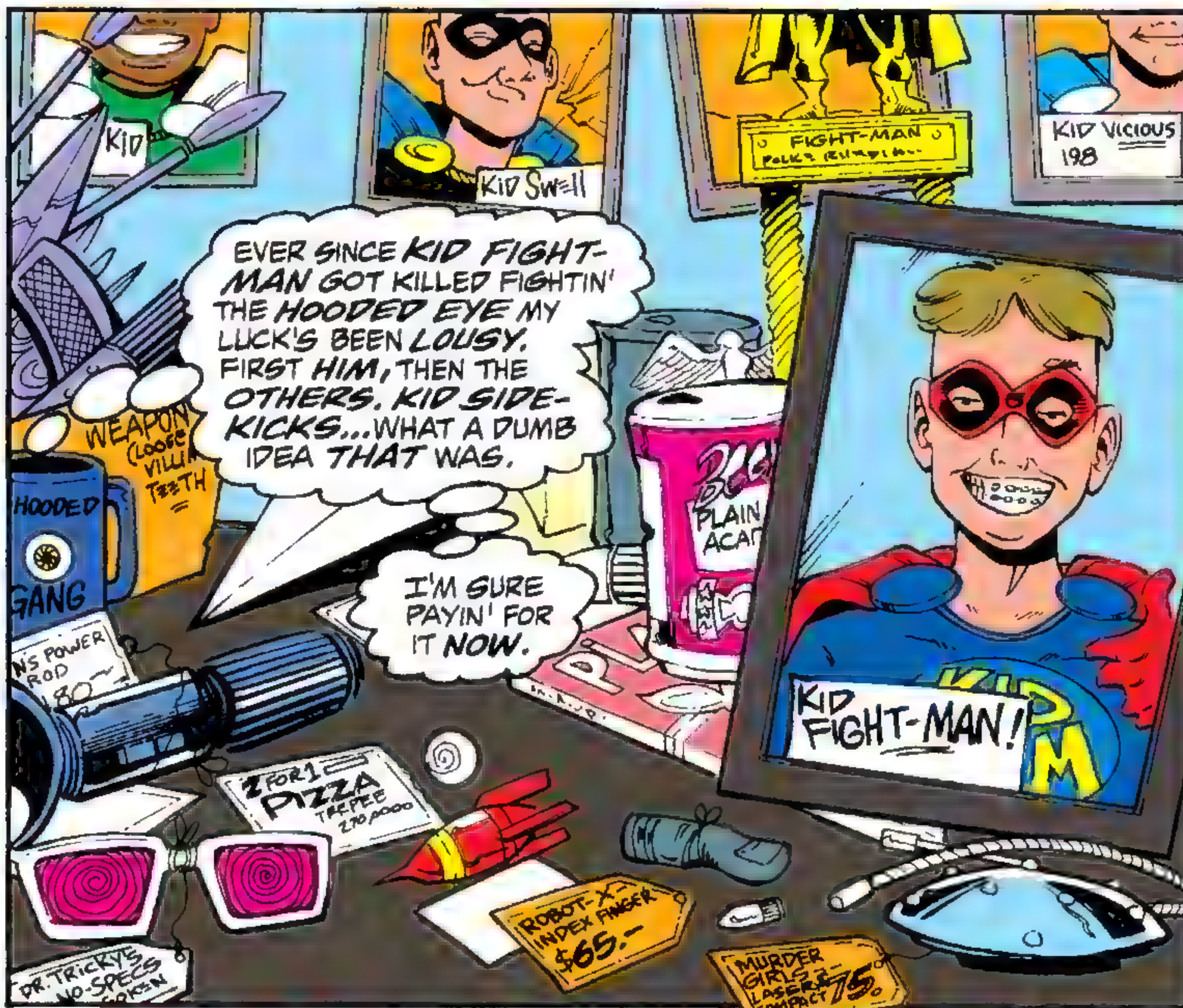


HAVEN'T I GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS? I'M BROKE... MY ACTION FIGURE LINE IS DEAD...

...HALF THE CITY'S SUING ME ALREADY... BEEN DATELESS FOR MONTHS...

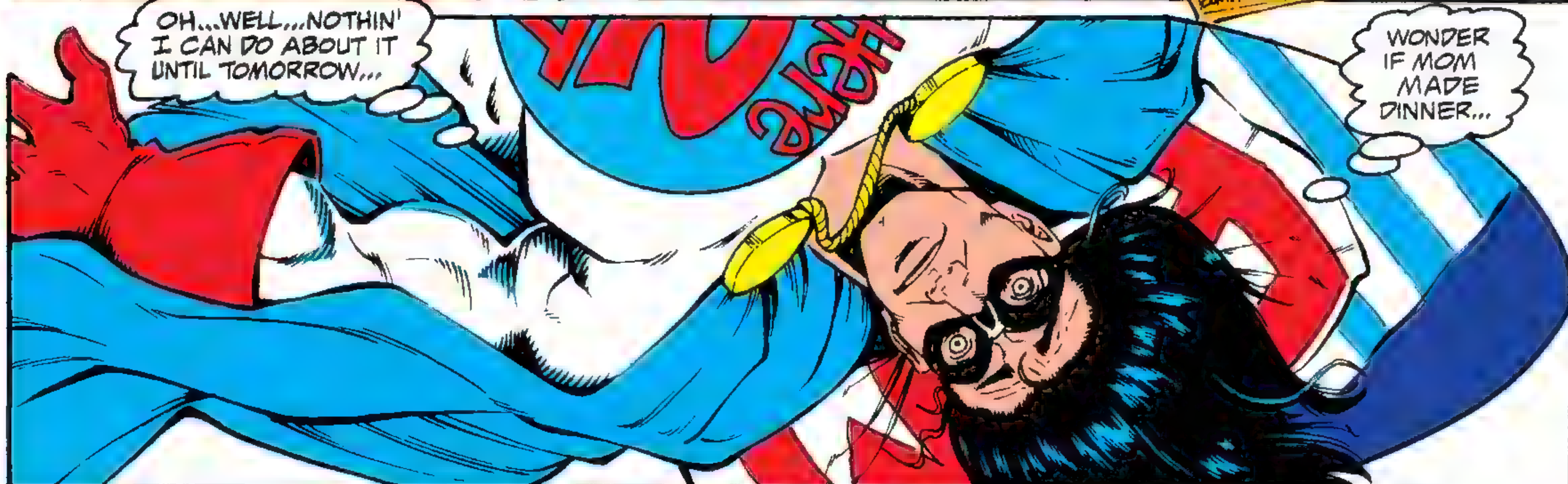
NOT ONLY DOES BEV WANT BACK PAYMENTS--BUT AN INCREASE TOO!! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! SHE KNOWS I'M HAVIN' TROUBLE MAKIN' ENDS MEET! ALL MY ENDORSEMENTS DRIED UP YEARS AGO--NO ONE'S BUYIN' THE SUPER-VILLAIN MEMORABILIA--

ALL I GET IS GRIEF! CRIMINALS GET MORE RESPECT THAN I DO!



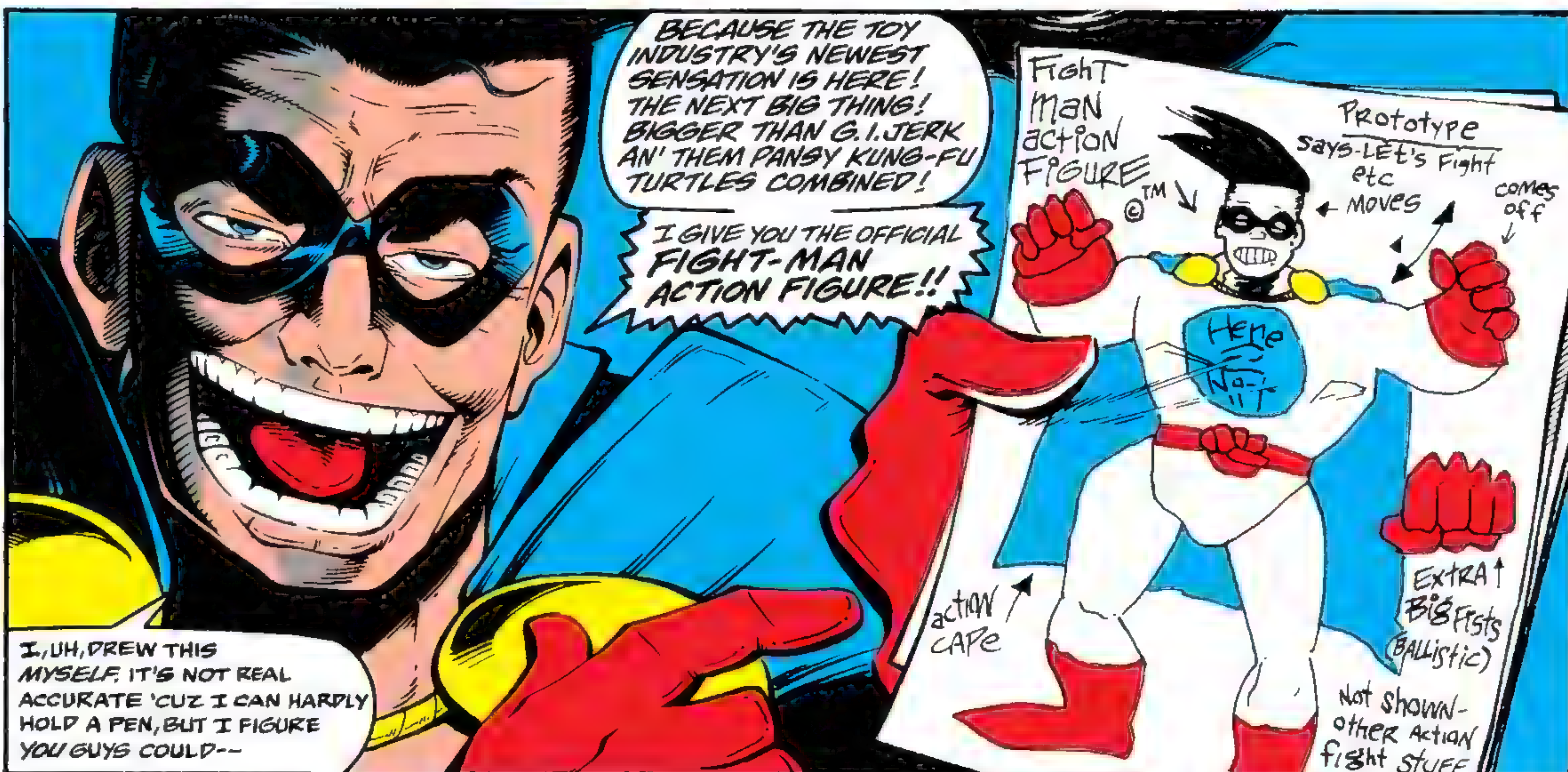
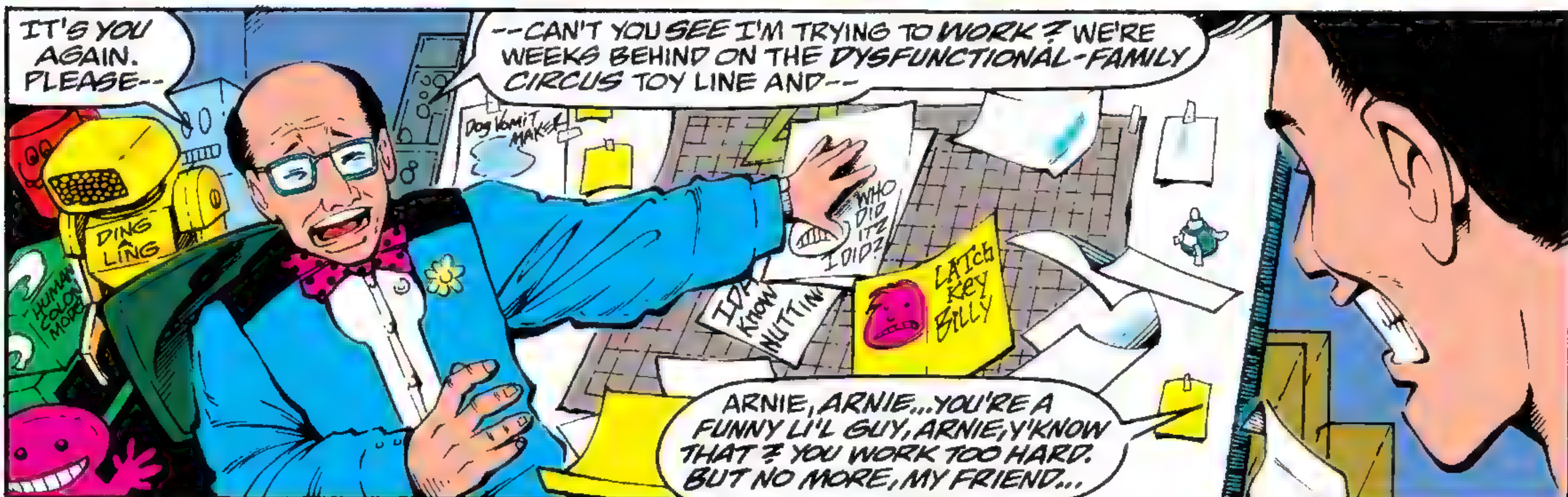
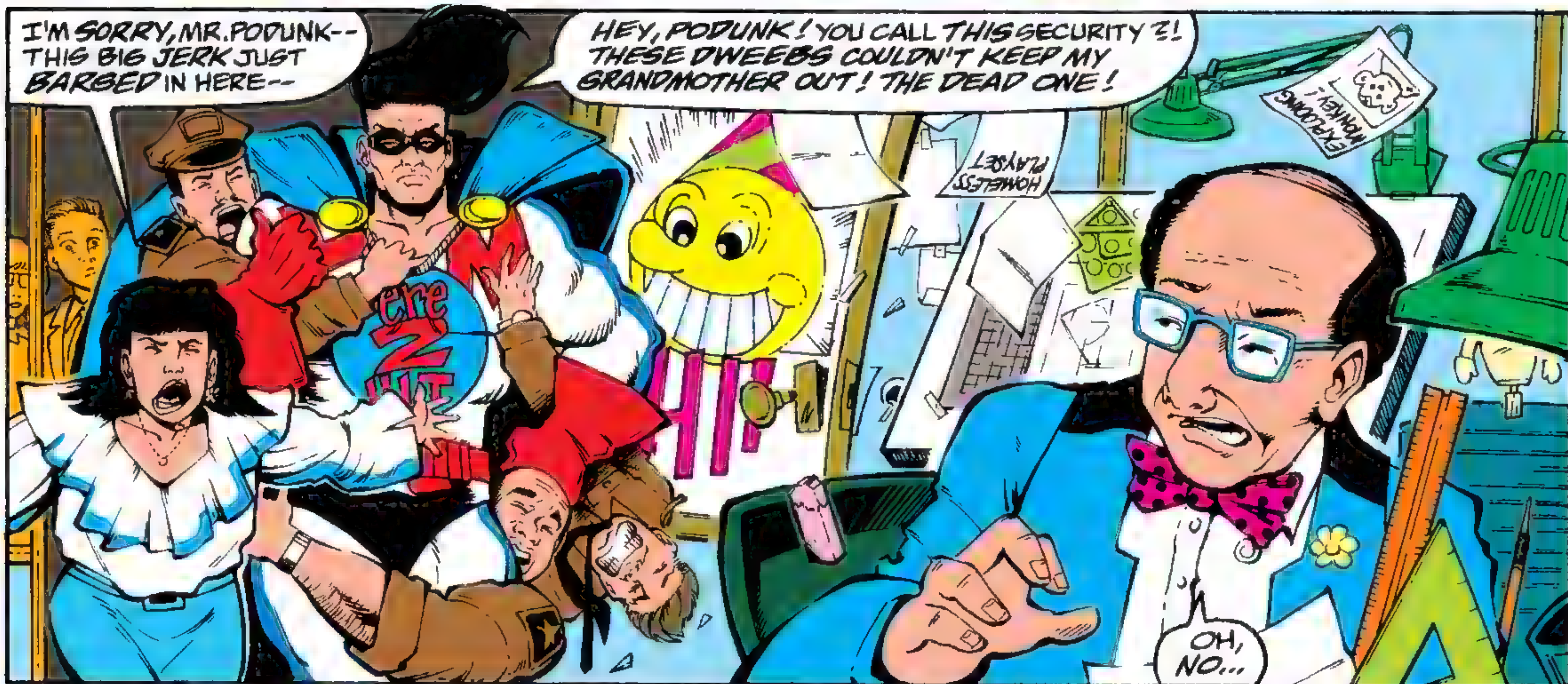
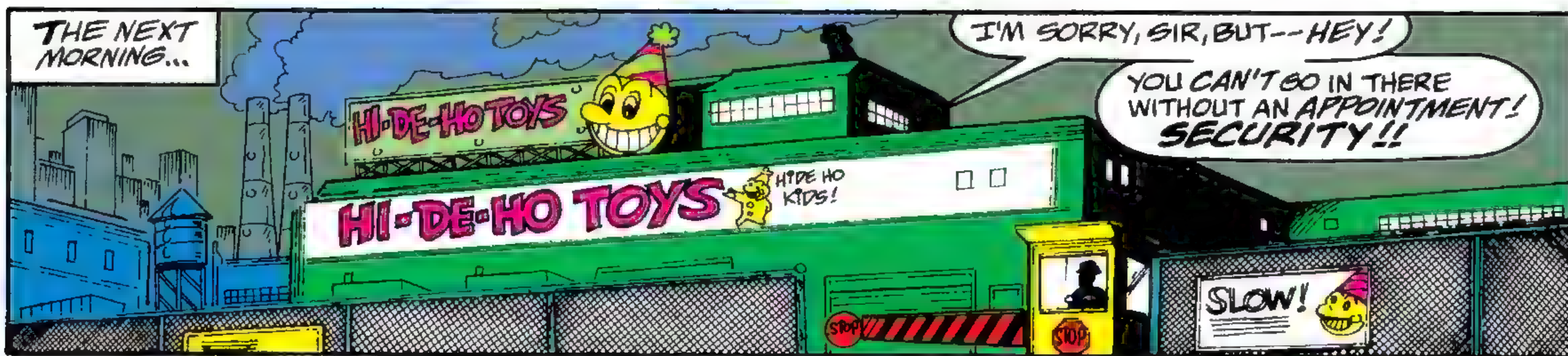
EVER SINCE KID FIGHT-MAN GOT KILLED FIGHTIN' THE HOODED EYE MY LUCK'S BEEN LOUSY. FIRST HIM, THEN THE OTHERS. KID SIDE-KICKS... WHAT A DUMB IDEA THAT WAS.

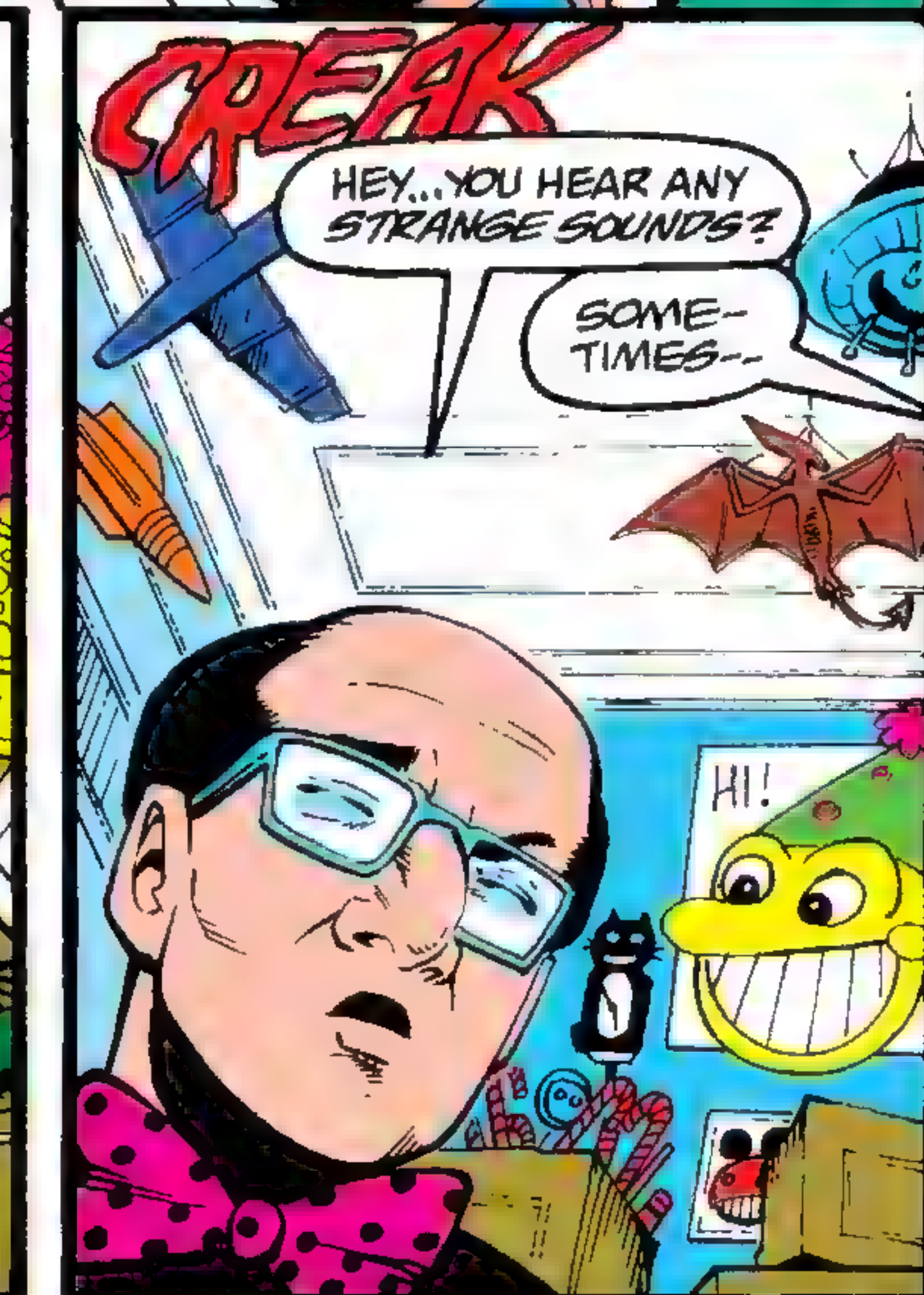
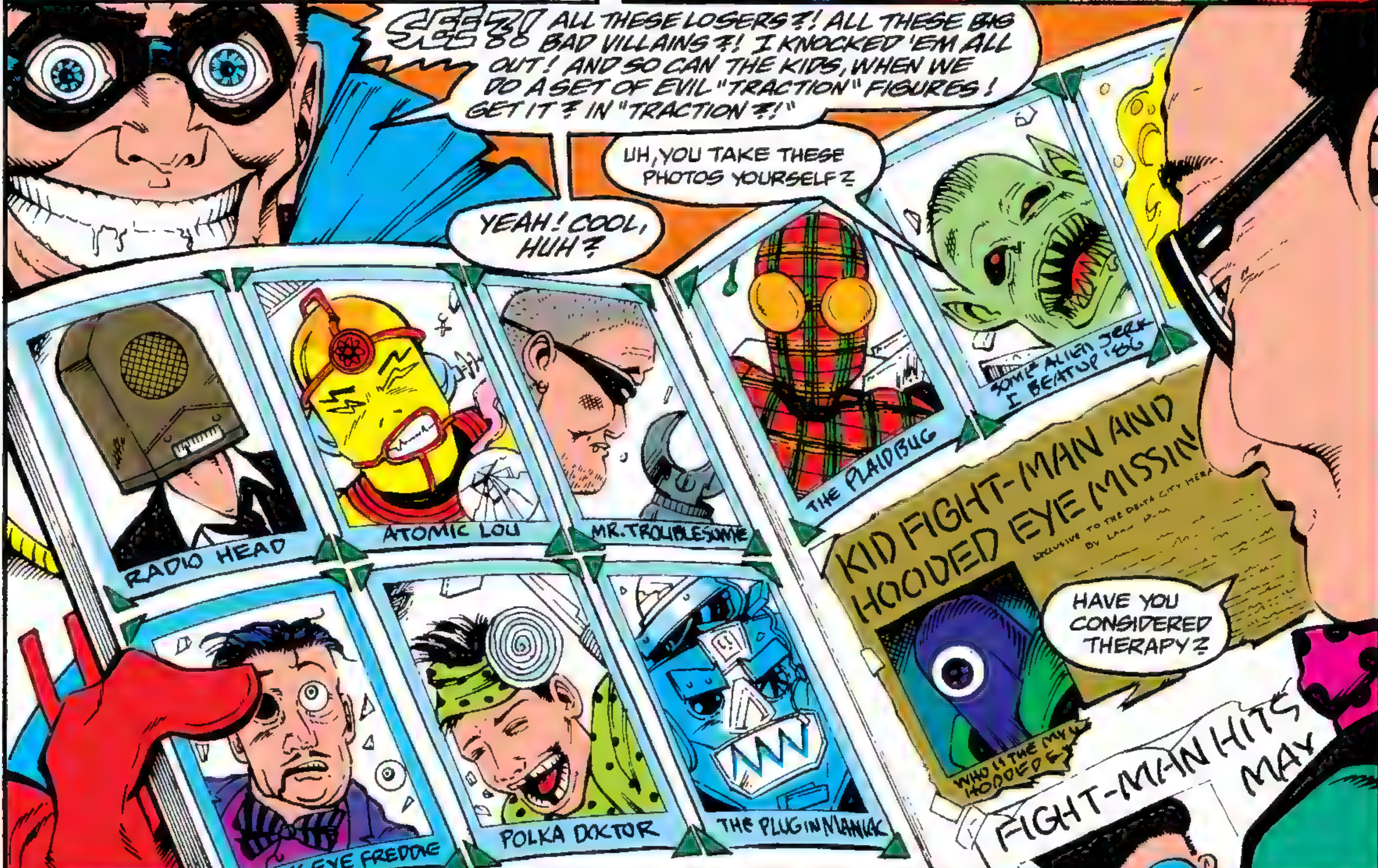
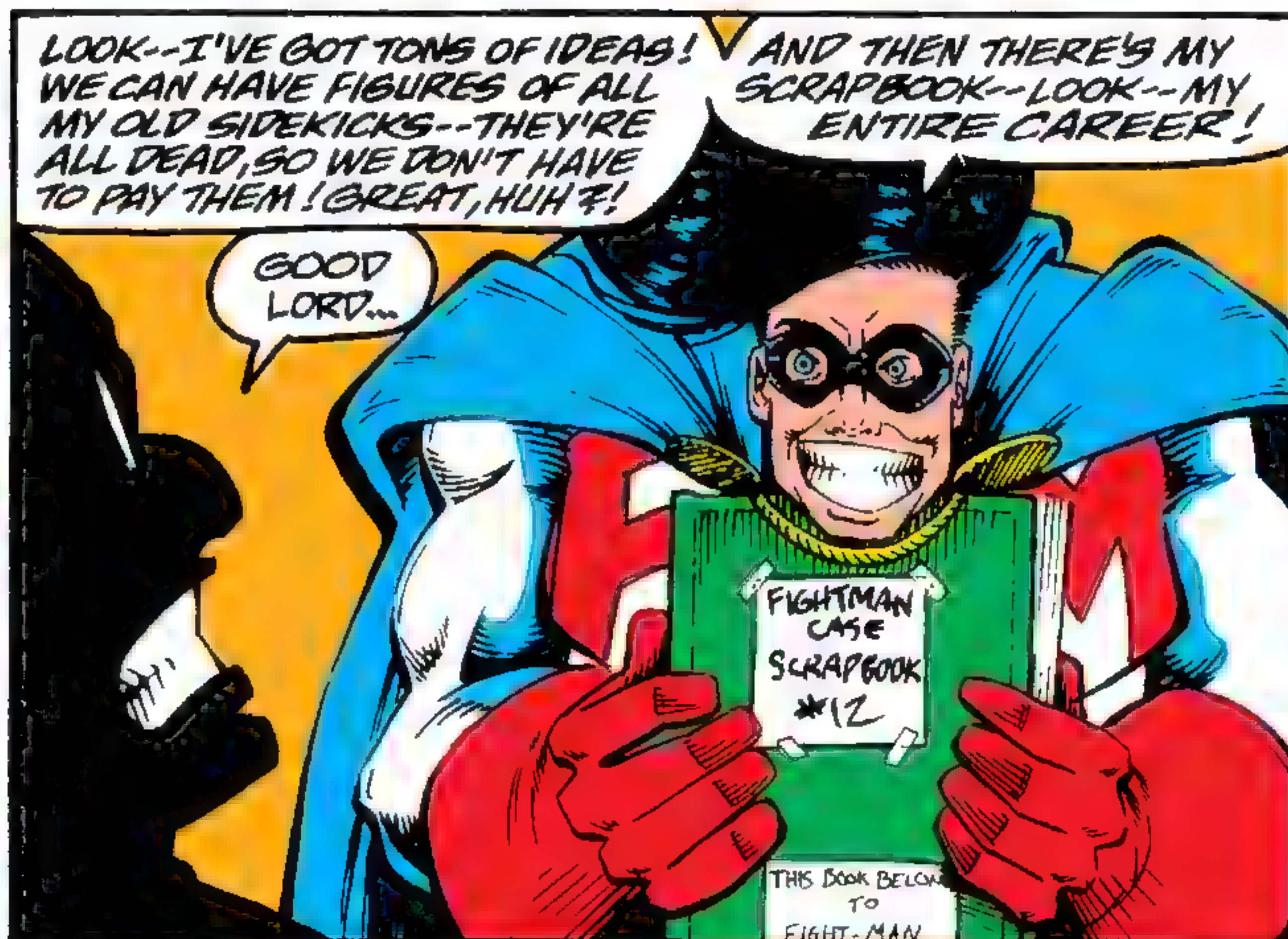
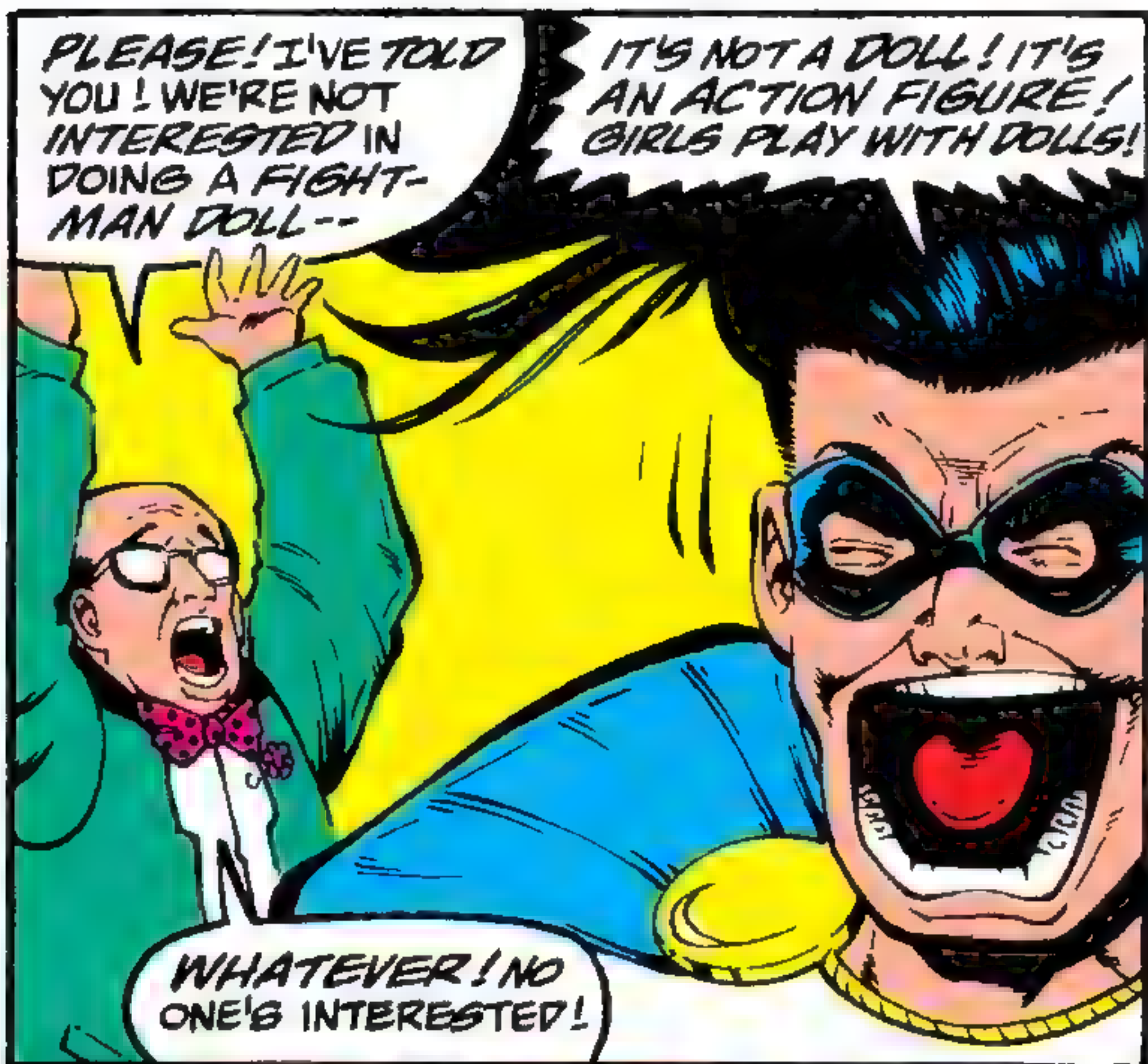
I'M SURE PAYIN' FOR IT NOW.



OH...WELL...NOTHIN' I CAN DO ABOUT IT UNTIL TOMORROW...

WONDER IF MOM MADE DINNER...







FIGHT-MAN!
THINK FAST!!

KRRAN

HOLY--! THE
PLUG-IN
MANIAC!

ATOMIC
LOU!!

HCRACKKSH

--AND THAT
LIVING ROOF-LEAK
MUST BE THE
MASSIVE
GLOBULA!!!

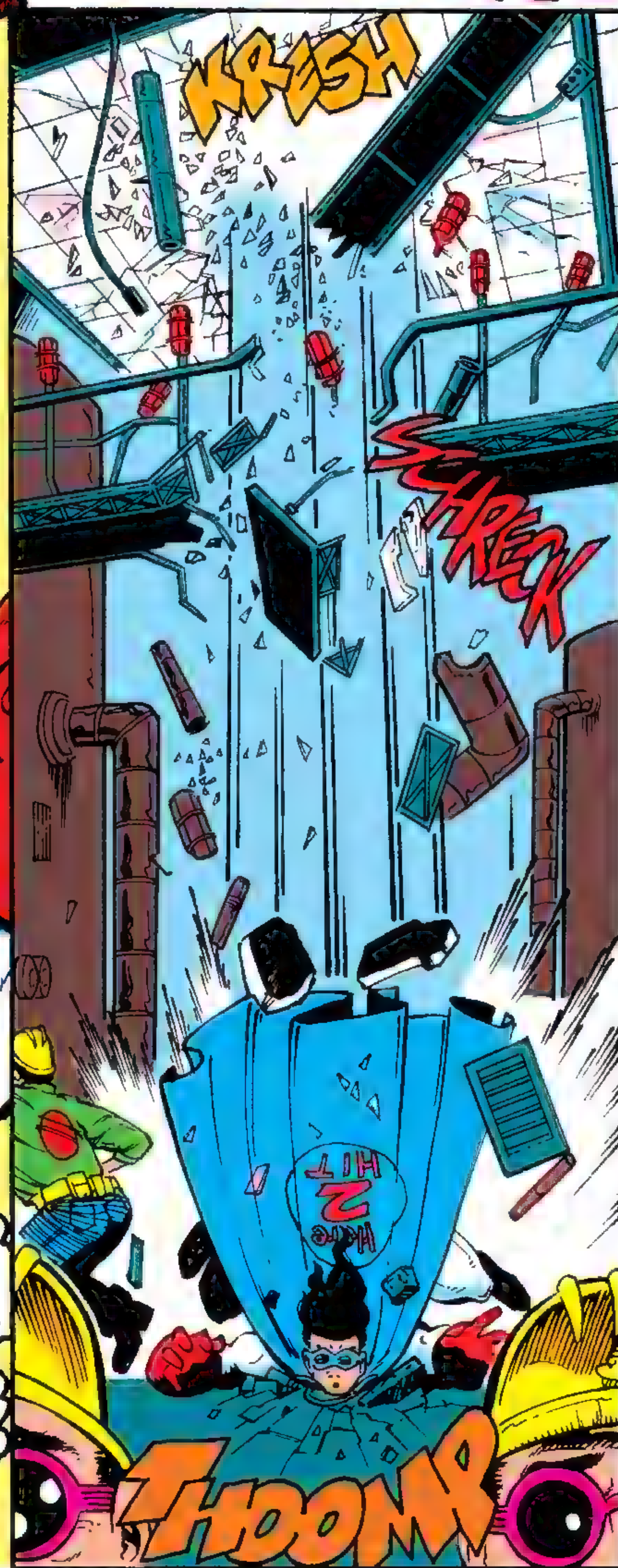
YOU MORONS!! CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M IN AN IMPORTANT
BUSINESS MEETING?!

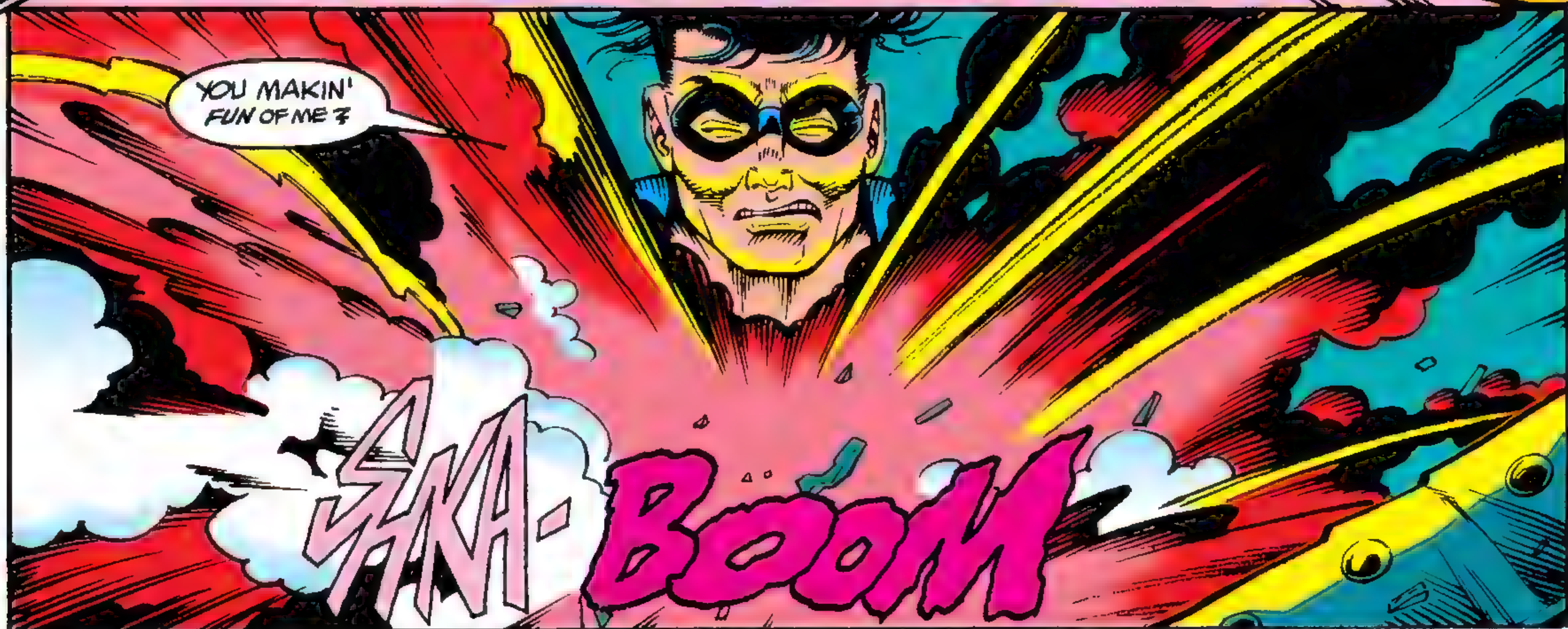
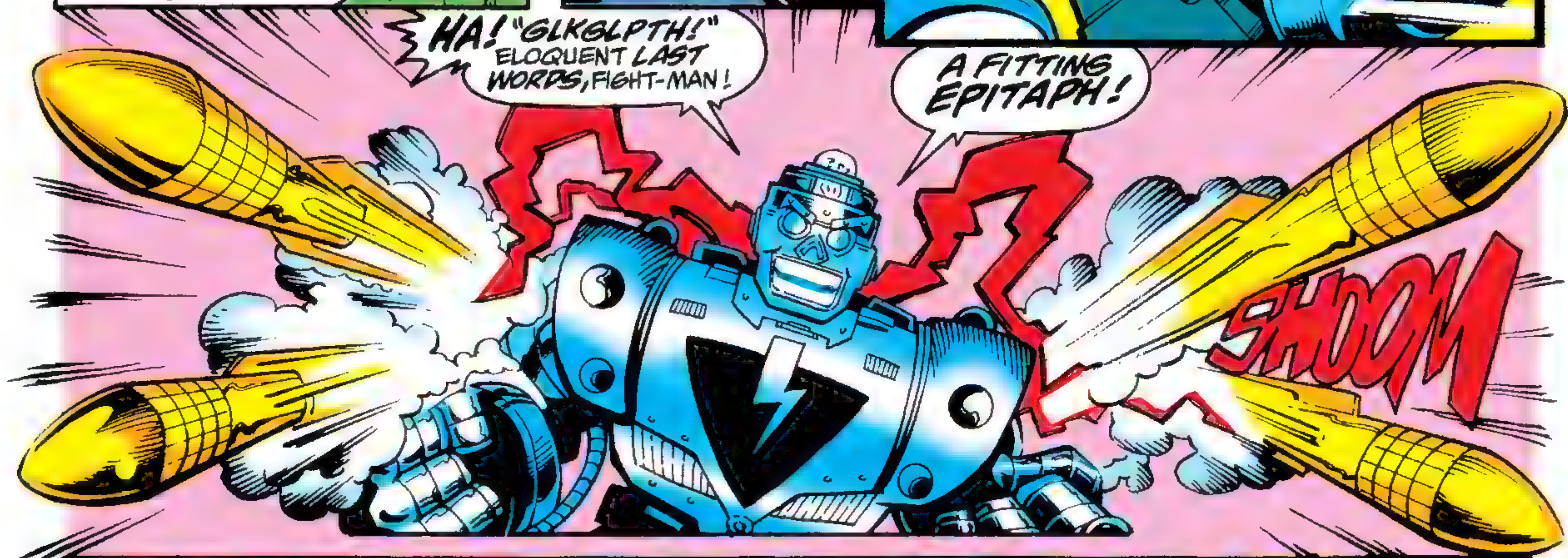
GET OUT!

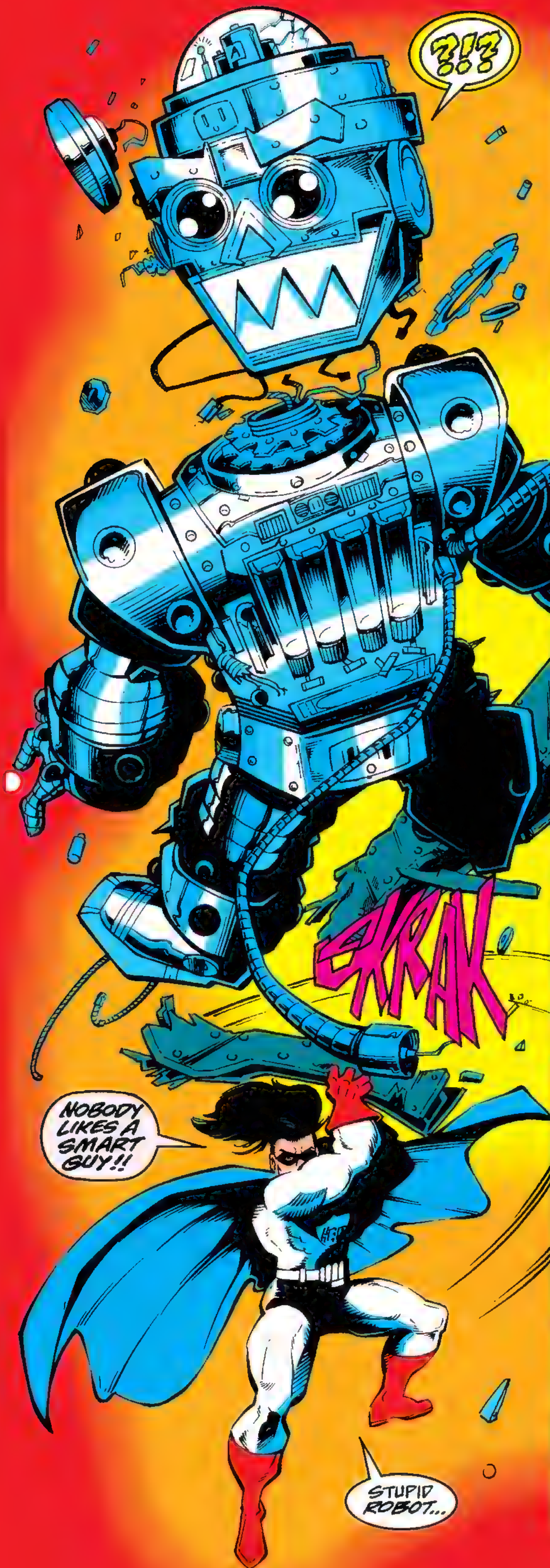
SUCH A COINCIDENCE!
WE JUST CAME FROM A
BUSINESS MEETING!
AND THE BUSINESS AT
HAND WAS--

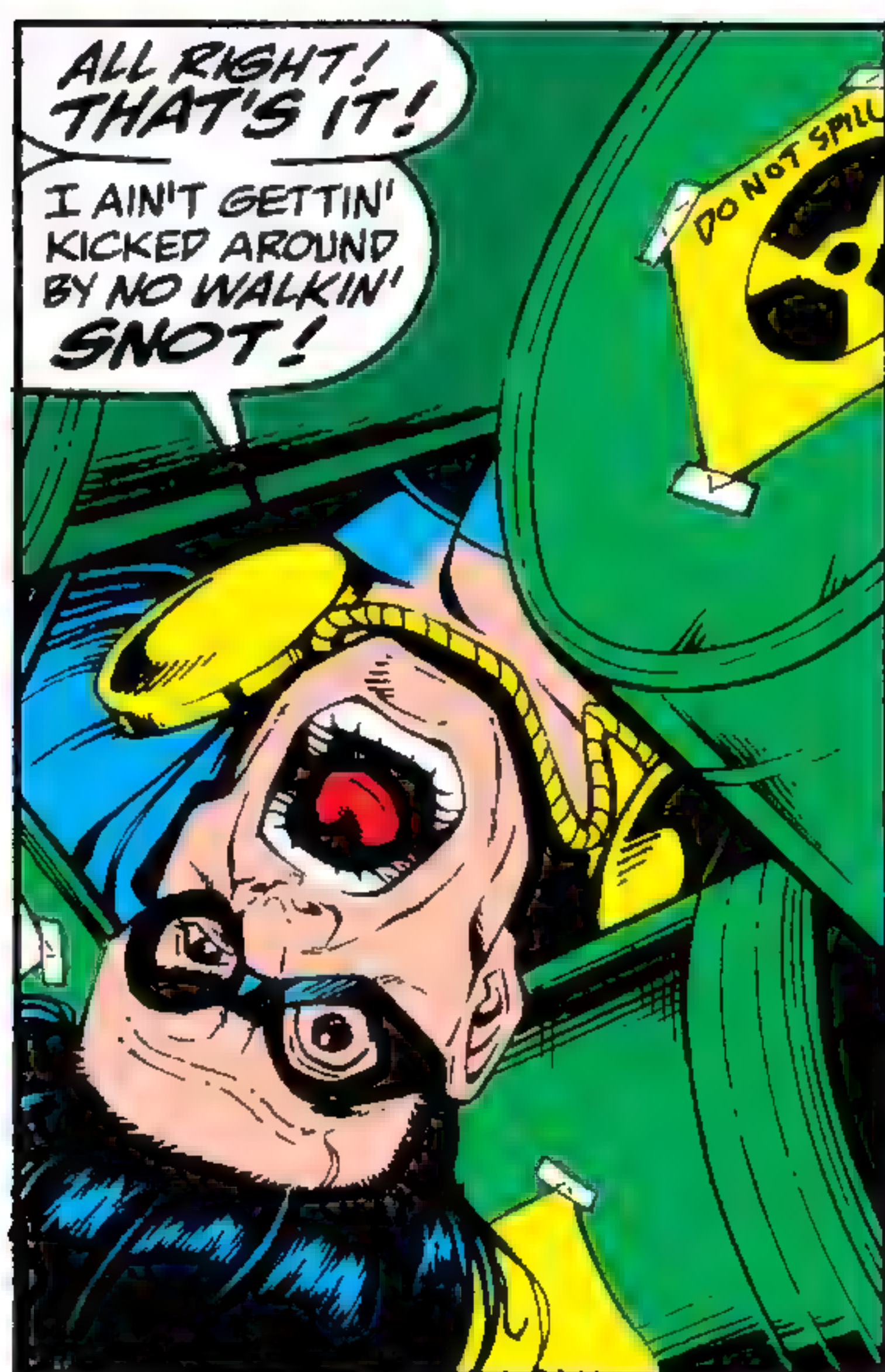
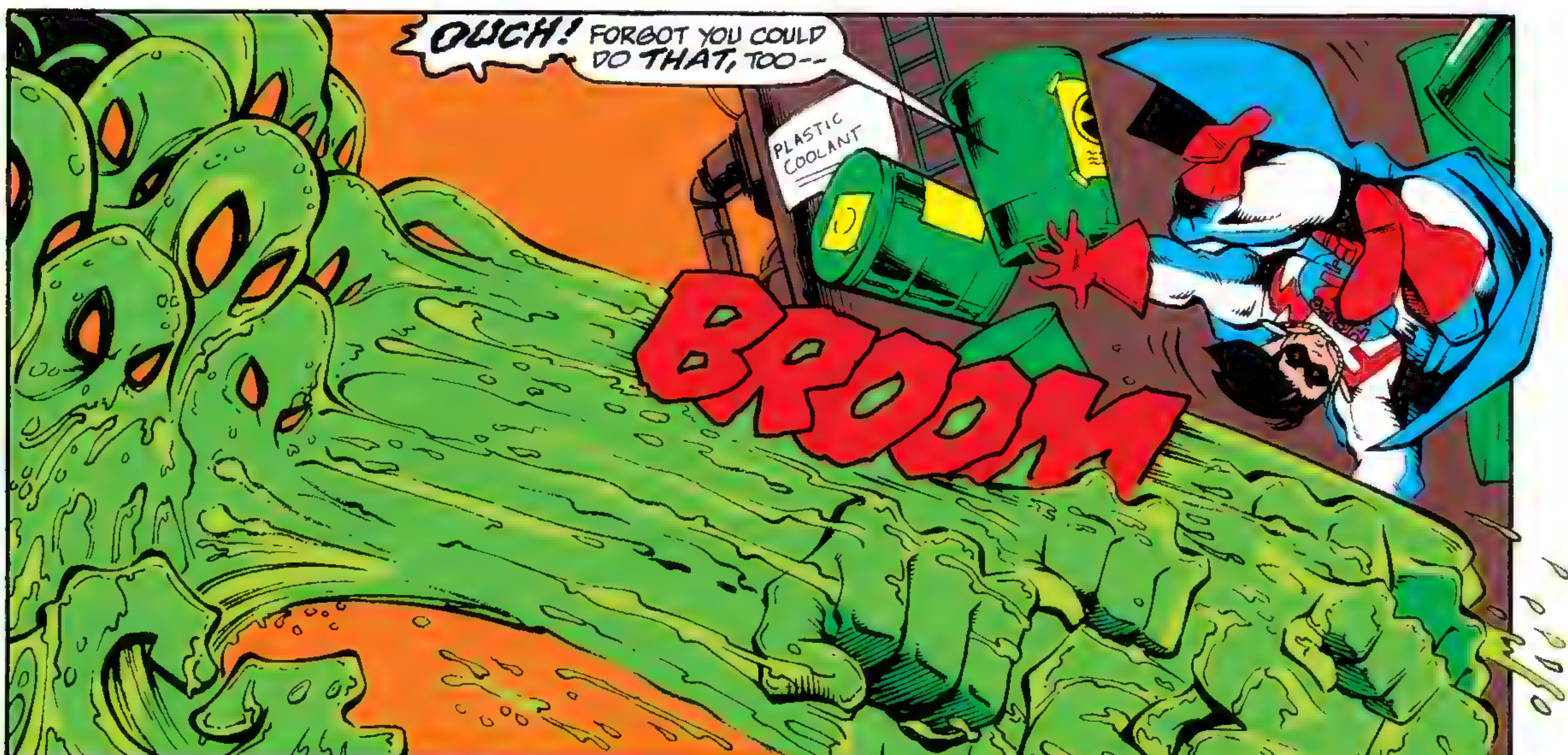
KILL
FIGHT-
MAN!

KILL
FIGHT-
MAN!

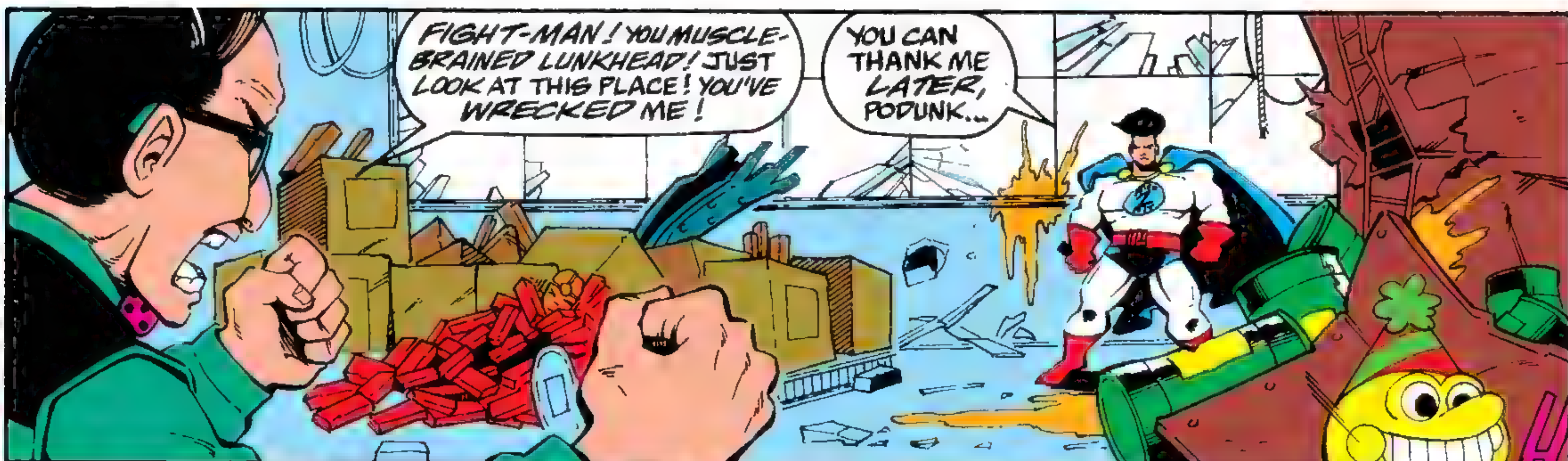












IS THERE A "CONTRACT" OUT ON FIGHT-MAN? THAT'S WHAT POLICE ARE ASKING TONIGHT AFTER THE SELF-STYLED "HERO'S" LATEST HIGH PROFILE, LOWBROW PUNCHUP.

Here 2 BE HIT?



DEBRA WALSH

THREE ALLEGED "SUPER-VILLAINS" WERE BEATEN UP BY FIGHT-MAN AFTER ALLEGEDLY ATTACKING HIM AT THE HI-DEE-HO TOY PLANT IN ROSEDALE EARLIER TODAY.



FIGHT-MAN THEN LITERALLY BLEW OFF REPORTERS' INQUIRIES INTO THE INCIDENT...

HI-DEE-HO VICE-PRESIDENT ARNOLD PODLINK HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT THE MATTER.

THEY SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM!



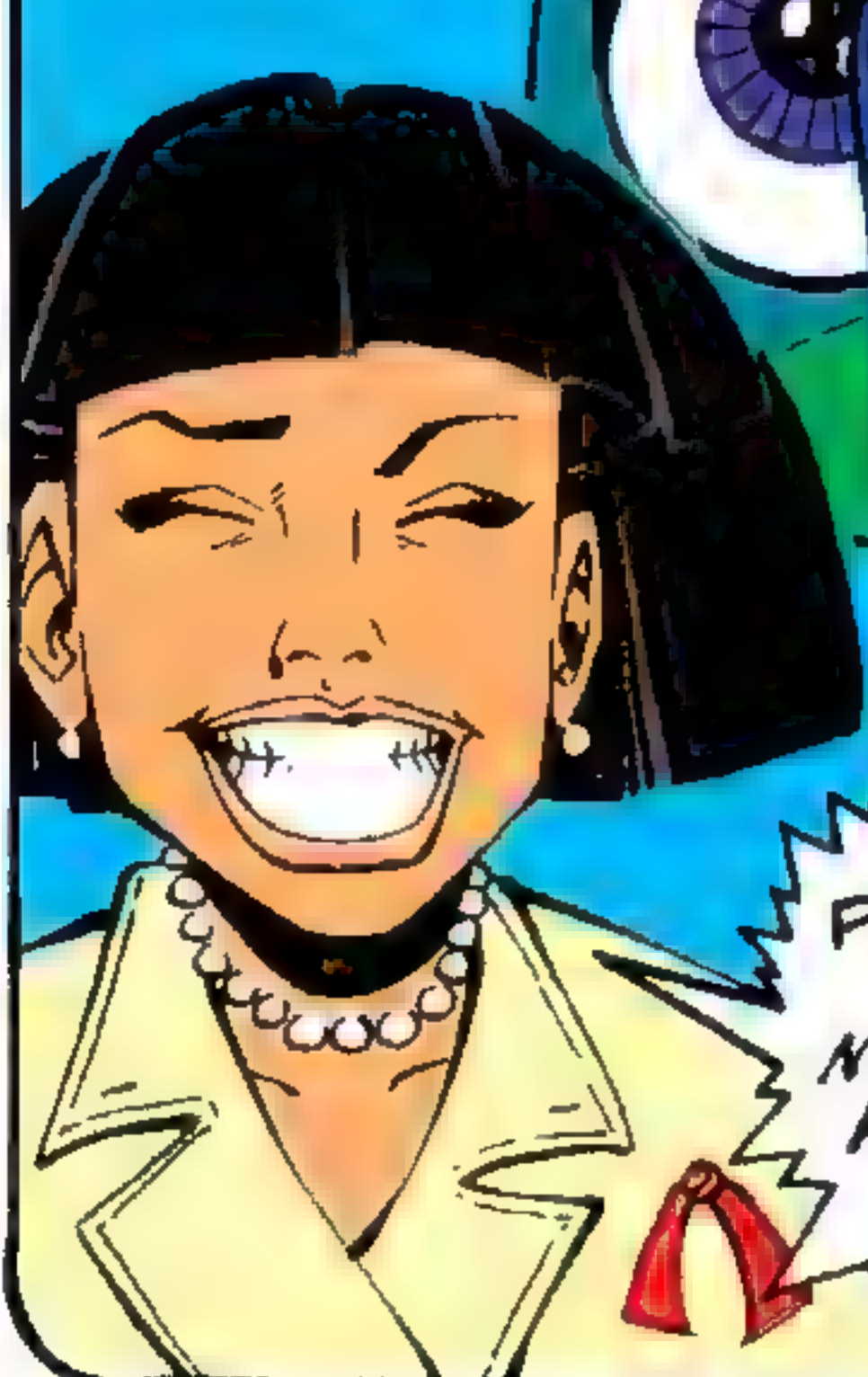
HI 7

CONTROVERSY HAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED FIGHT-MAN...



...JUST RECENTLY HE TOOK ON THOUSANDS CELEBRATING THE DALLAS COWBOYS' SUPER BOWL WIN.

FIGHT-MAN FIRST MADE NEWS A DECADE AGO WHEN HE TOOK ON THE CRIME BOSS WHO RAN DELTA CITY'S UNDERWORLD...



...THE POWERFUL AND MYSTERIOUS HOODED EYE.

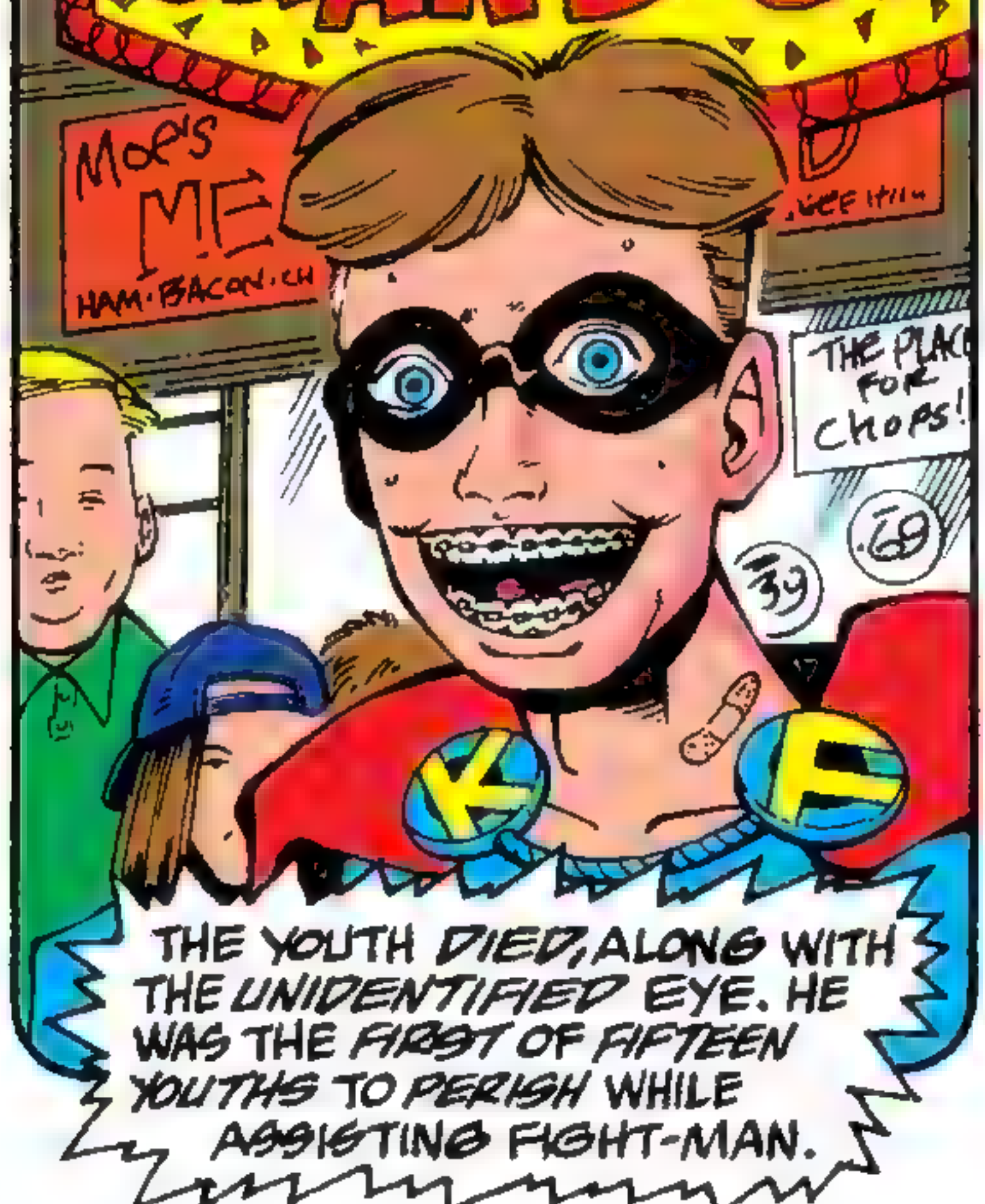
FIGHT-MAN'S CAMPAIGN MADE HIM POPULAR, BUT, MINUTES AFTER THE EYE'S DEFEAT, HE HAD THIS TO SAY TO QUESTIONS REGARDING HIS TACTICS--



THIS ENTIRE STINKIN' CITY, HOMELESS INCLUDED, CAN GO KISS MY--

ONE TACTIC THAT OUTRAGED MANY WAS HIS USE OF YOUNG KENNY LIEBMAN, ALIAS KID FIGHT-MAN, AS AN ASSISTANT AGAINST THE EYE.

GRAND OP



THE YOUTH DIED, ALONG WITH THE UNIDENTIFIED EYE. HE WAS THE FIRST OF FIFTEEN YOUTHS TO PERISH WHILE ASSISTING FIGHT-MAN.

FIGHT-MAN ALSO MADE NEWS WITH HIS BRIEF AND TEMPESTUOUS MARRIAGE TO MODEL BEVERLY LACOCO, WHO DIVORCED HIM ON GROUNDS OF "IDIOCY."



WHEN TOLD ABOUT A POSSIBLE "HIT" BEING OUT ON HER EX, MS. LACOCO SAID, AND I QUOTE, "GOOD."

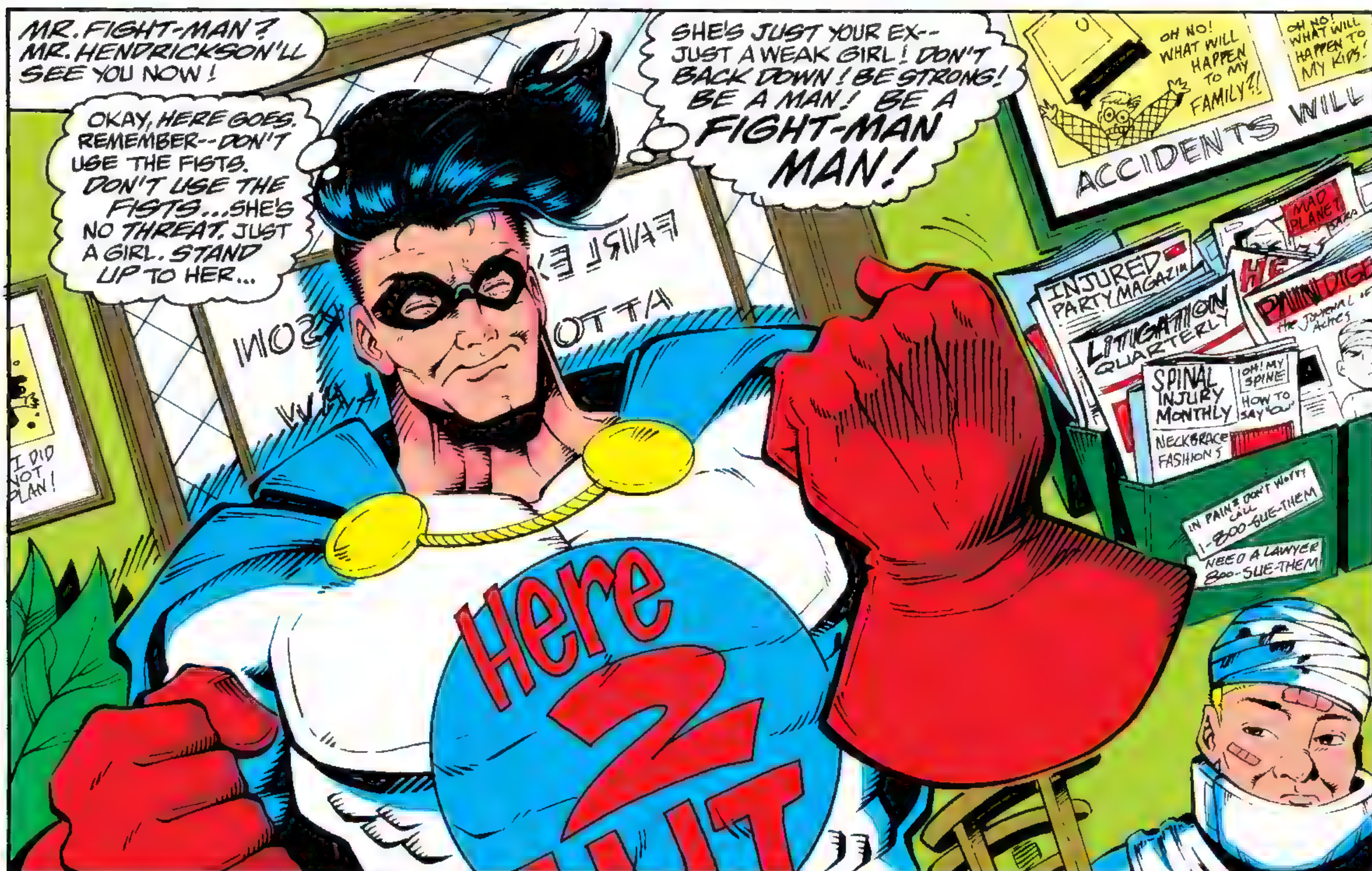
CITING WHAT POLICE SOURCES SAY COULD BE A UNIFIED UNDERWORLD EFFORT TO KILL THE SUPER HERO, THE NEW MAYOR HAS CALLED FOR A MEETING WITH FIGHT-MAN TOMORROW.

IN OTHER NEWS... A NATIONAL POLL RELEASED TODAY SAYS...

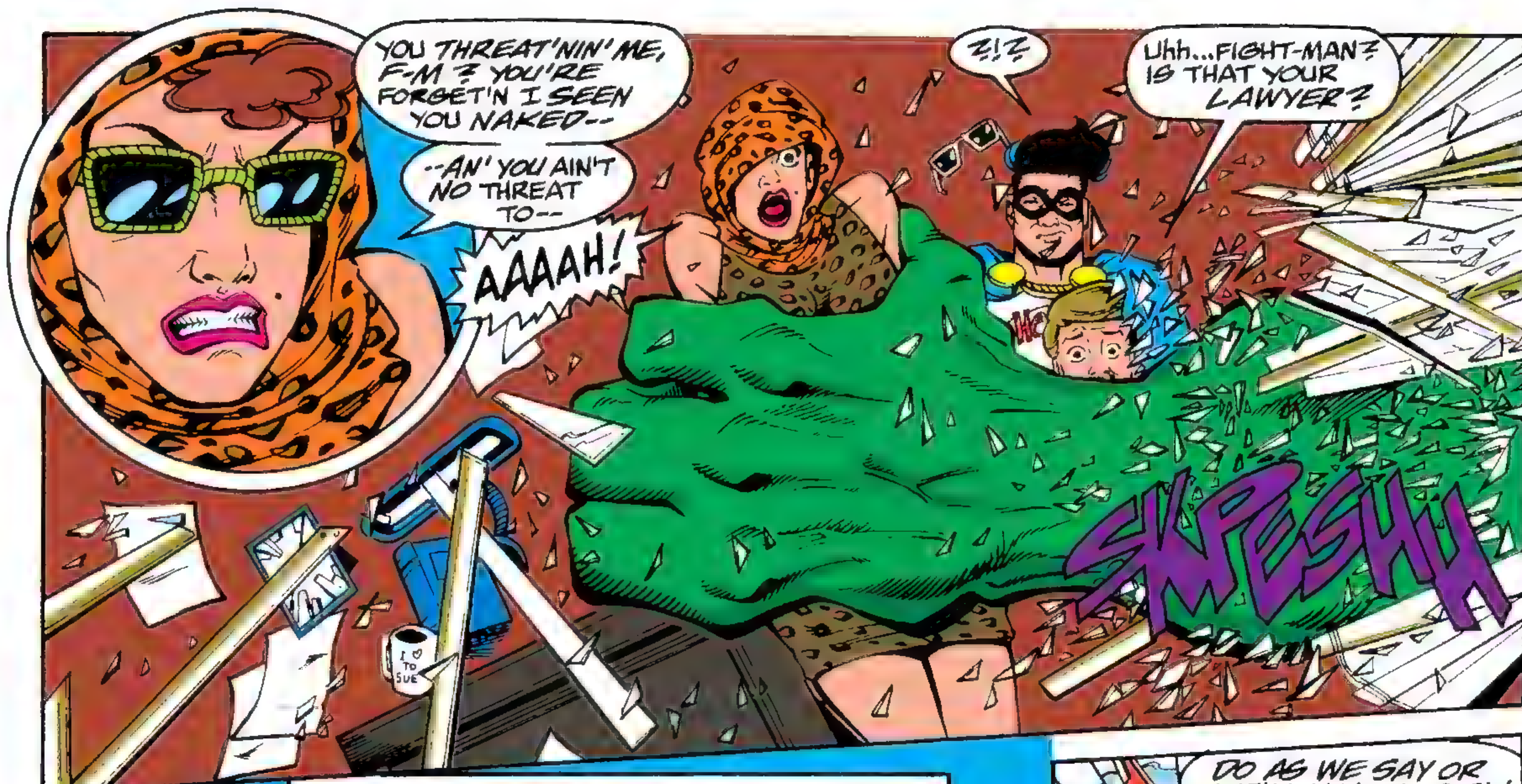


...THAT 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE... WOULD LIKE TO KILL 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE...





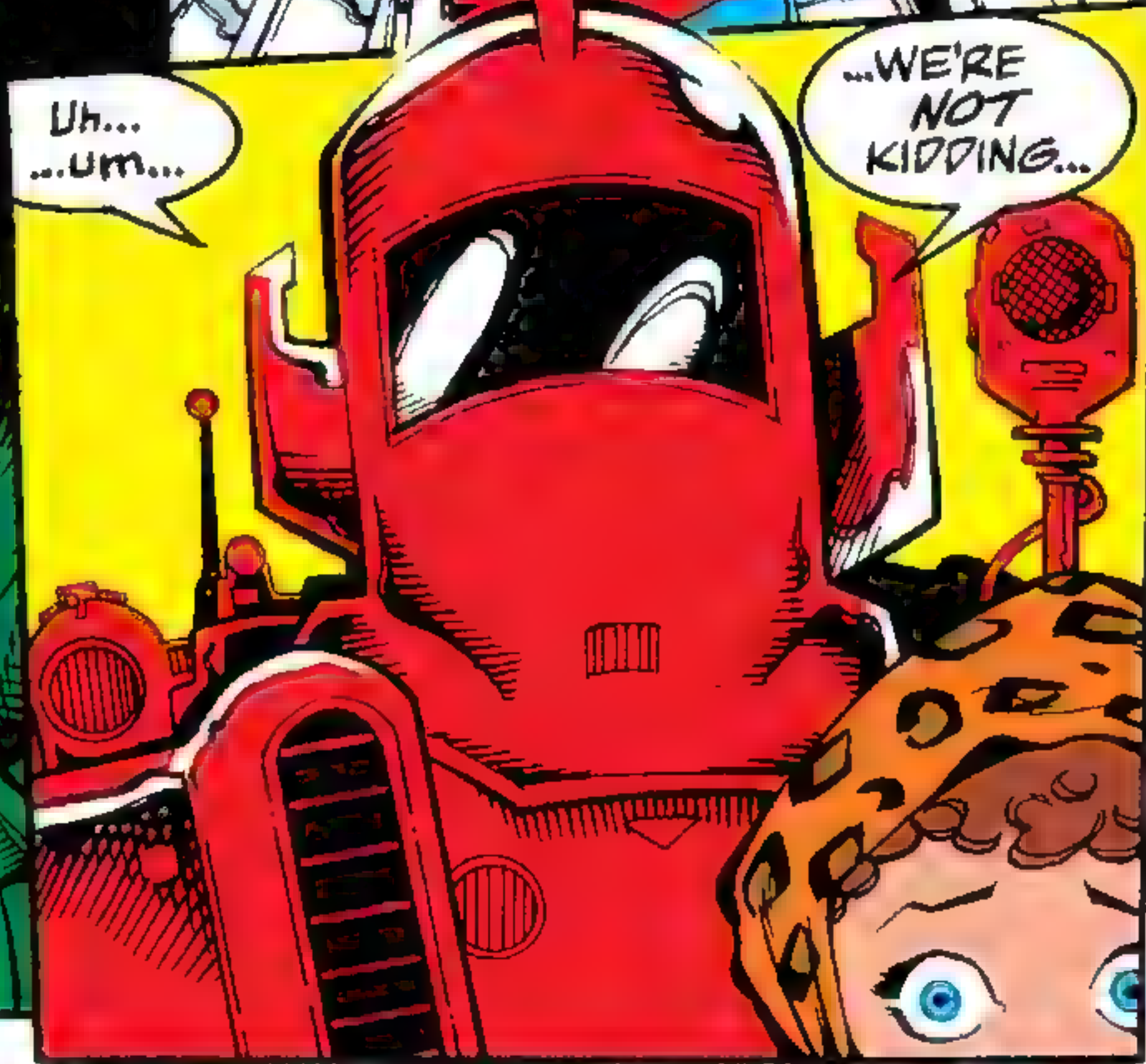


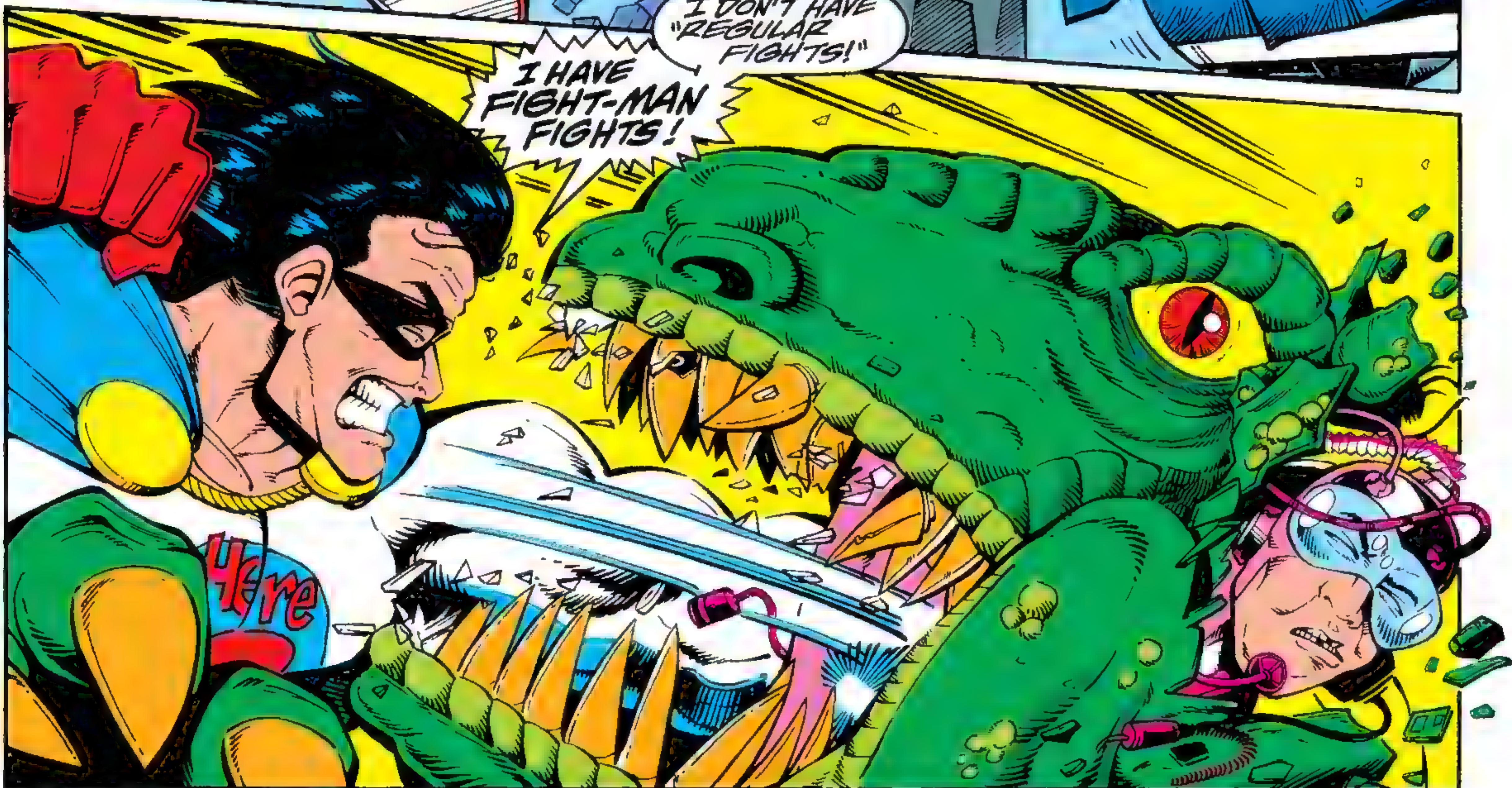
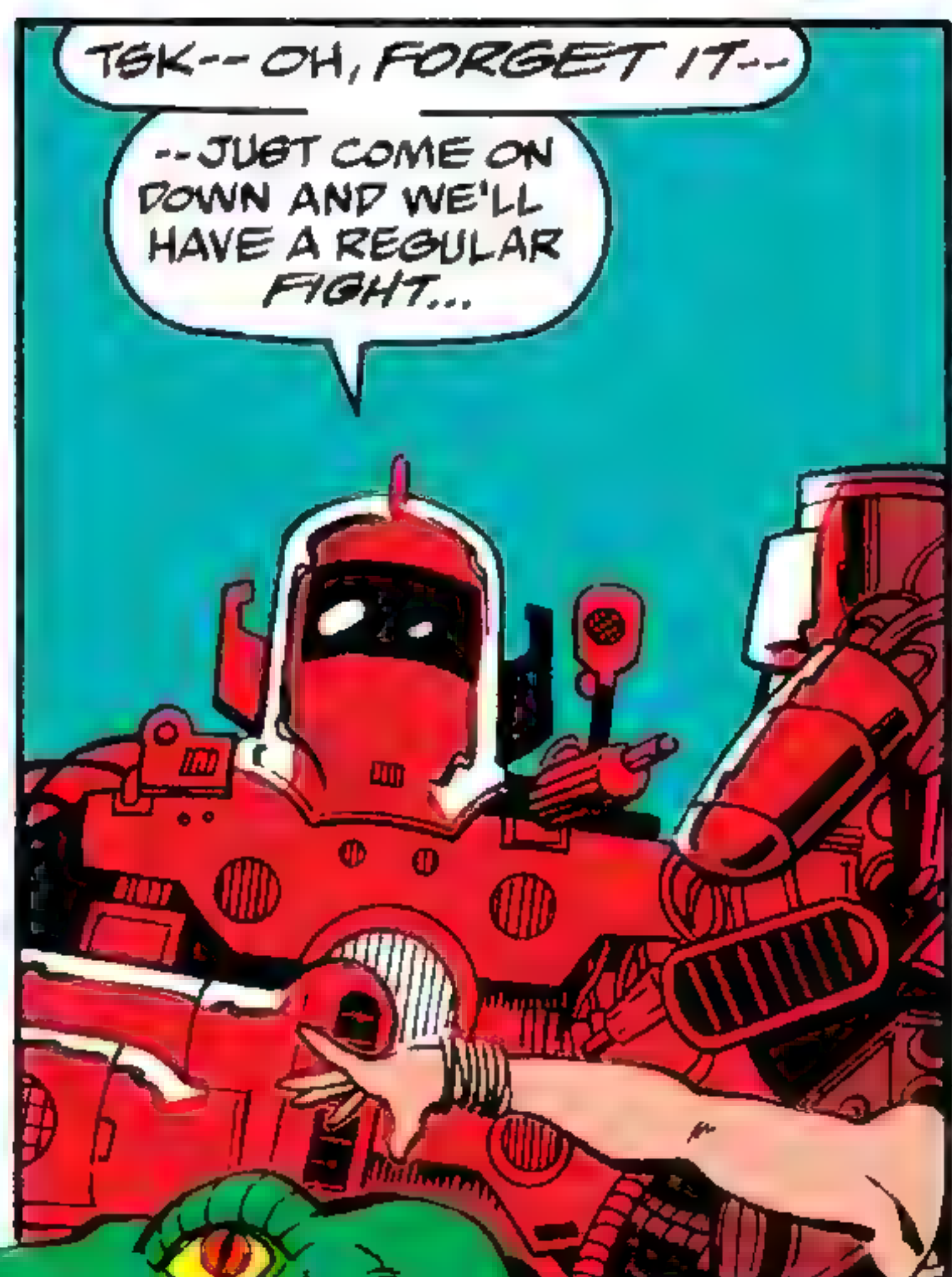
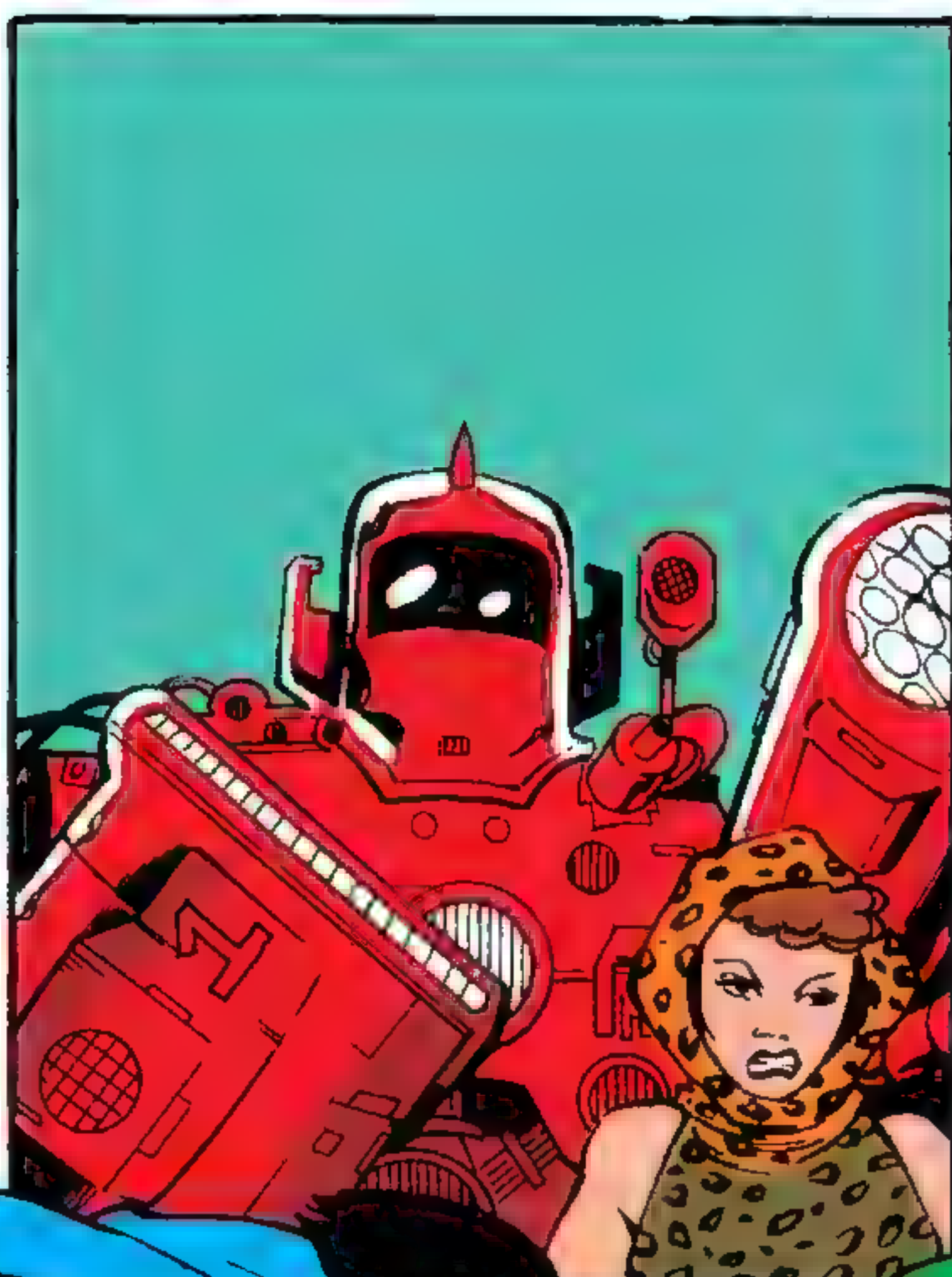


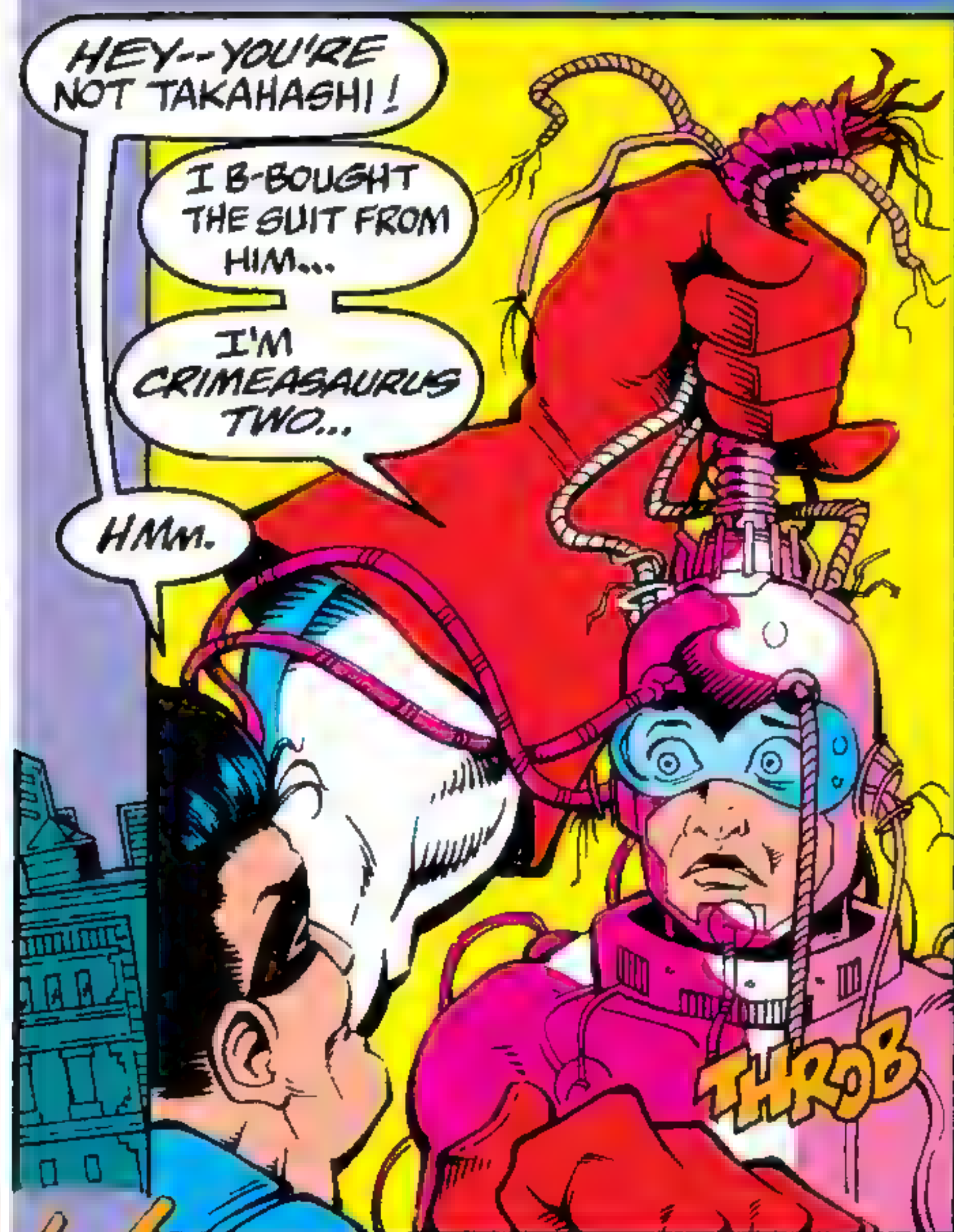
"NAH. JUST AS ROTTEN, THOUGH. THE GUY WITH BEV IS THE ONE-MAN ATROCITY..."

"...THE OTHER ONE'S CRIMEASAURUS. WE FIGHT SOMETIMES."

LISTEN UP, FIGHT-MAN!!







HEY--YOU'RE NOT TAKAHASHI!

I B-BOUGHT THE SUIT FROM HIM...

I'M CRIMEASAURUS TWO...

HMM.

THROB

"BAD INVESTMENT, PAL!"

OUCH.

SMASH!

ROW!

HO YES WANT

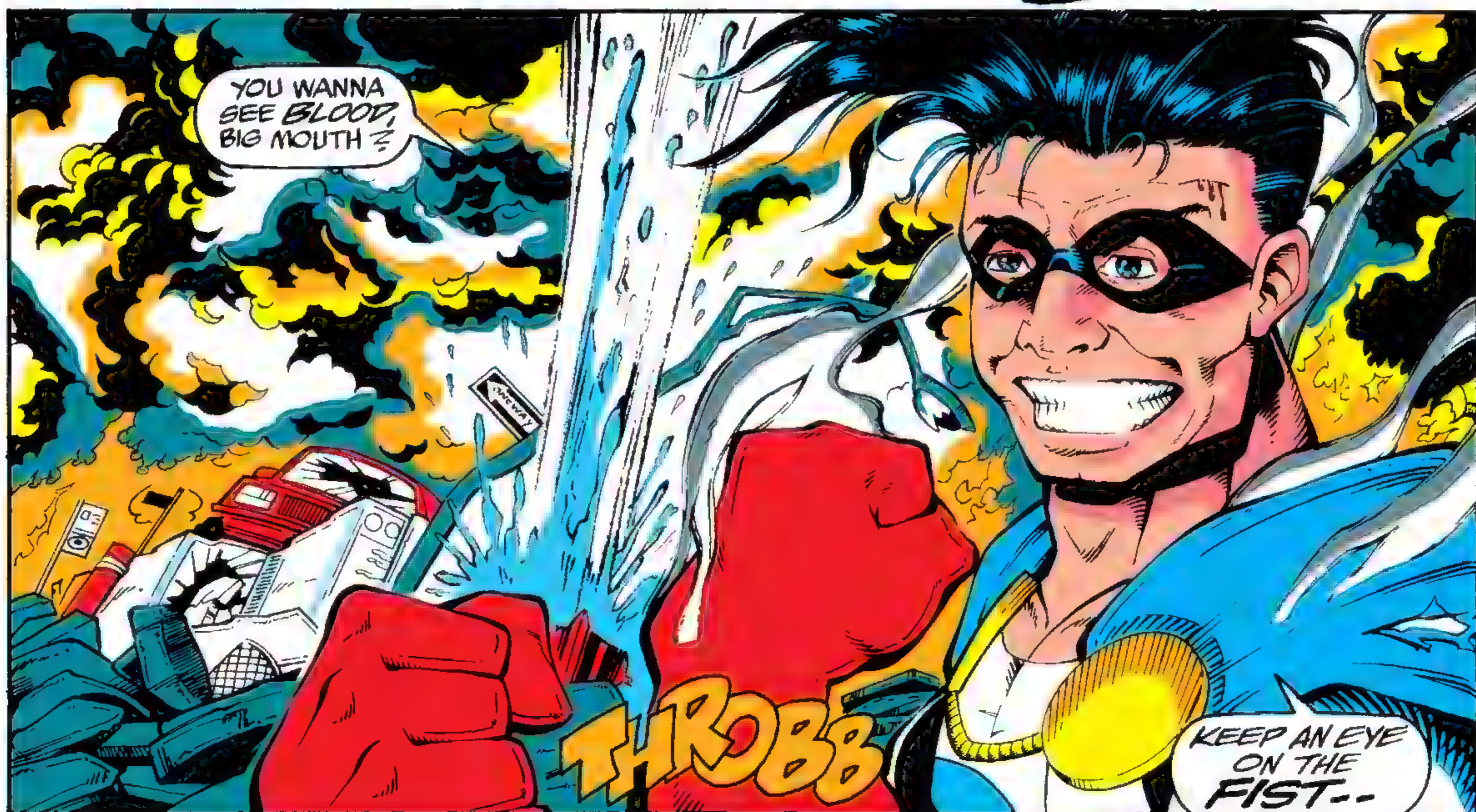
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, FIGHT-MAN!

WITH YOUR BLOOD!

SHOOOM

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

SKEOW



YOU WANNA SEE BLOOD, BIG MOUTH?

THROBB

KEEP AN EYE ON THE FIST--



YOU SEE THAT ?! WHAM! RIGHT THROUGH THAT DONUT JOINT!

PROBABLY TOOK OUT A COP OR TWO!

Y'KNOW I DON'T GET THOSE TWO GUYS...

IF THEY GOT THE DOUGH TO BUILD THEM FUNKY SUITS, WHY DO THEY NEED TO ROB BANKS ?

AN' THEY CALL ME STUPID!

YOU ARE STUPID!!

YOU'RE KING STUPID!

I HOPE THERE IS A HIT OUT ON YOU ! I JUST WANT MY MONEY BEFORE THEY OFF YOU !!

YOU FORGET, BEV, THAT I DO THE HITTING IN THIS TOWN !

YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I GOT A CODE 'GAINST HITTIN' GIRLS!!

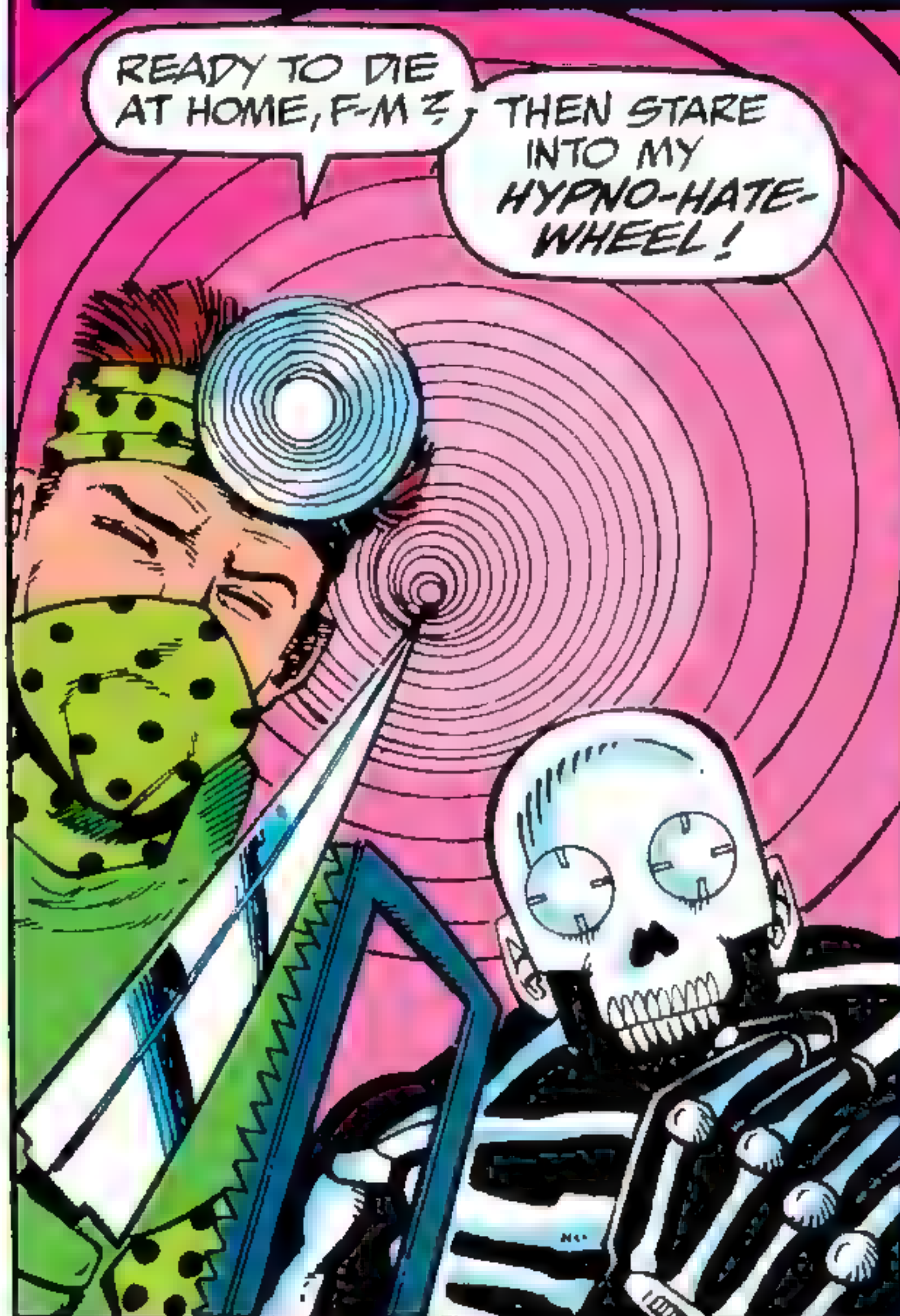
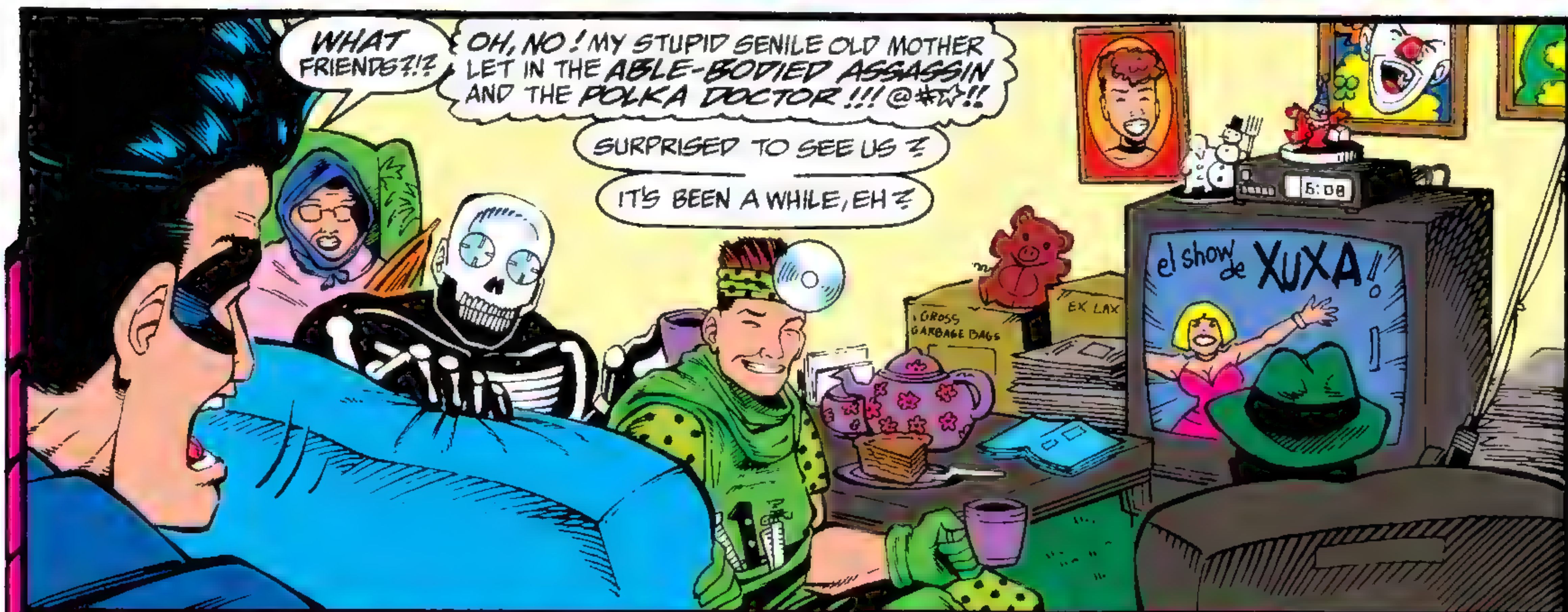
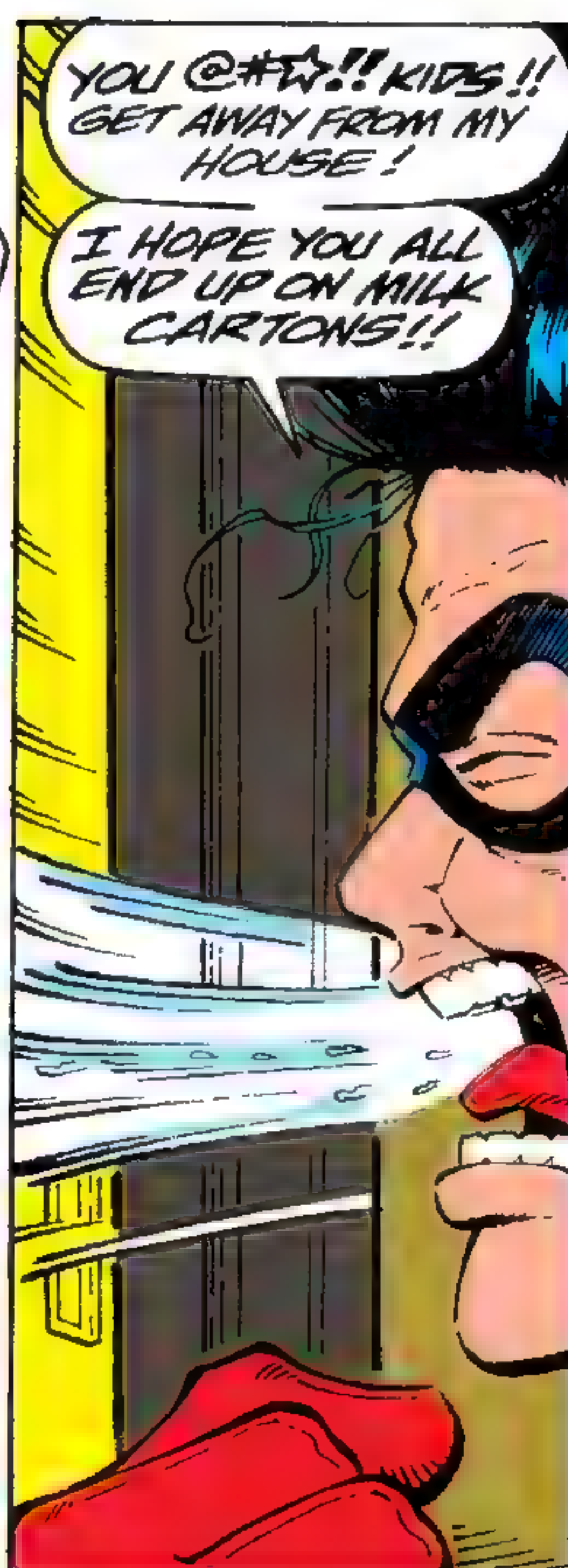
WELL, THERE GOES MR. CONGENIALITY. HOW'D YOU EVER HOOK UP WITH THAT JERK ?

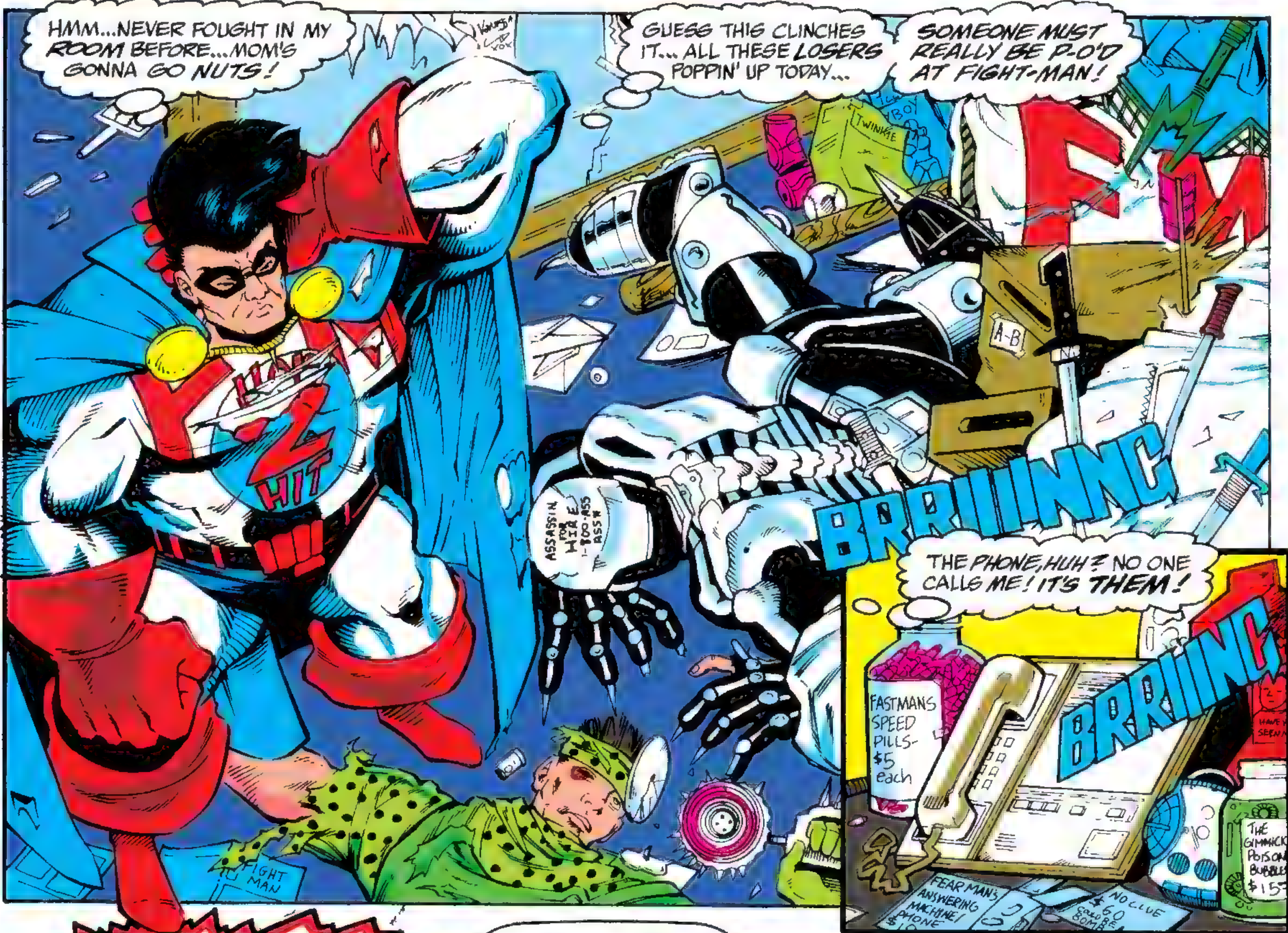
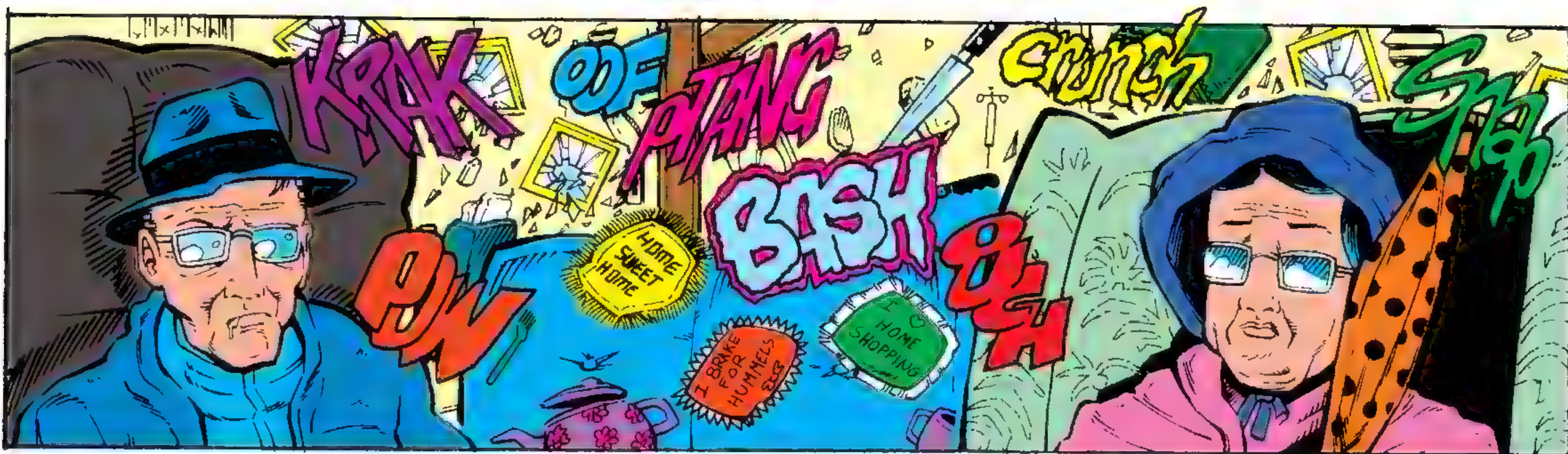
REALLY ? I CAN'T PICTURE HIM BEING CHARMING.

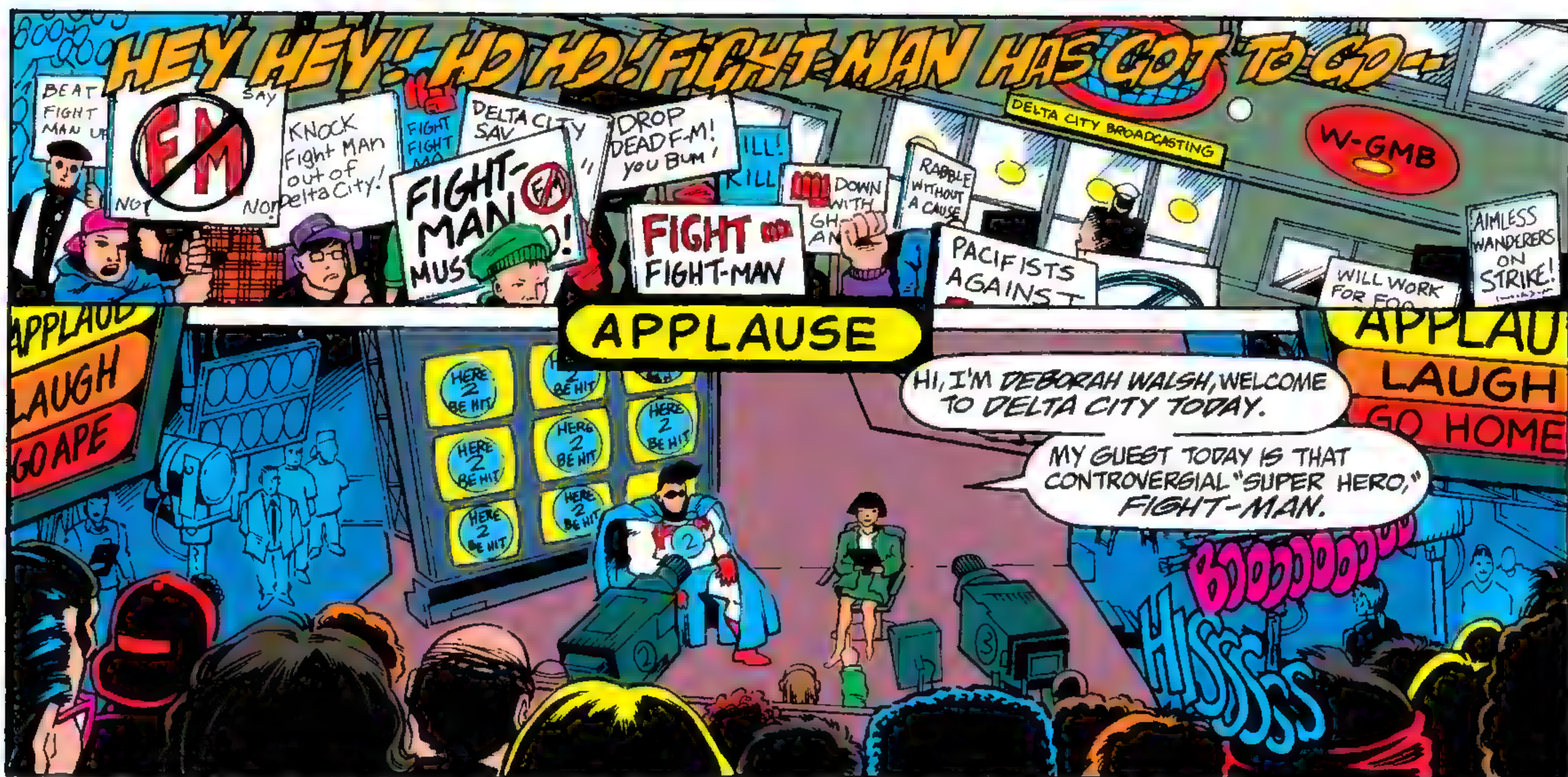
≡SIGH≡ WE MET AT A CAR SHOW... HE SWEPT ME OFF MY FEET... I WAS BREATHLESS...

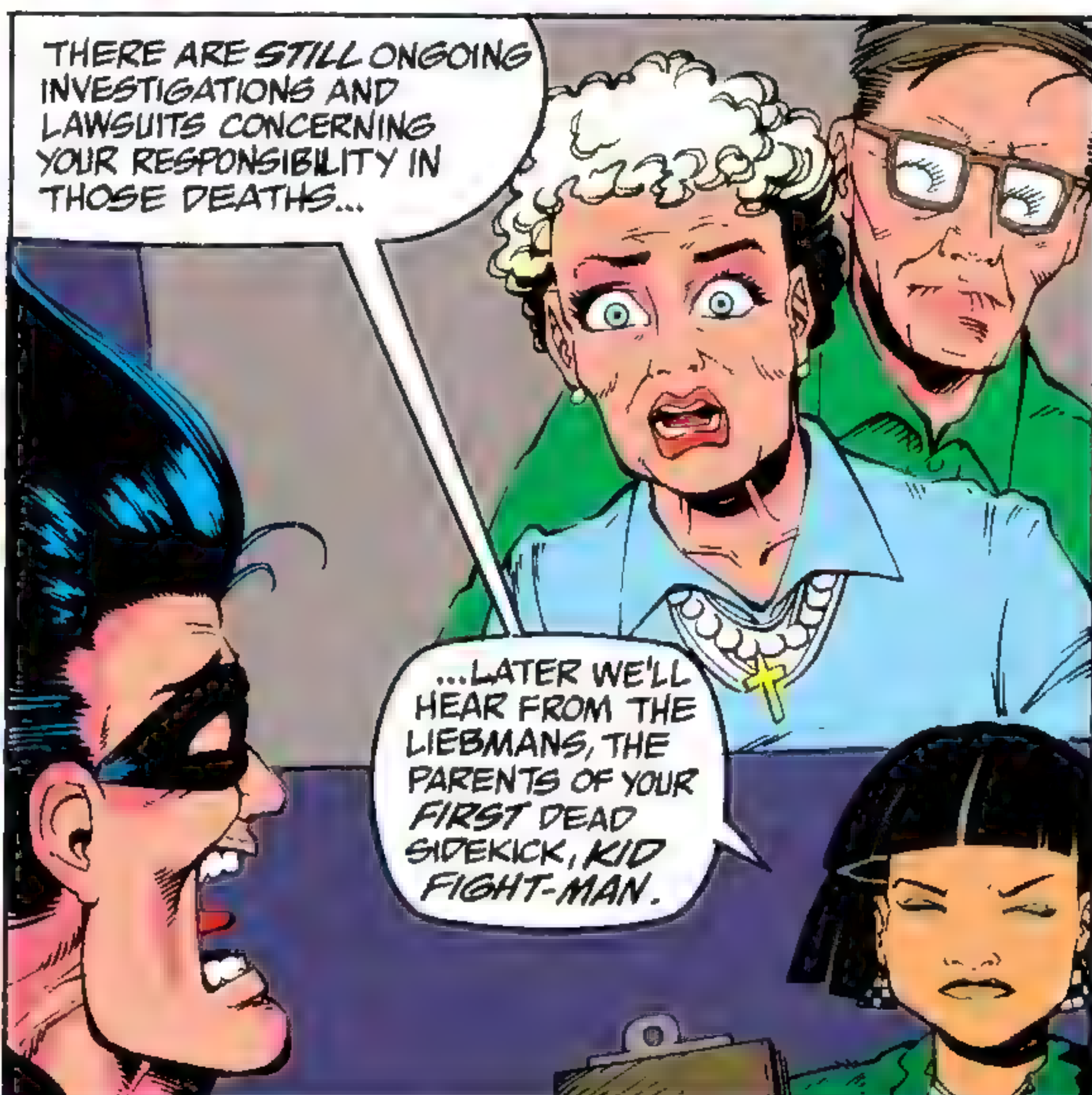
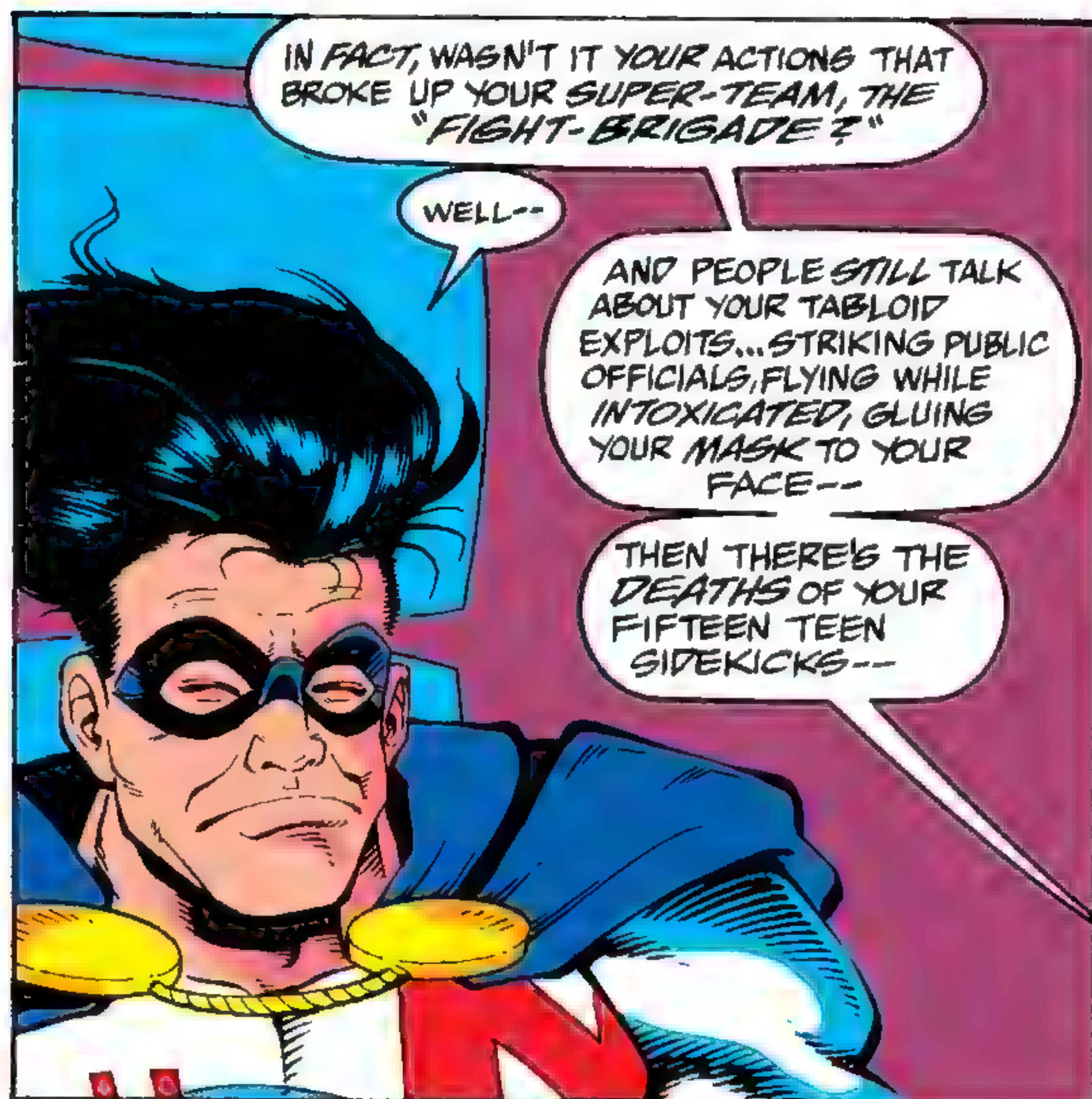
CHARM NOTHING ! THE DOPE FLEW ME INTO SPACE ! HE WOULDN'T TAKE ME DOWN TILL I AGREED TO GO OUT WITH HIM !

"SO WHY'D YOU STAY WITH HIM ?"











--DEAD?

NO! IT CAN'T BE!
THE HOODED EYE!!
B-BUT YOU'RE--

DEAD?!?
NOT AS DEAD
AS YOU ARE,
YOU PATHETIC
IDIOT!

FOR I'VE COME BACK
FROM THE GRAVE TO
KILL YOU, FIGHT-MAN!!

MARY--ARE
WE GETTING
ALL THIS?

MY ASSASSINS MAY
HAVE FAILED TO
DESTROY YOU--

--BUT YOU HAVE
DRAWN YOUR LAST
BREATH! I
SWEAR IT!

JOIN ME, DELTA CITY!
TOGETHER WE CAN
SILENCE FIGHT-MAN
FOREVER!

YEAH, RIGHT! LIKE
ANYBODY'D HELP YOU!
SHOW YOUR FACE,
COWARD!

APPLAUSE

THOSE WHO DESPISE YOU
SHALL CRUSH YOU, FIGHT-MAN!

I HEREBY OFFER TEN MILLION
DOLLARS TO WHOMEVER CAN
KILL FIGHT-MAN!!

WHA--? HEY! WHO PUT
THE APPLAUSE SIGN
ON? HEY!!

APPLAUSE

CHICKEN! BUK BUK BUK!
HERE, CHICK!



DELTA CITY WAS STUNNED AT THE RETURN OF THE HOODED EYE, THOUGHT KILLED A DECADE AGO. THE EYE DISRUPTED TELEVISION TRANSMISSIONS TO PUBLICLY CHALLENGE FIGHT-MAN TO A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

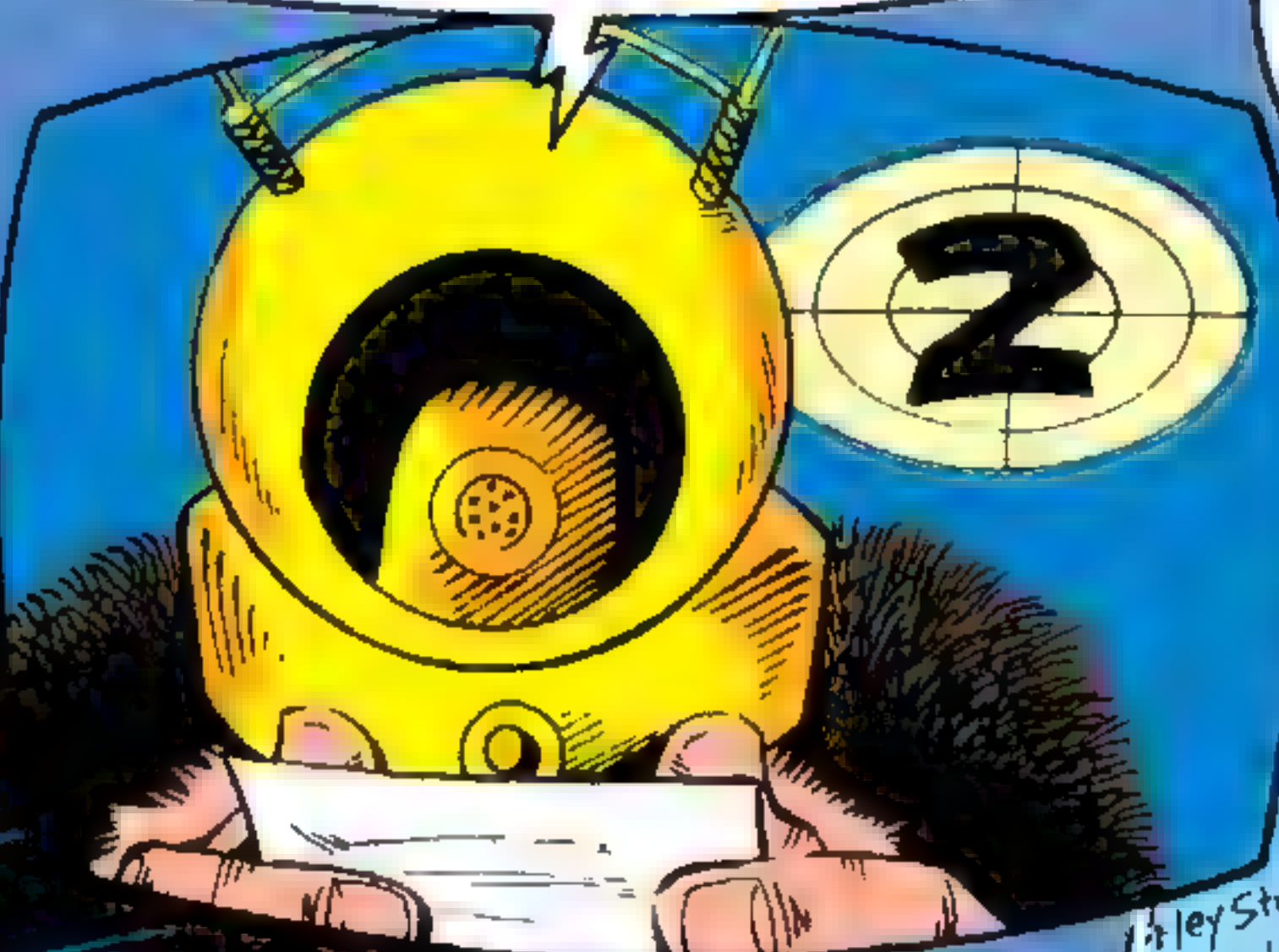
THE MAYOR HAS HAD NO COMMENT YET, BUT SOURCES SAY ANY SUCH FIGHT IS BOUND TO BE OUT OF ANY-ONE'S POSSIBLE CONTROL--

THE EYE APPEALED TO CITIZENS TO JOIN HIS CAMPAIGN AND OFFERED TEN MILLION DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO COULD KILL FIGHT-MAN. WHILE SOME HAVE JOKED THAT FIGHT-MAN IS ACTUALLY WORTHLESS, THE BIZARRE OFFER HAS MANY A RECESSION-WEARIED SOUL CONTEMPLATING ENTERING THE FRAY--

SOURCES REPORT AN ALLIANCE OF THE DELTA CITY SUPER-GANGS UNDER THE HOODED EYE'S COMMAND. INDICATIONS ARE THAT THOUSANDS OF DELTA CITY CITIZENS SEEM EAGER TO GUN FOR THE BELEAGUERED SUPER HERO AS WELL.

THE SITUATION IS INCREDIBLY VOLATILE AND APPARENTLY WILL HAVE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCES. WE WILL, OF COURSE, COVER THE CARNAGE LIVE THROUGHOUT THE DAY. AND FINALLY--

"THE BIG FIGHT"
ROUND 1?

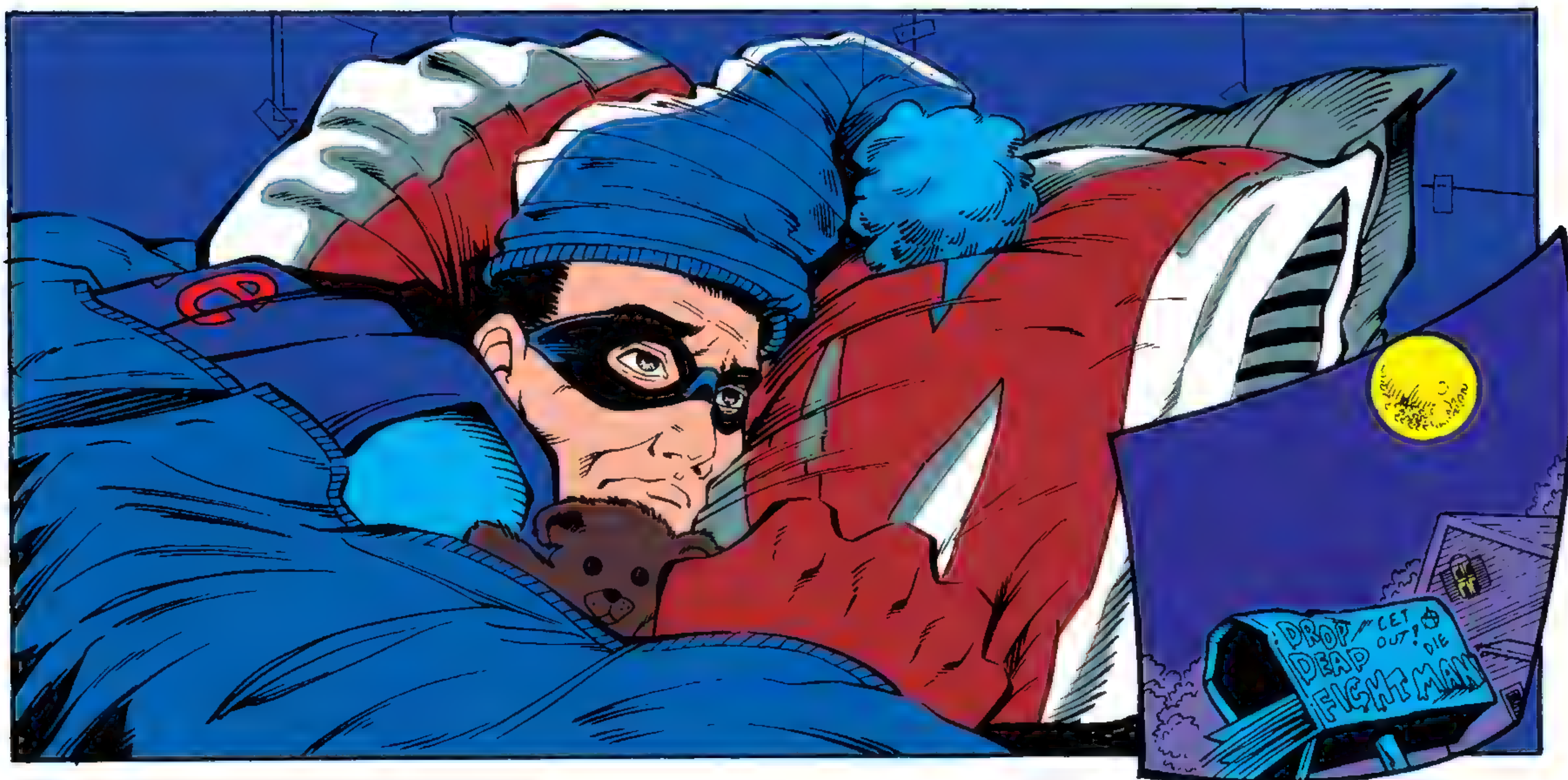
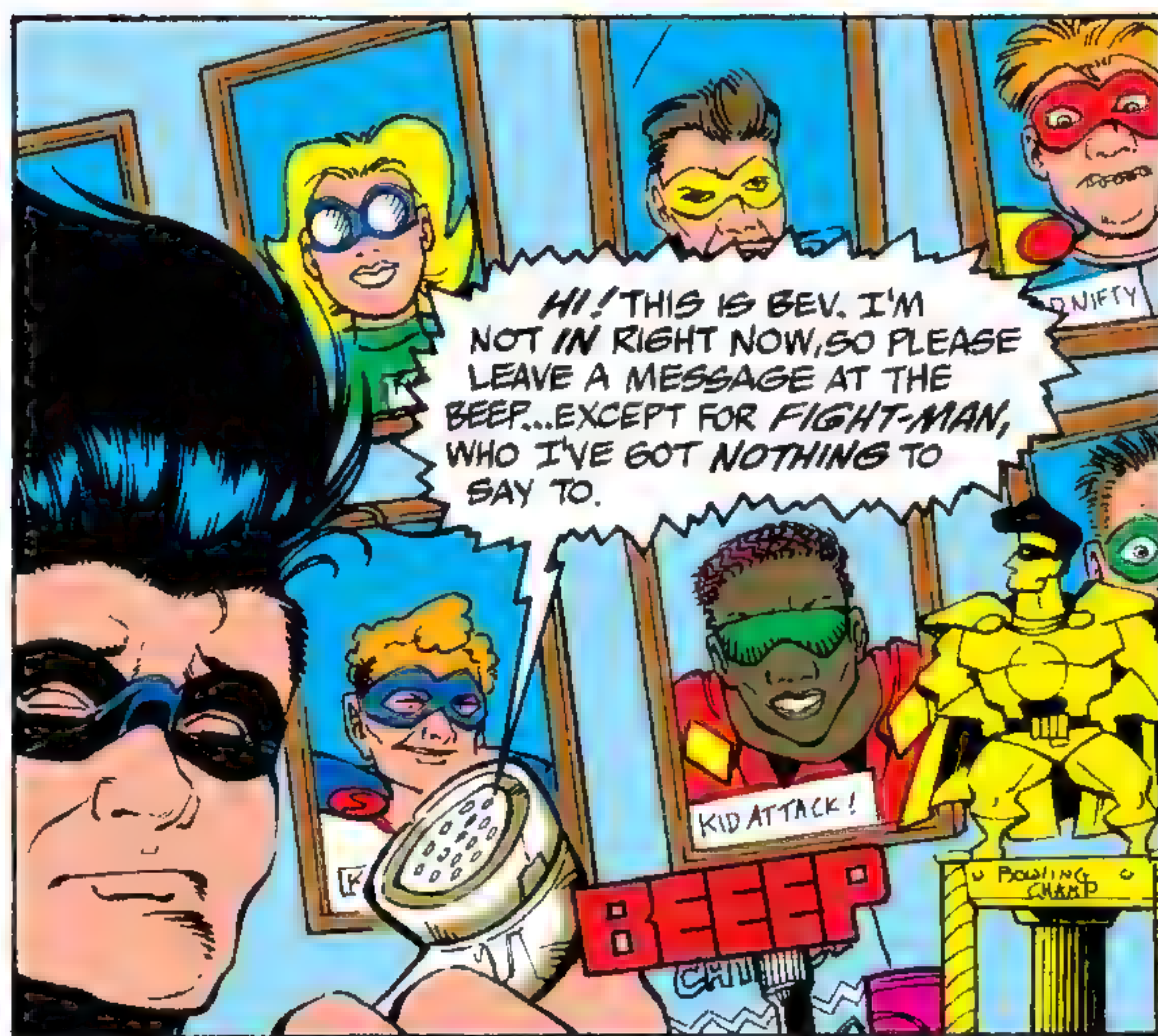
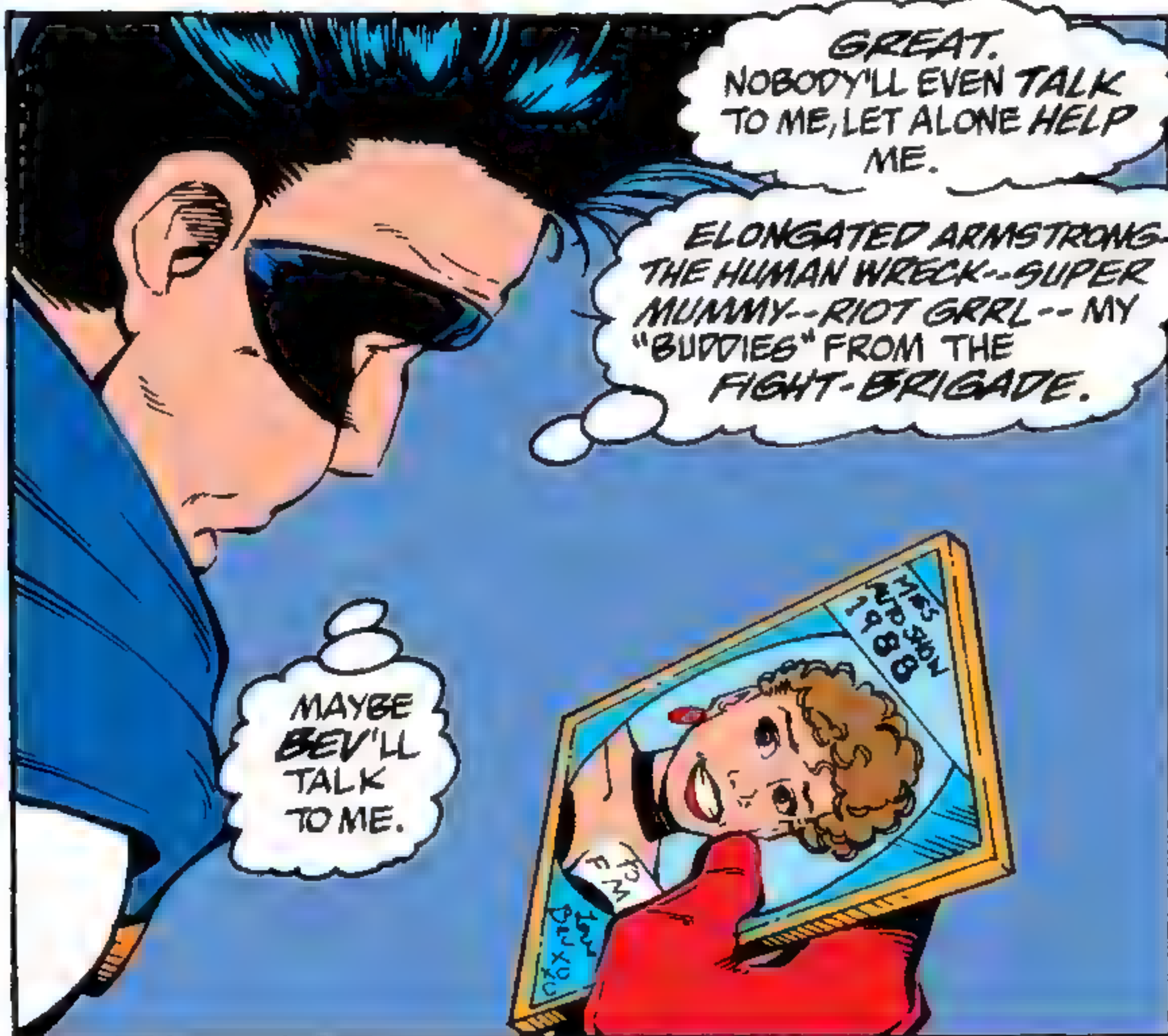
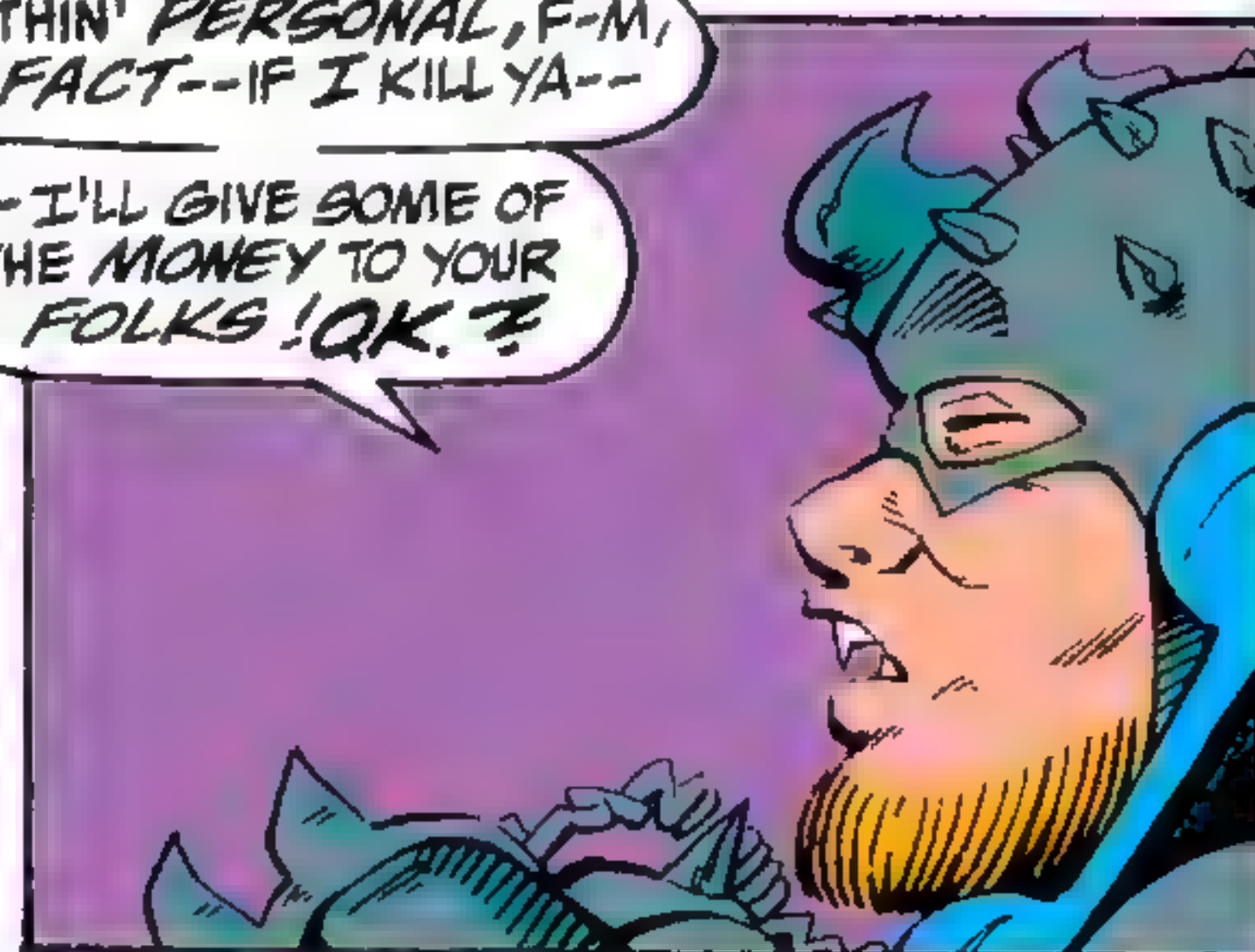
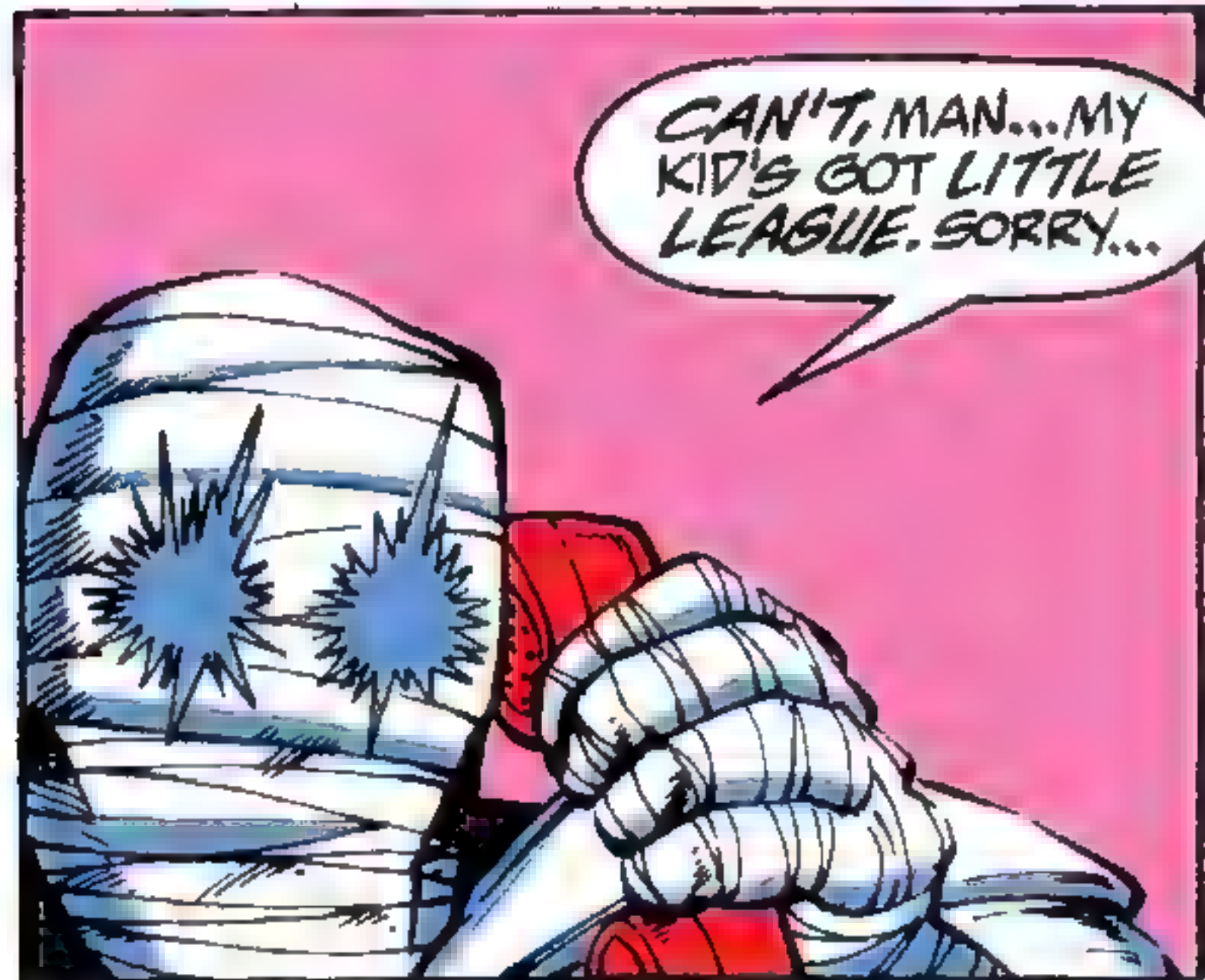


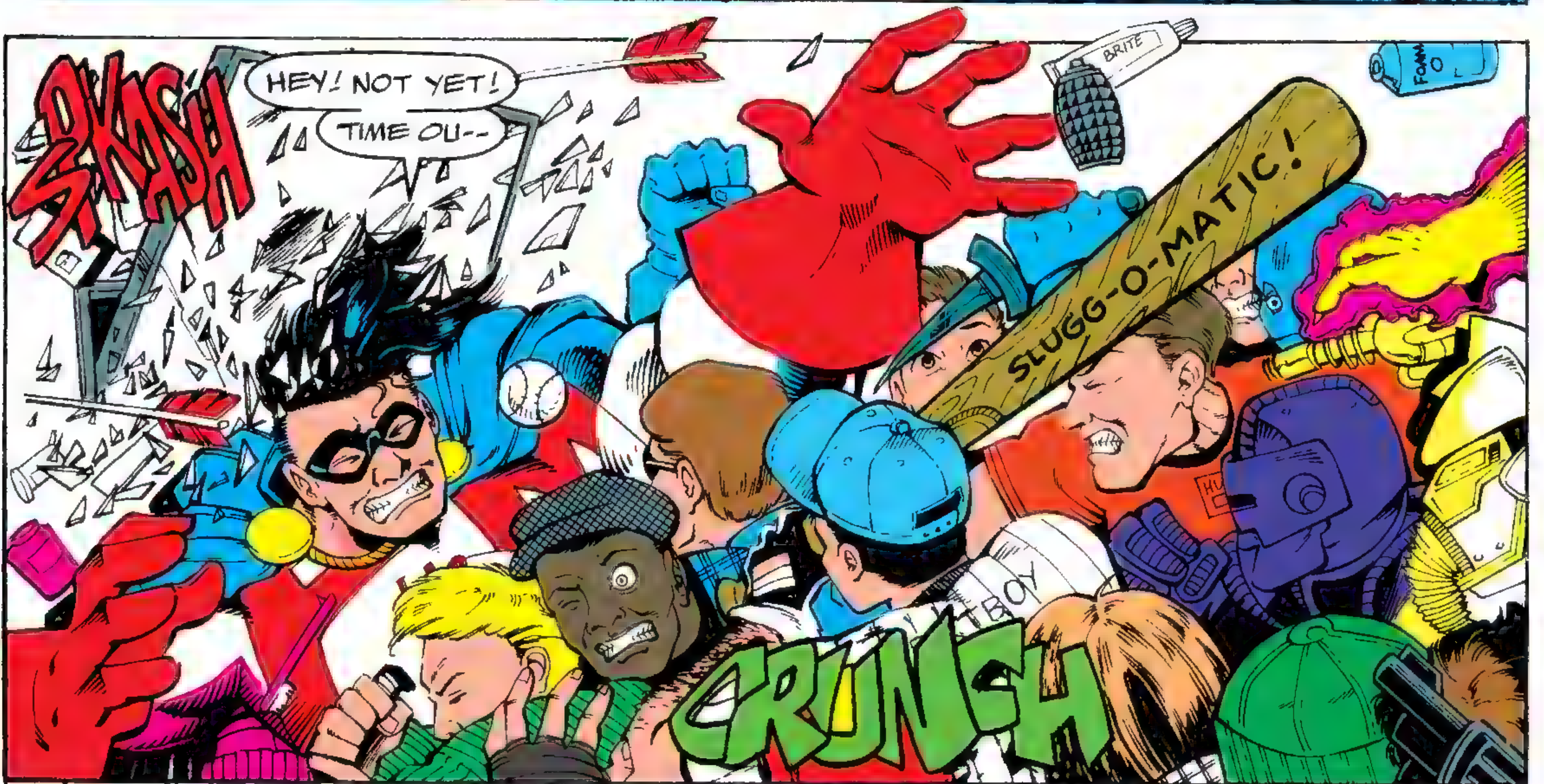
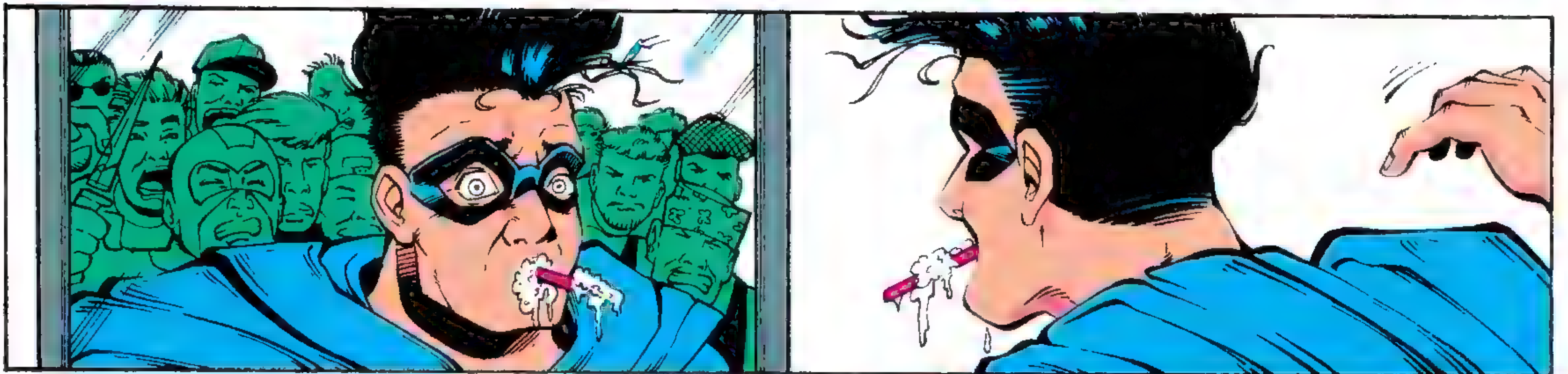
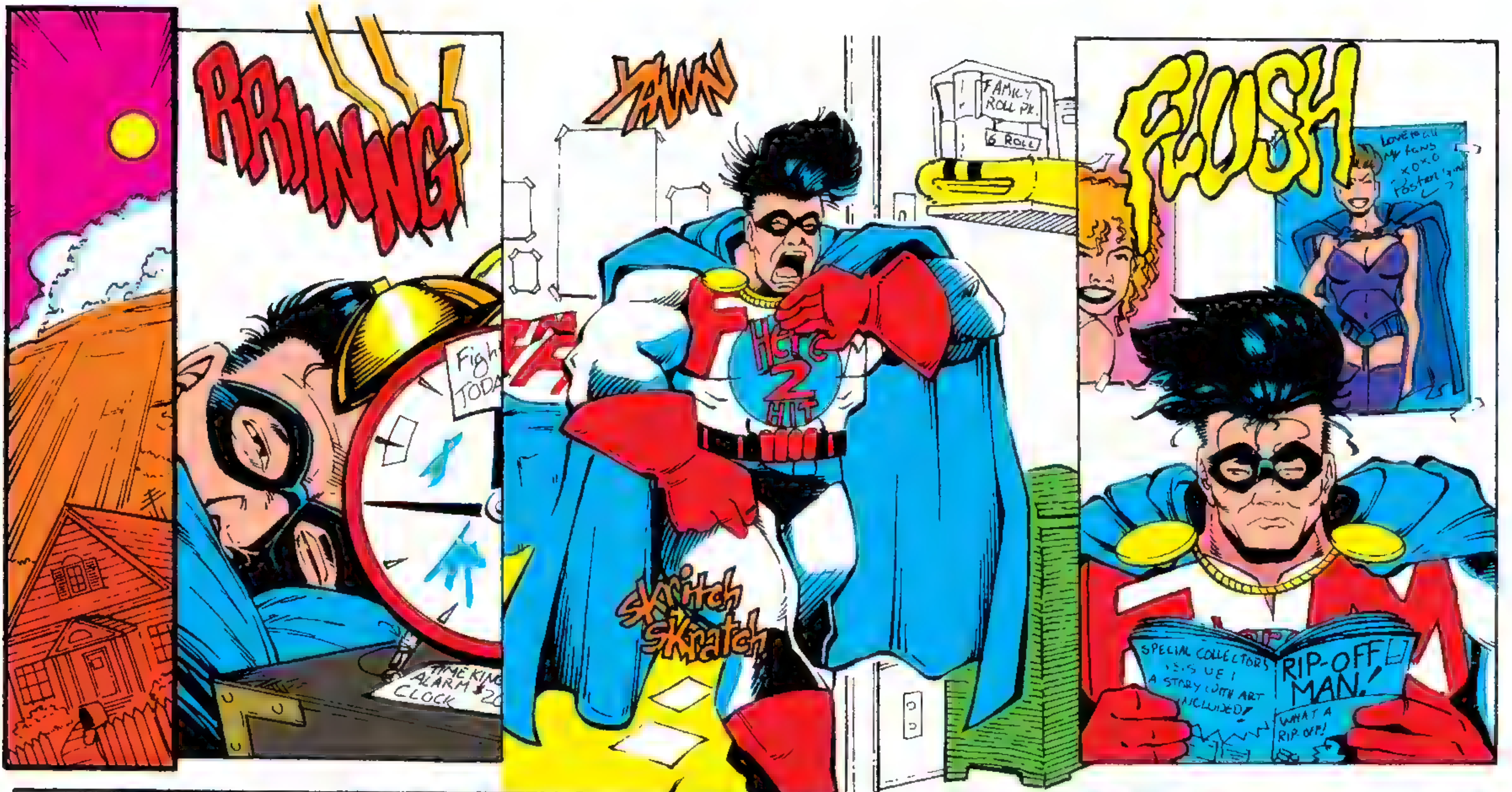
HIGH 2 GET BEATEN TO A BLOODY PULP?

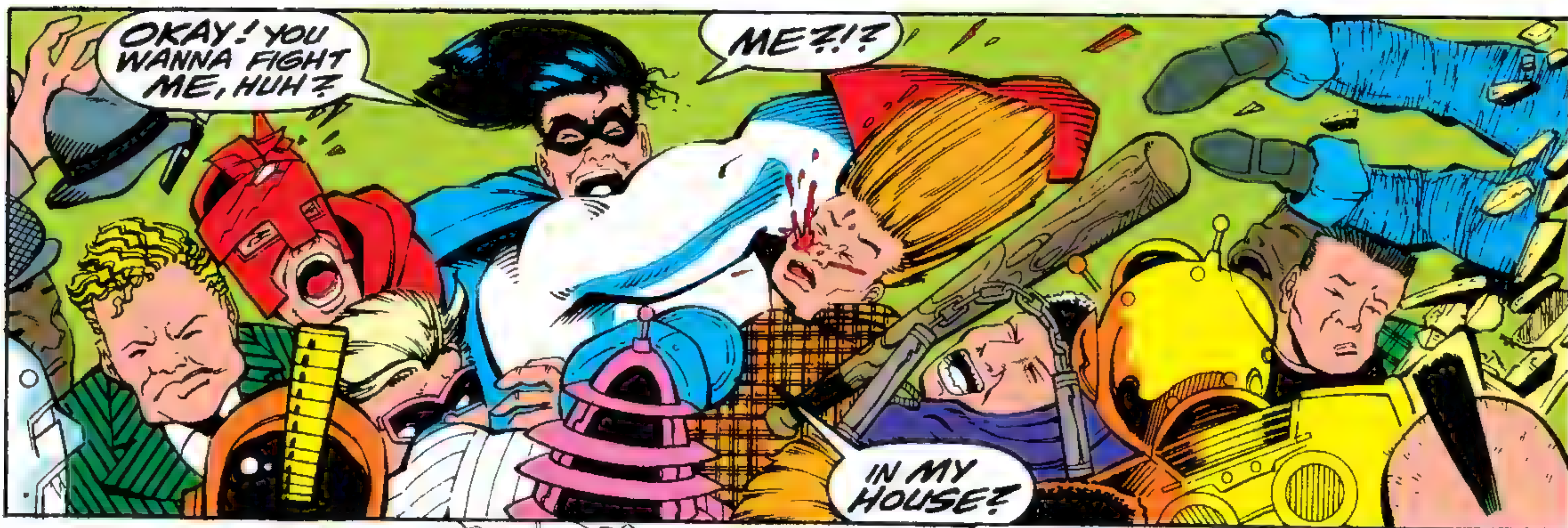
--WE HAVE THE LAS VEGAS ODDS AGAINST FIGHT-MAN--

I... AM... SCARED.









I'M FIGHT-MAN!

I CAN DO THIS
ALL DAY! AND
ALL NIGHT!

I CAN FIGHT TILL
THE COWS COME
HOME!

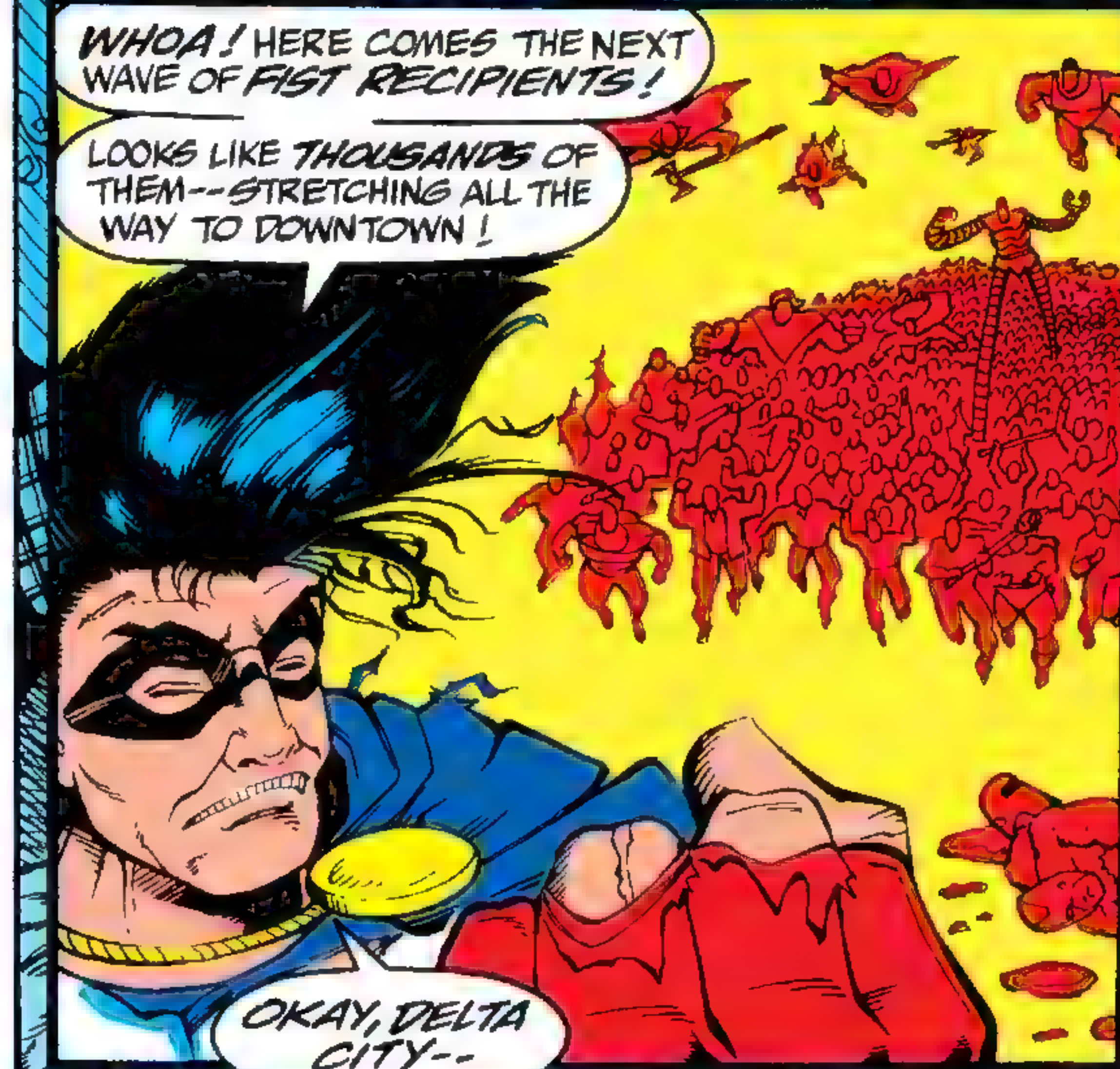
AND THEN
I'LL FIGHT THE
@#*!! COWS!!



WHOA! HERE COMES THE NEXT
WAVE OF FIST RECIPIENTS!

LOOKS LIKE THOUSANDS OF
THEM--STRETCHING ALL THE
WAY TO DOWNTOWN!

OKAY, DELTA
CITY--



--YOU
ASKED
FOR
IT!



ONE HOUR LATER...

TWO HOURS LATER...

THREE HOURS LATER...

SIX HOURS LATER...

SHUFF: OKAY... SHUFF:
WHO'S NEXT?

ANYBODY!!
GASP: HAH?
C'MON, YOU...
GIMPS!!

WHO'S--

PKING

were



THE ALL-HATE SQUAD!!

THAT'S RIGHT, FIGHT-MAN!
AND WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED NEW MEMBERS.
ALL DUES PAID!

AND AFTER WE KILL YOU, WE'RE GONNA USE THE TEN MILLION TO COMPLETE OUR MASTER PLAN!

THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF FRANCE!

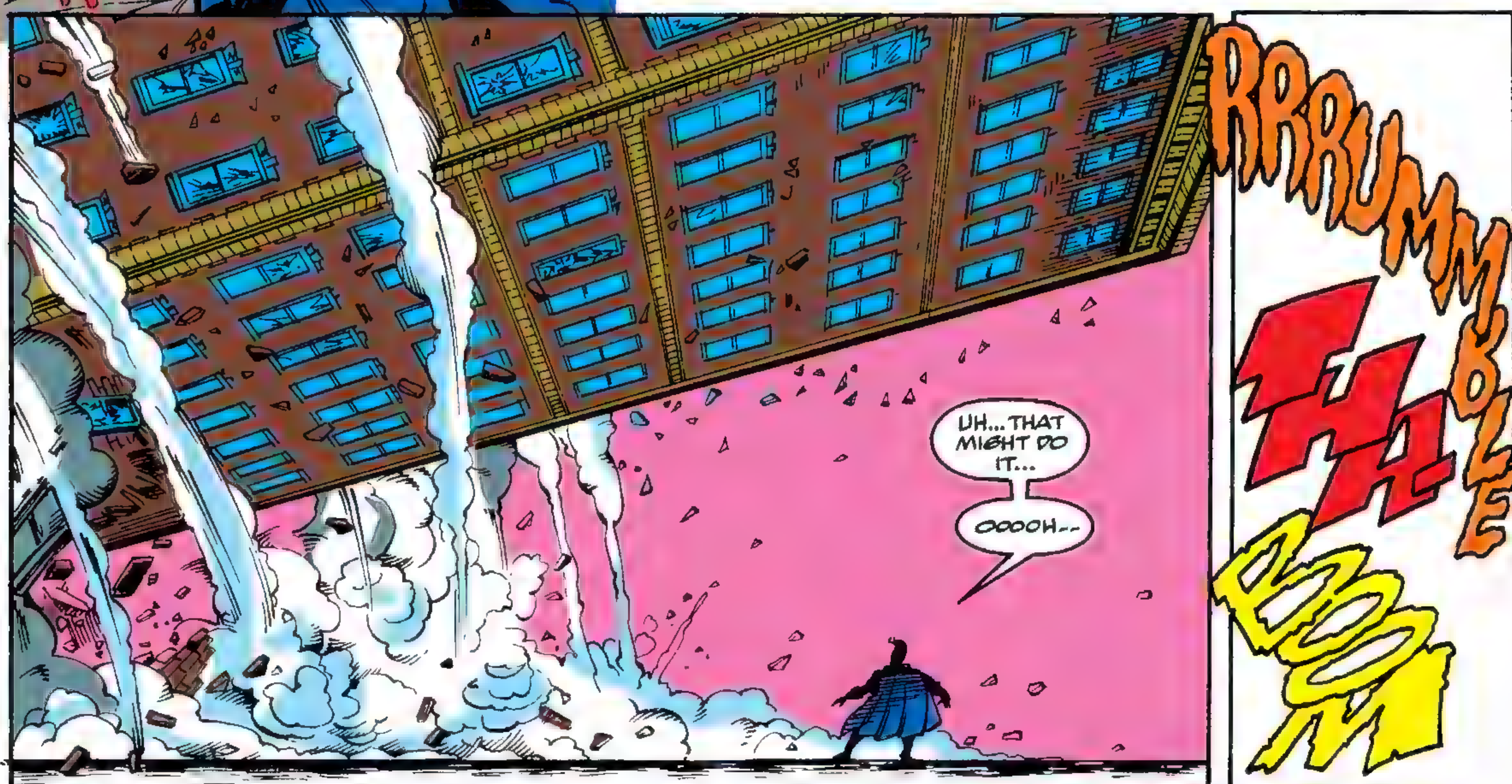


ALL RIGHT YOU CLOWNS... I'LL FIGHT YOU.

BUT IT BETTER GO QUICK...

'CAUSE I REALLY GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM...
BAD!







WHA-WHA' HAPPEN?
WHERE AM I?

WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU WERE KNOCKED
OUT BY THE HUDSON
INSURANCE BUILDING,
YOU FOOL!

AS FOR WHERE
YOU ARE--

WELCOME
TO YOUR
FUNERAL,
FIGHT-MAN!

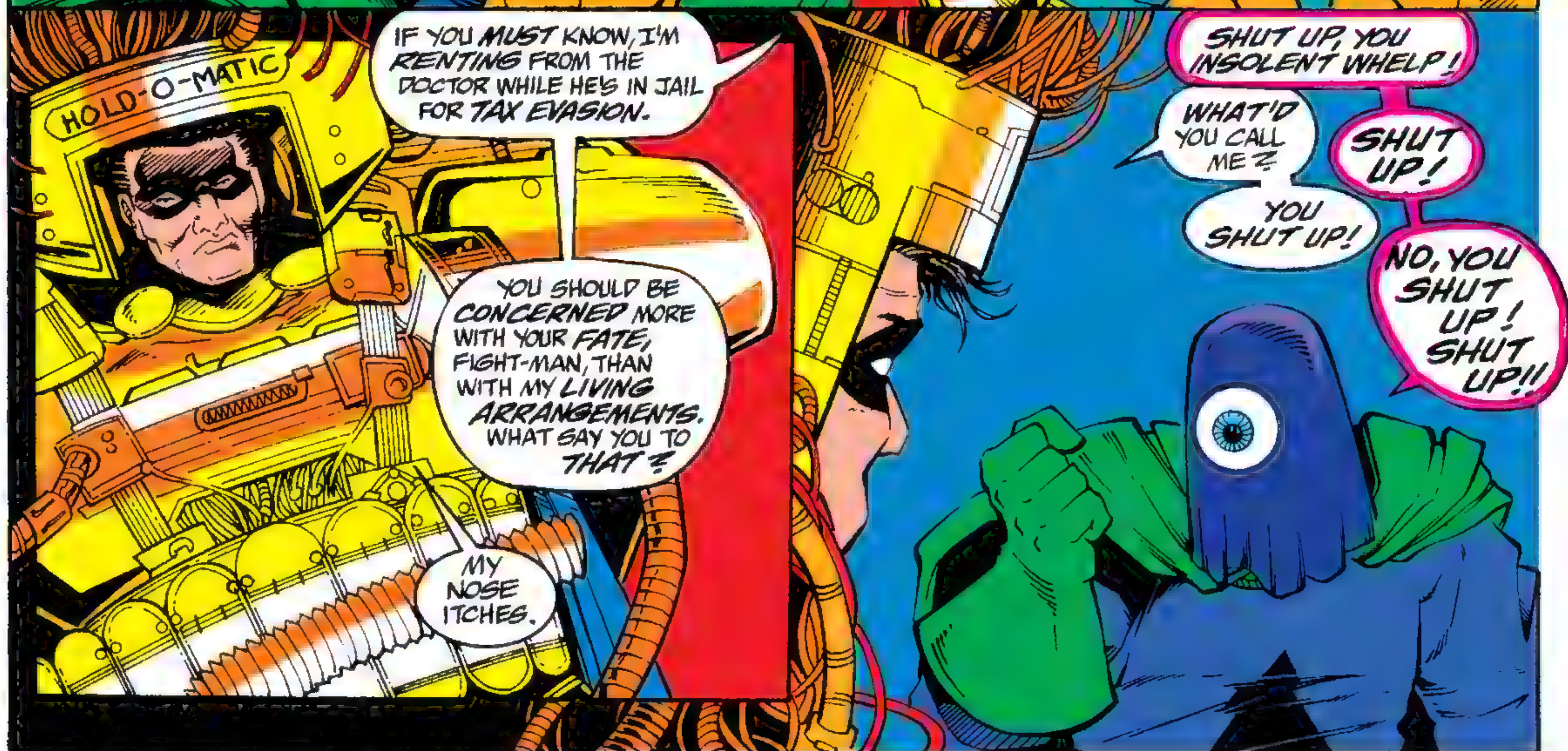


FINALLY, AFTER TEN LONG
YEARS, I SHALL HAVE MY REVEN--

HEY! NOW I RECOGNIZE THIS
JOINT--IT'S DR. ANARCHY'S OLD
SECRET BASE--HE RAN THE
ANGER GANG OUTTA HERE--

SILENCE! THE
HOODED EYE IS
SPEAKING!

WHY'RE YOU IN SOME
DUMP UNDER THE
SEWERS? I THOUGHT
YOU WERE RICH!



IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M
RENTING FROM THE
DOCTOR WHILE HE'S IN JAIL
FOR TAX EVASION.

YOU SHOULD BE
CONCERNED MORE
WITH YOUR FATE,
FIGHT-MAN, THAN
WITH MY LIVING
ARRANGEMENTS.
WHAT SAY YOU TO
THAT?

MY
NOSE
ITCHES.

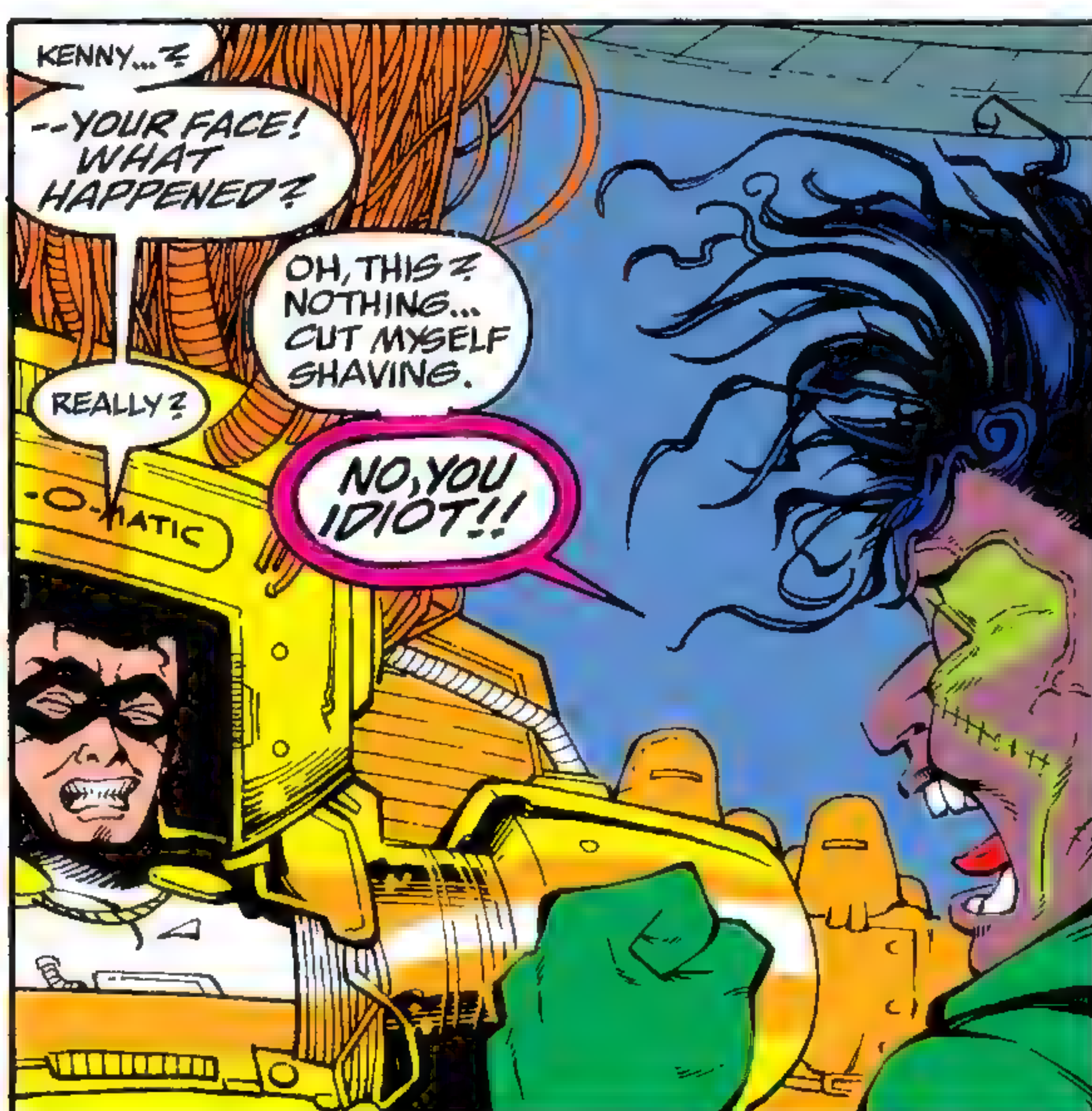
SHUT UP, YOU
INSOLENT WHELP!

WHAT'D
YOU CALL
ME?

SHUT
UP!

YOU
SHUT UP!

NO, YOU
SHUT
UP!
SHUT
UP!!



"WHAT AN INNOCENT YOUNG FOOL I WAS! HOW EXCITED, AFTER MY PARENTS' TRAGIC DEATH, TO BE TAKEN UNDER THE WING OF THE MIGHTY FIGHT-MAN!"



"I WAS KID FIGHT-MAN! I EXPECTED EXCITEMENT! ADVENTURE! GIRLS!"



"BUT NO, THERE WERE JUST THE FIGHTS, ENDLESS BEATINGS AT THE HANDS OF LOOPY MEN IN LUDICROUS COSTUMES..."



"I WAS ONLY FOURTEEN! I WAS FIGHTING ADULTS! AND WORSE! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!"



"AND THEN, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE DELTA CITY DAM... FIGHTING THE EYE--"

"--HE FIRED HIS SOMETHING OR OTHER GUN--"



"THE DAM SHATTERED... THE WATER SWEEPED US BOTH AWAY."



"YOU DIDN'T SAVE ME."

HEY! CHEAP SHOT! I WAS FIGHTING HIS ROBOTS!

NO MATTER, SOMEHOW I SURVIVED... ALBEIT DISFIGURED, AND, YES, SLIGHTLY CRAZED. I TOOK THE EYE'S CLOTHES FROM HIS CORPSE--



AND I SWORE REVENGE ON YOU, FIGHT-MAN.

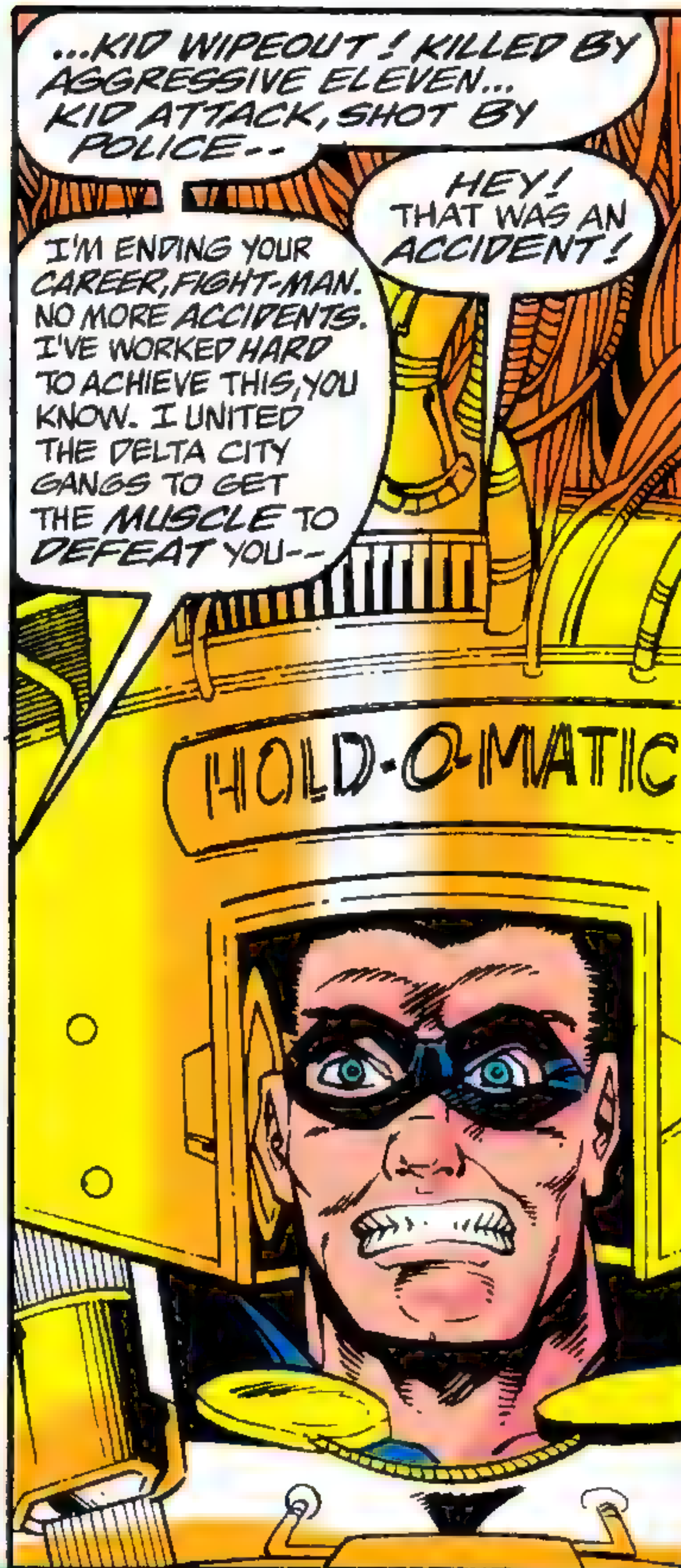
REVENGE FOR WHAT YOU PUT ME THROUGH. A CHILDHOOD OF VIOLENCE. MY FACE. MY LIFE...



IT'S TAKEN ME A **DECADE**, POSING AS THE HOODED EYE, TO BUILD A **CRIMINAL EMPIRE** CAPABLE OF DESTROYING YOU!

AND IN THAT TIME, I WATCHED YOU TAKE OTHERS UNDER YOUR WINGS... AND WATCHED THEM DIE, ONE BY ONE.

KID HIT, MURDERE BY ATOMIC LOU...



...KID WIPEOUT! KILLED BY AGGRESSIVE ELEVEN... KID ATTACK, SHOT BY POLICE--

I'M ENDING YOUR CAREER, FIGHT-MAN. NO MORE ACCIDENTS. I'VE WORKED HARD TO ACHIEVE THIS, YOU KNOW. I UNITED THE DELTA CITY GANGS TO GET THE MUSCLE TO DEFEAT YOU--

HEY! THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

HOLD-O-MATIC



AND I OBTAINED MY MOST **CRUCIAL** ALLY... ONE WHO KNEW YOUR PATHETIC HABITS AND INNERMOST "SECRETS..."



BEV! YOU?! B-BUT--I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME ALIVE FOR MY MONEY!

WHAT MONEY? YOU'RE A BUM!

KENNY ASKED ME TO HELP HIM DESTROY YOU UTTERLY, SO I SAID, "SURE, OKAY!" I TOLD HIM WHERE TO FIND YOU, LIKE AT MY LAWYER'S.



ME AN' KENNY ARE GOIN' STEADY NOW. HE'S REALLY SMART AND STUFF.

HOW DOES IT FEEL, FIGHT-MAN? I HAVE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR WIFE!

OH, THIS IS MAGNIFICENT! I WISH I COULD KILL YOU EVERY WEEK!



HOW I'VE DESPISED YOU, FIGHT-MAN! YOU'RE EVERYTHING I HATE IN THE WORLD--YOU'RE A SWINISH, EGOTISTICAL, POMPUS, PLUMPED UP, MORONIC, IGNORANT THUG!



IGNORANT?! HA! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!



YOU SEE?! STUPID! STUPID!

EVEN AT FOURTEEN I HAD MORE BRAINS IN MY LITTLE FINGER THAN YOU HAD IN YOUR ENTIRE BODY!

HUH?



HE'S ESCAPED THE HOLD-O-MATIC! BUT HOW?!

THOOM

I TOLD YOUR GOONS I HADDA GO TO THE BATH-ROOM--

MUST'VE SHORTED THE SYSTEM. HMM.



KEEP BACK! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

AAAAARGH!

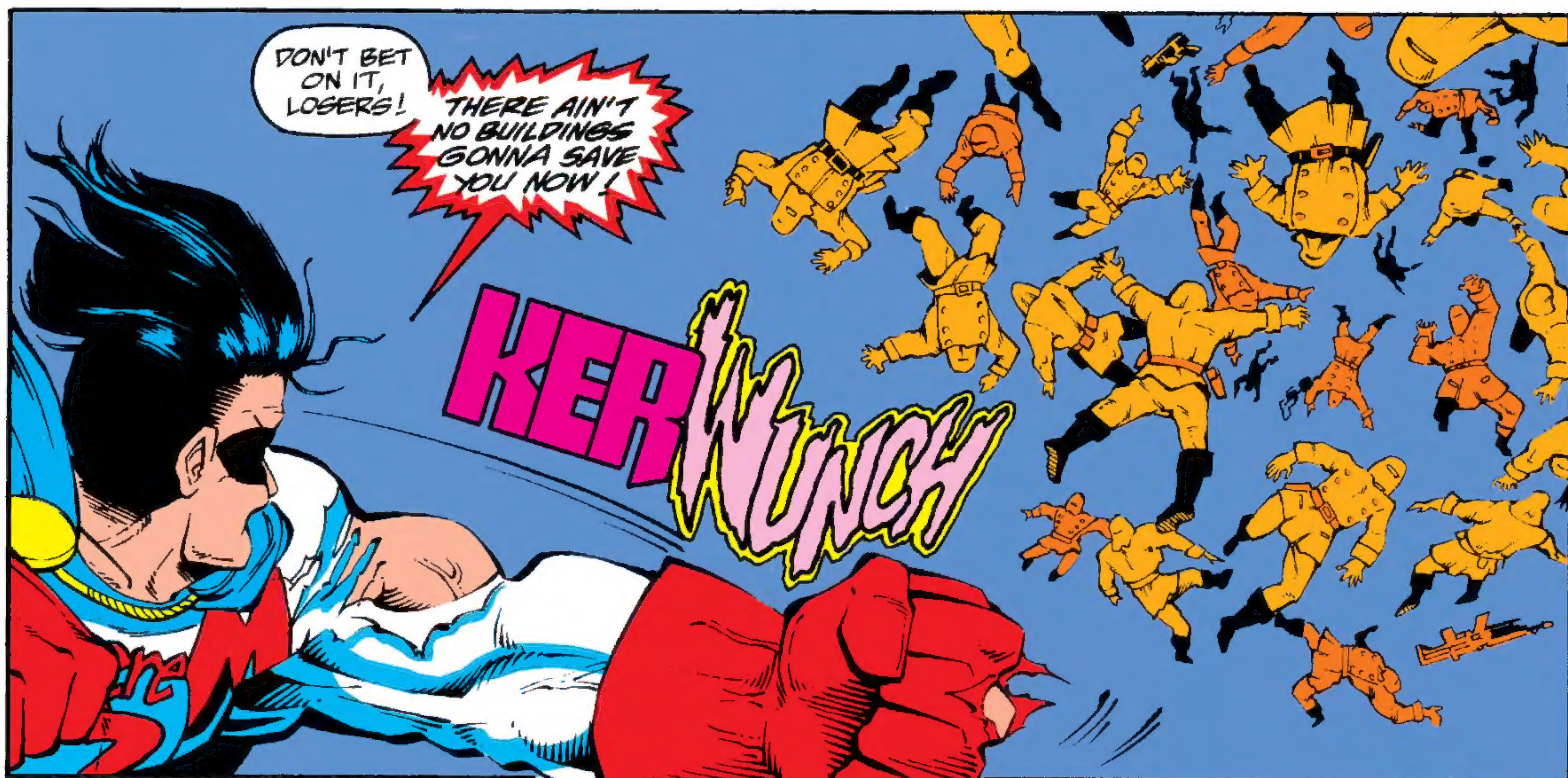
OOPS! SORRY, KENNY, JUST BREAKING YOUR "BRAINS!"

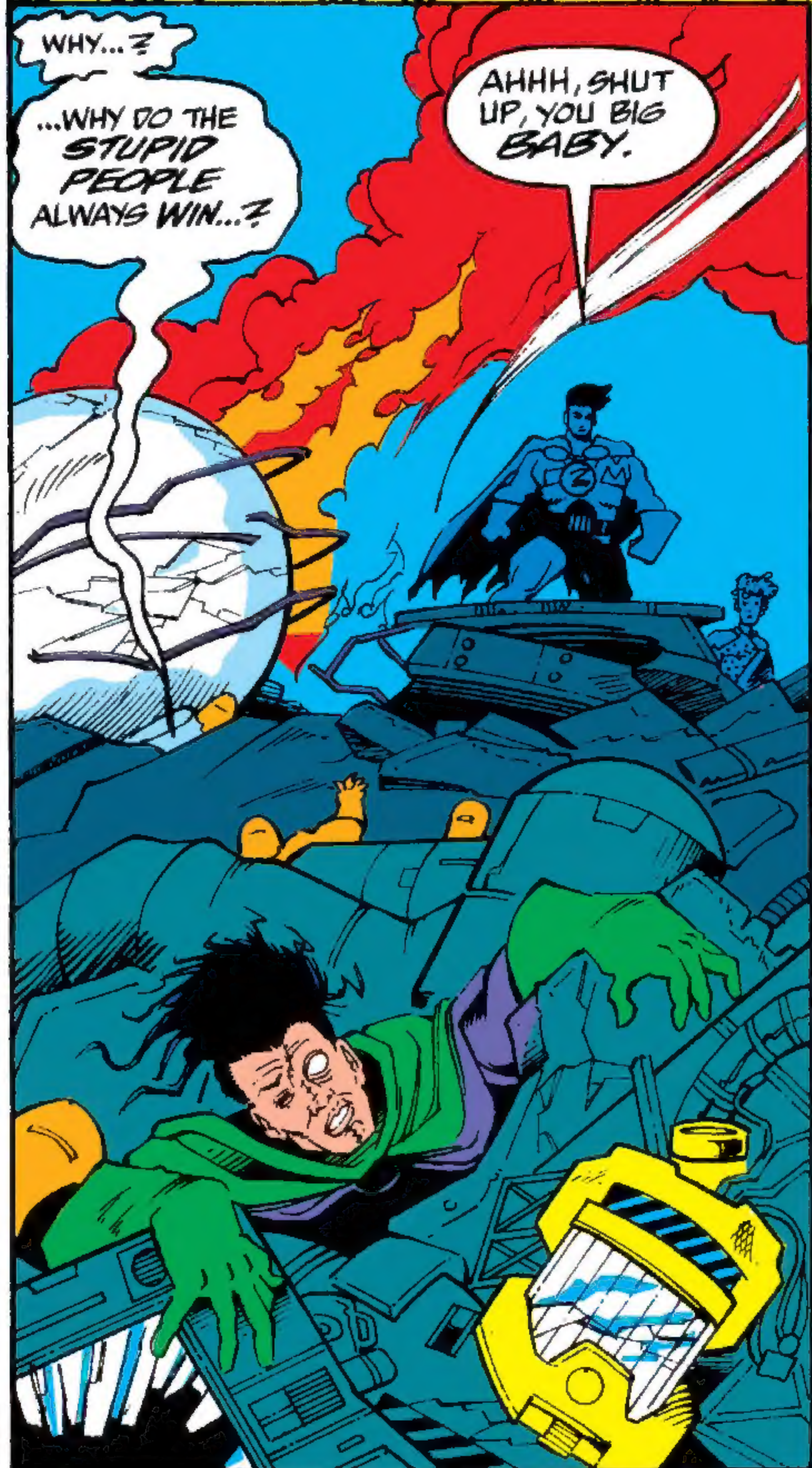


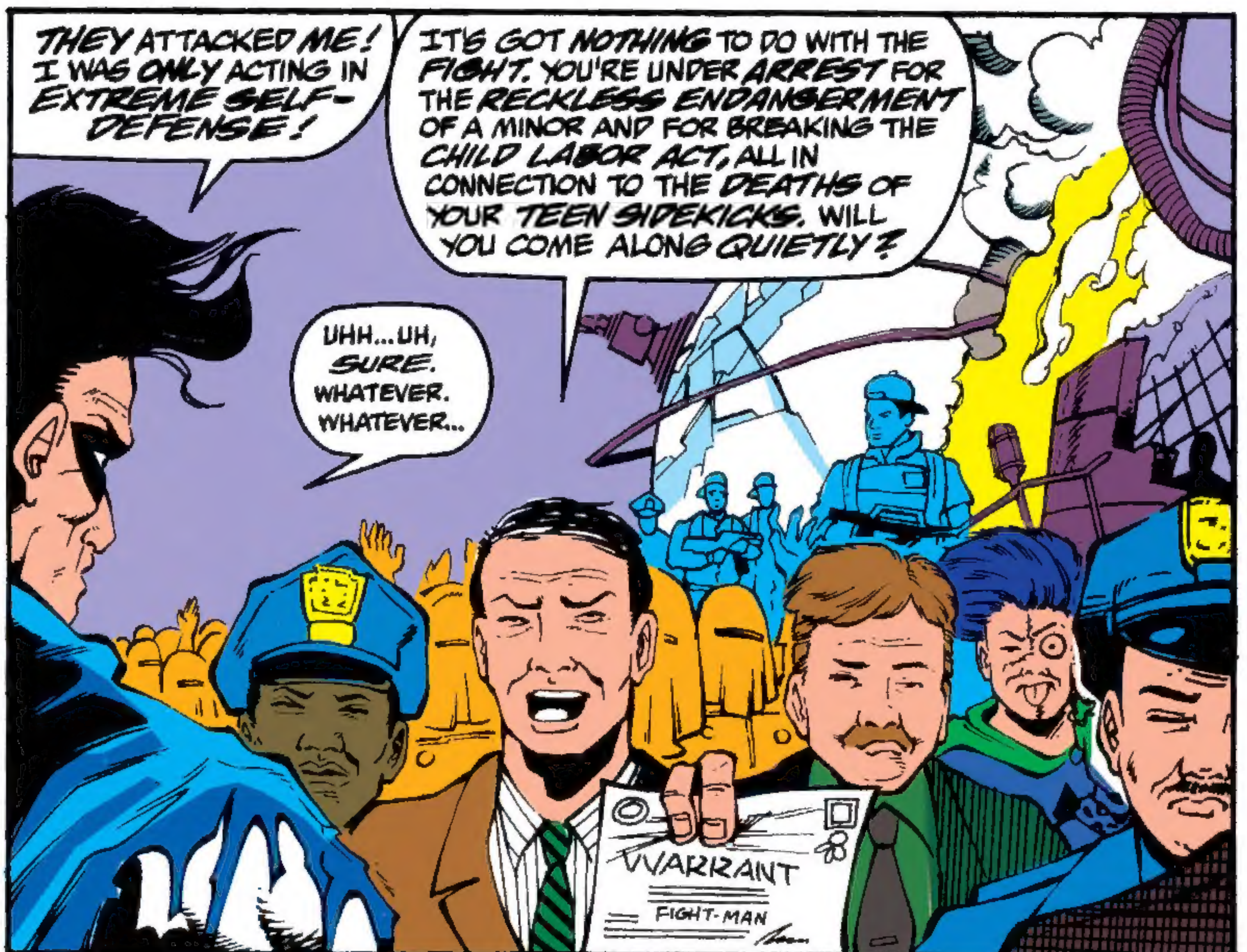
SENIF: Y-YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! GET HIM, MY MINIONS!

WHO?

YOU! YOU'RE MY MINIONS, YOU DOLTS! EARN YOUR PAY! KILL FIGHT-MAN!



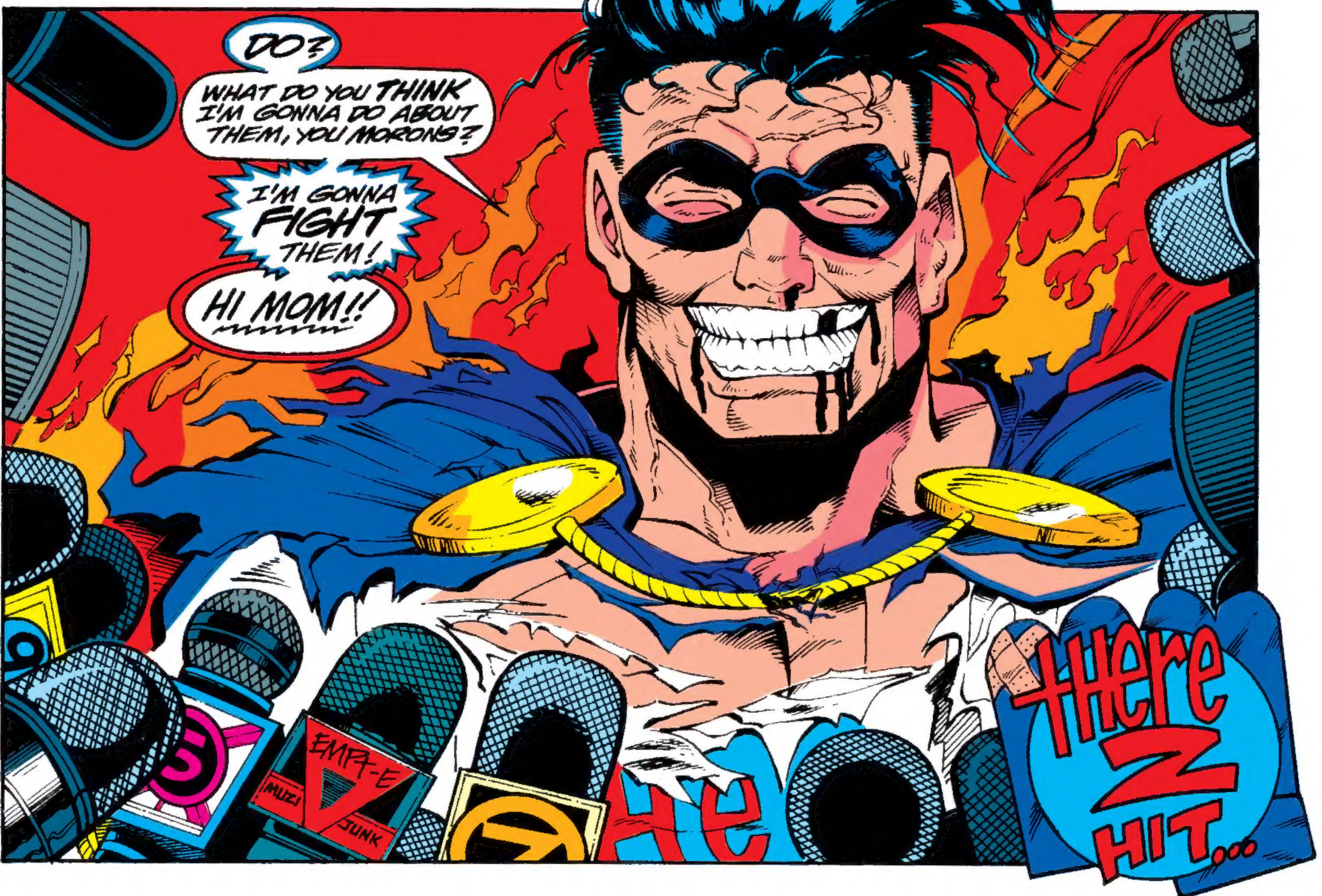




FIGHT-MAN!
ARE YOU SURPRISED
BY THIS INDICTMENT?

ANY COMMENTS FOR
THE PRESS ABOUT IT?

FIGHT-MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
ABOUT THESE
CHARGES?



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